

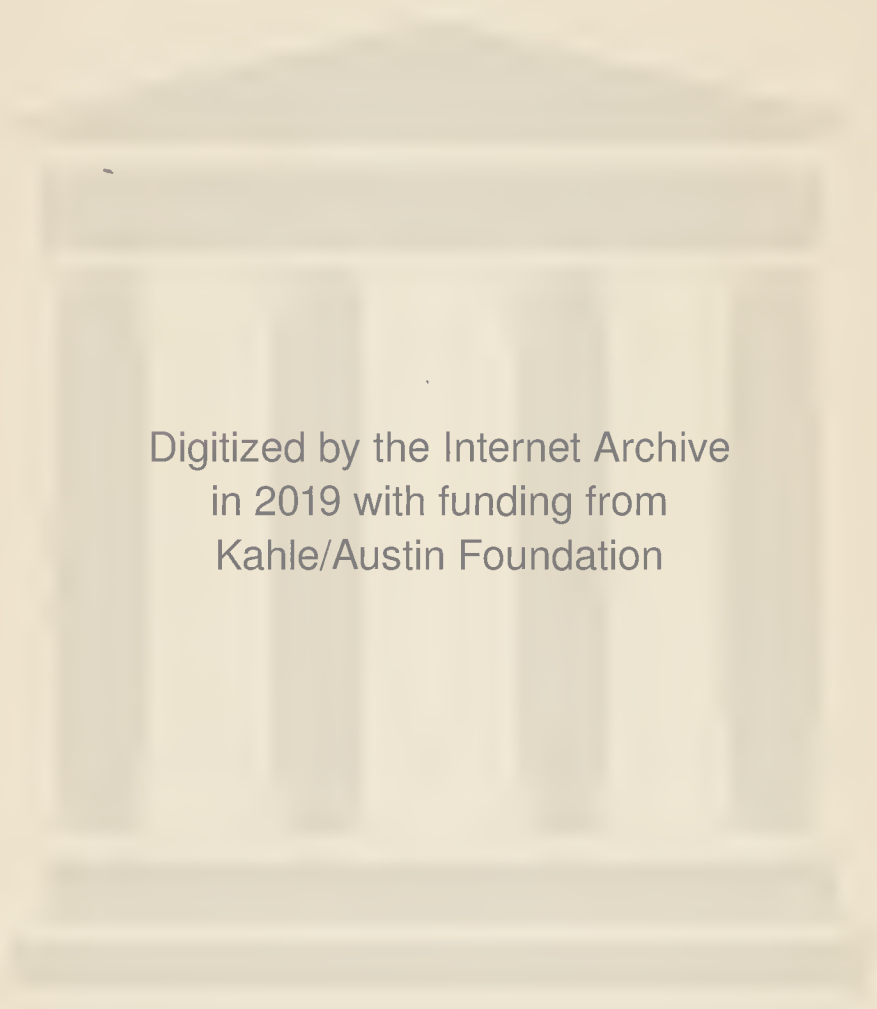




POEMS OF CHARLES COTTON

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CHARLES COTTON

BY SIR PETER LELY

POEMS OF  
CHARLES COTTON  
1630-1687

EDITED  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
BY  
JOHN BERESFORD

BONI AND LIVERIGHT  
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

PR3369 .C3

*Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner, Frome and London*

## PREFATORY NOTE

I DESIRE, at the outset, to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Memoir of Cotton by Sir Harris Nicolas, contained in his magnificent 1836 edition of "The Compleat Angler." Sir Harris himself had been preceded by the eminent Antiquary William Oldys, who wrote a very pleasant essay about Cotton for Sir John Hawkins's 1760 edition of "The Compleat Angler." I am also indebted to Mr. A. H. Bullen's account of Cotton in the Dictionary of National Biography. But I am able to supplement the information given by these three scholars, partly from original documents, not hitherto published, and from family records; partly from certain of the reports issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, or from the Calendars of State Papers, etc.; and partly from a variety of isolated references scattered about, either in contemporary (i.e. seventeenth century) works, or in such publications as "Notes and Queries," those innumerable and invaluable volumes!

The Introduction is a very greatly enlarged and amended version of an essay of mine on Cotton which appeared in *The London Mercury* for November, 1921. I have to thank the editor, Mr. J. C. Squire, for permission to make use thus of the original essay.

I also wish to express my gratitude to Professor Saintsbury for most valuable and kindly counsel, and to Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., Mr. J. Middleton Murry, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Iolo Williams, Mr. Geoffrey Fry and Mr. H. J. Ellis for encouragement in what has been a laborious though fascinating task. Mr. John Drinkwater most kindly supplied me with an autograph poem, written by Cotton into a copy of the 1664 edition of his "Scarronides," in Mr. Drinkwater's possession. My uncle, the Reverend Edward Aden Beresford, put me on the track of much interesting information about Cotton. I need scarcely add that the Officials of the Reading Room and Manuscript Department of the British Museum (in particular Mr. F. D. Sladen and Mr. D. T. B. Wood) have wonderfully smoothed my way.

For leave to reproduce the Lely portrait of Cotton I am indebted

—as also for much useful information—to my cousin, the late Mr. Stapleton Martin, in whose family the picture is now an heirloom (for a history of this portrait see Note 34). The drawing of Beresford Hall—from the Bowling Green—was done by John Linnell, R.A., in the autumn of 1814 for Bagster's and Ellis's 1815 edition of "The Compleat Angler."

JOHN BERESFORD.

## INTRODUCTION

IN one of the chapters on Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry in the "Biographia Literaria,"<sup>1</sup> Coleridge says: "If I had happened to have had by me the Poems of Cotton, more but far less deservedly celebrated as the author of the 'Virgil Travestie,' I should have indulged myself, and I think have gratified many who are not acquainted with his serious works, by selecting some admirable specimens of this style [the neutral style, i.e. that common to both Poetry and Prose]. There are not a few poems in that volume replete with every excellence of thought, image and passion which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse; and yet so worded, that the reader sees no reason either in the selection or the order of the words, why he might not have said the very same in an appropriate conversation, and cannot conceive how indeed he could have expressed such thoughts otherwise, without loss or injury to his meaning."

As a poet Charles Cotton is, to-day, hardly known. In prose his name is familiar as the author of Part II of "The Compleat Angler," a work which has gone through more editions than perhaps any other book in the English language, apart from Shakespeare's Plays or "The Pilgrim's Progress"; the catalogue in the British Museum is, in itself, an almost tedious testimony to its popularity. But Part II of "The Compleat Angler," "being directions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream," beautiful prose though it is, is but an imitation of Walton's famous first and main part, and Cotton's Poems, were they better known, would certainly be recognized as his real contribution to English literature.

The truth is that if Cotton has benefited from his association with Walton, he has also suffered. The lustre of Izaak Walton's name has cast a faint reflected glow upon that of Charles Cotton, but it has also tended to obscure the true genius of Cotton, which lay in his poetry.

It is, indeed, curious that Cotton's poetical work should to-day be so little known, for just over a century ago not only Coleridge

<sup>1</sup> "Biographia Literaria," Vol. II, p. 71, edited by J. Shawcross. Clarendon Press, 1907.



but Wordsworth and Charles Lamb were enthusiastic in their admiration of his "Poems on several occasions," published two years after his death in 1689. But despite the good opinion of the most eminent literary authorities, no one has set to work to republish the rare edition of 1689, so that students of poetry and a wider public might have an opportunity of judging Cotton's merit as a Poet for themselves. It is true that Chalmers in his monumental edition of the "Works of the English Poets," published in 1810, has included the greater number of Cotton's poems in his sixth volume, but it is an expensive business to purchase twenty volumes in order to read one poet, and to-day of course, Chalmers's work is almost unprocurable except at a prohibitive price. Sanford's production, "The Works of the British Poets" (1819), can be disregarded for our purpose as it only contains two of Cotton's poems. To come to more modern days, a very good selection was published in 1903 by Mr. J. R. Tutin of Cottingham, Hull, but this edition contains only forty-two out of some one hundred and eighty of Cotton's poems, excluding translations.\* It is noteworthy that "The Oxford Book of English Verse" contains only one small lyric by Cotton. Professor Saintsbury inserts four of the love lyrics in his excellent anthology of "Seventeenth Century Lyrics."

That the "Poems on several occasions" should have been neglected so long, or, at least, known only to a few, is the more remarkable because certain other works in verse by Cotton had an immense popularity in his own day and throughout the eighteenth century. The "Virgil Travestie" went through edition after edition. It is a sort of burlesque of Books I and IV of the Aeneid in which Aeneas, Dido and the lesser human lights together with the gods are represented as the coarsest and commonest of beings. It is not simply obscene, it is exceedingly witty, but it is not poetry; it is a burlesque in verse intended to raise a laugh at the expense of gods and men.

\* Since this was written the late Mr. Lovat Fraser's charming, illustrated selection of fourteen of Cotton's poems has been published by the Poetry Bookshop. The publication of this selection in itself emphasizes the need for a complete edition of a Poet who has pleased so many men whose critical judgement cannot be disregarded.



At the foot of each page the original lines of Virgil are given. This is an excellent device and adds greatly to the point of the seventeenth satire.<sup>2</sup> As far as I can gather from the British Museum catalogue, the last edition of this work was published in 1807.

The real Poetry, "The Poems on several occasions," are many of them so personal that an appreciation of them will be rendered much easier by bearing in mind the outline of the Poet's life, the poetry and the life illustrating one another.

Charles Cotton was born on April 28th, 1630, at Beresford Hall, on the borders of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. His father, also Charles Cotton, was a "fine gentleman" of the day in the best sense of the term.<sup>3</sup> His mother was the daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Knt. by his first wife, Olivia Beresford, to whom

<sup>2</sup> In Pepys' Diary under date March 2nd, 1663-64, I find there is the following entry containing a very appreciative reference to the "Virgil Travestie": "Up, my eye mightily out of order with the rheum that is fallen down into it, however, I by coach endeavoured to have waited on my Lord Sandwich, but meeting him in Chancery Lane going towards the City, I stopped and so fairly walked home again, calling at St. Paul's Churchyarde, and there looked upon a pretty burlesque poem, called 'Scarionides or Virgil's Travesty,' extraordinary good."

<sup>3</sup> The Cottons were a Hampshire family and descended from Sir Richard Cotton, Comptroller of the Household and Privy Councillor to Edward VI, who held estates both at Warblington and Bedhampton in Hampshire. The Poet's grandfather was Sir George Cotton (son of George Cotton, Esq., who was heir to the aforesaid Richard, which George (Senior) married Mary Shelley, of Michelgrove, Sussex, an ancestral kinswoman of the Poet Shelley), who being convicted of recusancy, and refusal to take the Oath of Allegiance, in 1613, was imprisoned and died shortly afterwards. It appears that Sir George confessed, during his trial for recusancy, that he had resided for about twenty-five years in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields without having once been within the Parish Church. (See "Notes and Queries," 10th S., iv, pp. 56-7, pp. 114-15, also 10th S., xi, pp. 382-83, and 12th S., x, Jan. 14, 1922, for much interesting information on the Cottons of Warblington; the identity of Sir George Cotton puzzled Sir Harris Nicolas, but the mystery is now solved.) Among Lord Salisbury's MSS. at Hatfield (H.M.C., Vol. 12, p. 65) is a delightful letter from Cassandra Cotton (the Poet's grandmother) to Sir Robert Cecil: 1601-02, Feb.: "I desire humbly to present you with a part of my first-born son, which if you vouchsafe, I shall think it a presage of good fortune to him: if you

he was married in Fenny Bentley Church "uponn ye feast day of St. Michael ye Archangell," 1608. Olivia was the daughter of Edward Beresford, of Beresford, Esquire by his wife (and cousin) Dorothy, daughter of Aden Beresford of Fenny Bentley, Esquire, and it was through her that considerable estates in Staffordshire and Derbyshire passed eventually to her grandson, the Poet.<sup>4</sup>

Charles Cotton, the elder, was a distinguished figure and knew most of the people worth knowing, John Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Sir Henry Wotton, Izaak Walton, Dr. Donne, Herrick, Lovelace, Davenant and Lord Clarendon. It is of him, whom he numbered among his "Chief Acquaintance," that Lord Clarendon in his autobiography has left an imperishable portrait:

"Charles Cotton was a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so

---

refuse to lay such an honour on his poor parents, yet will we presume to have him a Cecil." This Cecil must have died in infancy (unless they called him Charles, after all), as the pedigree given by Sir Harris Nicolas and based on the Staffordshire Visitation of 1664, and other sources, shows only two children, Charles, the Poet's father, and Cassandra, who died unmarried and in whose memory Lovelace wrote an elegy. In the same collection of Manuscripts there is a letter from the Bishop of Winchester to Sir Robert Cecil as follows: 1602-03, March 16, "I received your letters requiring me to commit to safe custody George Cotton Esquire (the Poet's great-grandfather) and Gilbert Wells, Gentleman of Hampshire. As for George Cotton, he is living, but hath long kept his chamber, pretending sickness. There are other recusants of some note in the country." Perhaps Sir Robert Cecil declined to have a recusant godson, and so the infant before referred to never was called Cecil. The Poet's ancestors (he and his father were Anglicans) were one of the Catholic families to suffer most severely by fines and imprisonment for devotion to their faith (*vide* Bede Camm's "Forgotten Shrines," etc. (1910)).

<sup>4</sup> The Estate of Beresford had been in the possession of the Beresford family certainly since the first half of the thirteenth century and traditionally since the Conquest. From the time of Henry III onwards the name appears constantly in the contemporary historical records of Staffordshire, and later of Derbyshire. Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in Derbyshire, Cotton's grandfather, who married the Beresford heiress as his first wife, became through his second wife ancestor of the Earls of Harrington, while his step-brother Philip was made Earl of Chesterfield in 1628. ("Reliquary," Vol. ix, p. 177; Glover's "History of Derbyshire," Vol. ii, pp. 48-9; Sir Harris Nicolas's "Pedigree of Cotton"; *The Ancestor*, No. 12.)

qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation ; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height, but having passed some years in Cambridge and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument ; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen ; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man, in the court or out of it appeared a more accomplished person ; all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind ; which, being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less revered than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long."

It is now conclusively proved that Charles Cotton the elder and Olive Stanhope eloped in the most romantic manner conceivable, and that the marriage was much against the wish of Sir John Stanhope. Evidence of this is to be found not only in the account of certain curious legal proceedings (the case appears to have come before the Star Chamber) recorded in some documents in the Record Office (S.P. Dom. Jas. I, Vol. 204, No. 17), but much more vividly in a long statement<sup>5</sup> written by Charles Cotton the Elder himself. The statement is as follows :—

"The Several Answer of Charles Cotton, Esquire, to the Bill of Complaint of Sir John Stanhope, Knight, Complainant.

"This defendant is desirous with an humble submission to pacify the Complainant's displeasure, and to stir up his fatherly affection by all possible

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<sup>5</sup> *Vide* "Notes and Queries," 4th Series, Vol. i, p. 71, and also "A History of the Manor of Beresford," by the Rev. W. Beresford and S. B. Beresford. The document was discovered among some old family papers.

respects of obedience, and not to justify or excuse his actions, in hope that the complainant would be pleased to accept of his submission and to remit what is past upon trial to be made of this defendant's dutiful and respectful demeanour towards him in time to come which the Defendant both by himself and his Wife (the Complainant's child) in acknowledging his error and declaring that he is heartily penitent for the same, and also by the entreaty of many Honourable Friends this Defendant hath endeavoured to attain, and in obedience to the process of this most Honourable Court (saving to himself all advantage of exception to the insufficiency of the said Bill) for answer to the same sayeth that he hopeth to make it appear to this Honourable Court and to the Complainant that he is not of so poor means and estate as the Complainant hath been informed. For this Defendant sayeth that he is the son and heir of Sir George Cotton, late of Bedhampton, in the County of Southampton, Knight, and of Cassandra, his wife, who was one of the daughters and coheirs of Henry Mack-Williams of Stanburn Hall, in the County of Essex, Esquire, sometime one of the honourable band of pensioners to the late Queen of famous memory, Queen Elizabeth. So that this Defendant hopeth that neither this honourable Court nor the Complainant will conceive that any disparagement can redound to the Complainant or his Daughter by marriage with this Defendant. And further sayeth that he had an estate in Lands of Inheritance and Rents left unto him of the yearly value of £600 per annum, or thereabouts, which he yet hath, besides a personal estate of the value of one thousand marks or thereabouts. And if the same be not equivalent or proportionable to the Complainant's Daughter's estate this Defendant doubteth not but to supply any wants thereof by his affectionate love to his wife and respectful observation of such a father. And this Defendant further sayeth that he did not know that the said Olive was under the age of sixteen years, but was credibly informed she was of the age of sixteen years, nor knew what inheritance was descendable upon the Complainant's Daughter (now this Defendant's Wife) at the time that he sought to obtain her for his wife; his affections being more fixed upon her person and the alliance of so noble a family than upon her estate; neither did he know that she was to have the lands in the bill mentioned, or what other lands she was to have either by descent or conveyance. But this Defendant sayeth that it is true that understanding of the virtuous disposition of the Complainant's Daughter, and receiving satisfaction of the good report he had heard by the sight of her person, he did by all possible means address himself to intimate unto her his desires, and having the opportunity to meet with her at the house of one of her



Aunts, he, this Defendant did in short time discover her affection towards this Defendant and thereupon he was emboldened to proceed to move her in the way of marriage. And there were some Messages interchanged between them, whereby she signified her readiness to answer this Defendant's desires therein, and the difficulty to obtain her but by carrying of her away. And did herself appoint to come to this Defendant if he could come for her; whereupon he prepared a coach and in the evening of the day in the Bill mentioned, he came in a coach near unto Salisbury Court, where the Complainant dwelleth. And this Defendant's now wife came of her own accord to this Defendant and the same night he confesseth that they were married together and ever since cohabited together as Husband and Wife, in doing whereof if this Defendant's passion and fervency of affection have transported him beyond the bounds of wisdom, duty and good discretion, this Defendant doth most humbly crave the pardon and favourable construction of this most honourable Court and of the Complainant concerning the same. But as concerning any Riot or Riotous assembly this Defendant sayeth that he attended his Wife coming unto him being accompanied only with his ordinary attendance other than one gent. that then was in his company, and the minister who married them (being the Defendant's Kinsman) neither were they armed with any pistols, or otherwise than at other times they usually walked. And concerning the obtaining and suing out of the Licence in the bill mentioned or procuring Nicholas Butler and Richard Edmonds in the bill named or either of them or any other to make the oath in the bill mentioned, this Defendant sayeth that he never knew that any oath was made but by Report and that long after the same was done, nor ever saw the faces of the said Butler nor Edmonds to his knowledge, nor knoweth what they were or who produced them, nor ever made any use of the said Licence. And to all and every one the subornations of perjury, unlawful practices, or Conspiracies, Riots, or riotous Assemblies, or any other offence in and by the said Bill of complaint laid to the charge of this Defendant (except only the marrying of the said Complainant's daughter) in such sorte as formerly is expressed—Hereby this Defendant sayeth that he is not of them or any of them guilty in such as in and by the said Bill is declared. And humbly prayeth by the favour of this Honourable Court to be dismissed from any further attendance thereabouts."

The marriage was not upset, and this delightful elopement was followed by the birth of our poet, the younger Charles. But as the years went by the married relations of his parents became most

unhappy, and the sombre conclusion of Lord Clarendon's account of the elder Cotton receives an ample explanation from a House of Lords manuscript, a brief summary of which is given in the Appendix to the Sixth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. As this document, dated 1647, has never before been published and is of considerable interest, not only for the light it throws on the Cotton family history, but on the social history of the time, I have transcribed the Manuscript in full from the original in the House of Lords :

“To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the House of Lords in Parliament assembled.

“The humble petition of Mrs. Olive Cotton, the wife of Charles Cotton, Esq.

“SHEWETH :

“That the petitioner about 18 years since did in her extreme affection marry her now husband to whom besides £1,500 in money she hath brought of inheritance at least £500 per annum already in possession and at least £800 per annum upon reversion after the death of her mother-in-law [i.e. stepmother]. And in all this time hath so demeaned herself towards him as that she hath never given any just occasion of exception.

“That notwithstanding her said husband having of late for many years absented himself from her, he hath also for above 9 months last past, exposed her to want and misery not only by keeping her out of her own house and estate, but also not allowing her abroad any maintenance for herself and family, enforcing her thereby to live (formerly upon her credit with strangers) and now at last upon the charity of her kindred and friends.

“That the petitioner upon an unwillingness to appear against her husband upon any public complaint, hath thus long suffered beyond ordinary extremities : And in the interim (though in vain) endeavoured all amiable ways by noble and indifferent friends to obtain from him (who hath four hundred pounds per ann. of his own) a poor alimony of £300 per ann. with a proportionate addition when her reversion shall fall being but one third part, and (as she humbly conceives) little enough, considering her quality and condition and the fortune she brought in marriage.

“That the petitioner is now compelled to think of relief in course of legal proceedings : and therefore craves leave to make this her humble address unto this honourable house, which in a case of this nature (and at this time specially) is the most proper (if not the only) Judicatory whose wisdom and

justice the petitioner presumes that her husband would not (if he might) decline.

“And the petitioner (altogether otherwise hopeless) most humbly prays the honourable consideration of the premises and a speedy relief according to justice.<sup>6</sup>

“And the petitioner shall ever pray.

“OLIVE COTTON.”

There is no record in the House of Lords papers of the result of this petition, and this is not surprising considering the time of civil commotion in which it was made. Whether the relations between Olive Cotton and her husband improved is not known, but there is a most charming letter of hers to her steward, dated May 10, 1650, which certainly seems cheerful enough. (This letter<sup>7</sup> will be found quoted in full in Appendix II.) Shortly afterwards she died in her thirty-eighth year. Sir Aston Cokayne, the poet, wrote the following beautiful “Epitaph on my dear cousin german Mrs. Olive Cotton”:

“Passenger, stay, and notice take of her  
Whom this sepulchral marble doth inter:  
For Sir John Stanhope’s daughter, and his heir,  
By his first wife, a Beresford, lies here.  
Her husband of a noble house was, one  
Everywhere for his worths beloved and known.  
One only son she left, whom we presage  
A grace t’his family, and to our age.  
She was too good to live, and young to die,  
Yet stay’d not to dispute with destiny  
But (soon as she receiv’d the summons given),  
Sent her fair soul to wait on God in Heaven.  
Here, what was mortal of her turns to dust,

<sup>6</sup> Annexed to this Manuscript are reasons to show that now that the High Commission and the Bishops are down, the House of Lords is the most proper Court to give relief in the case.

<sup>7</sup> Printed in “A History of the Manor of Beresford,” by the Rev. W. Beresford, and S. B. Beresford.

To rise a glorious body with the just.  
Now thou may'st go ; but take along with thee  
(To guide thy life and death) her memory."

But if the concluding passage in Lord Clarendon's account of the elder Cotton's domestic failings is confirmed by his wife's tragic appeal to the House of Lords, the main and appreciative part of that account is also amply confirmed by a cloud of the most distinguished witnesses. Herrick, Lovelace, and Sir William Davenant all dedicated poems to the elder Cotton. Lovelace's dedicatory poem was the beautiful "Grasshopper" in "Lucasta." Davenant's poem was written in 1652 from the Tower where he was then imprisoned :

"And *Charles*, in that more civil century,  
When this shall wholly fill the voice of fame,  
The busy antiquaries then will try  
To find among their Monarch's coin, thy name.

Much they will bless thy virtue, by whose fire  
I'll keep my laurel warm, which else would fade,  
And, thus inclos'd, think me of nature's quire,  
Which still sings sweetest in the shade."

Charles Cotton, the younger, replied to Sir William Davenant on his father's behalf in a poem, even more charming :

"Oh happy Fire, whose heat can thus control  
The rust of age, and thaw the frost of death,  
That renders man immortal, as his soul,  
And swells his fame with everlasting breath.

Happy's that hand, that unto honour's clime  
Can lift the subject of his living praise,  
That rescues frailty from the scythe of time,  
And equals glory to the length of days.

\* \* \* \* \*



Blest is my Father, that has found his name  
Among the heroes, by your pen revived,  
By running in Time's wheel his thriving fame,  
Shall still more youthful grow and longer liv'd."

Charles Cotton further mentions his father and his brilliant circle of friends in a poem addressed "to my old and most worthy friend Mr. Izaak Walton on his Life of Dr. Donne, etc.," a poem sometimes found in editions of "The Compleat Angler" on account of its historical interest in connection with the life of Walton, and also on account of its intrinsic beauty:

"How happy was my father, then, to see  
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be  
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit,  
Those twins of virtue, eloquence and wit,  
He saw in fame's eternal annals writ.

\* \* \* \* \*

And even in their flowery characters  
My father's grave part of your friendship shares;  
For you have honoured his in strewing theirs."

This poem was particularly loved by James Russell Lowell, who says some wise and beautiful things in praise of Cotton in the course of an introductory essay to an American edition of "The Compleat Angler" published in 1889 (see vol. i, pp. xliv-xlix).

Whether Charles Cotton the younger was educated at Oxford or Cambridge is not definitely known. It is certain that his tutor was Ralph Rawson, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, because Cotton dedicated "An Ode of Johannes Secundus translated, to my dear tutor Mr. Ralph Rawson." Tradition, however, seems to favour Cambridge, perhaps because his father was there.<sup>8</sup> Rawson

<sup>8</sup> The elder Cotton matriculated as a Fellow Commoner from Trinity College, Easter, 1618 ("Alumni Cantabrigienses," J. and J. A. Venn, Part I, vol. i, 1922).

was apparently ejected from his fellowship in 1648 by the Parliamentary visitors, but the eighteenth century scholar and antiquary, William Oldys, suggests that Rawson may have removed to Cambridge after his ejection from Oxford. It is, of course, possible that Cotton may have been at Cambridge and afterwards continued his studies under Rawson. He does not appear to have taken a degree. In any case he had the most excellent education which gave him a thorough knowledge of Greek, Latin, French and Italian. His translations in prose and verse from these languages are very good. His translation of Montaigne's essays, in particular, is held to be a masterpiece and has been through a large number of editions from his own time to the present. Sir Aston Cokayne, a cousin of Cotton's and himself a poet who wrote the most admirable epitaphs, celebrates Cotton's library in one of his verses :

“ D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,  
And Machiavel, the subtle Florentine,  
In their originals, I have read through,  
Thanks to your library, and unto you.”

Sir Aston Cokayne had an unbounded admiration for his cousin's works and eulogized him with quite an embarrassing extravagance :

“ The world will find your lines are great and strong,  
The *nihil ultra* of the English tongue,”

he says in one of his poems.<sup>9</sup> Gerard Langbaine (1656-1692) in his memoir of Cotton in “An Account of the English Dramatick Poets” says that he was an “excellent Lyric Poet.”

But Sir Aston Cokayne was not by any means alone among contemporary poets in admiring him. Another poet with a more illustrious name, Colonel Richard Lovelace, dedicated “The triumphs

<sup>9</sup> And again, “To my honoured cousin Mr. Charles Cotton, Junior” :

“ Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger,  
Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were ;  
Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen,  
And with them too should have acquainted been.  
What needs this catalogue ? Th' dead and gone  
And to me you are all of them in one.”

of Philamore and Amoret, to the noblest of our youth and best of friends, Charles Cotton, Esquire, being at Beresford, at his house in Staffordshire, from London." This was some time between 1649 and 1658. When in 1658 Lovelace died in a garret in London, Cotton wrote a poem to his memory which appears in the present edition.

It seems from a statement of Aubrey's (in his "Lives of Eminent Men") that Cotton had helped Lovelace in his poverty. Aubrey says: "George Petty, haberdasher in Fleet Street, carried twenty shillings to him every Monday morning from Sir — Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months but was never repaid." Aubrey's statement is corroborated by some lines in the "Philamore and Amoret" poem. This testimony is interesting because Cotton has been censured for reckless extravagance. Certainly he dissipated most of his patrimony before his death, but extravagance which also extends itself in charity becomes a shining virtue as compared with purely personal extravagance on the one hand, or the selfish accumulation of riches on the other. Nevertheless, the effect of Cotton's extravagance, whatever may have been its cause, was the one thorn in the flesh which disturbed what appears otherwise to have been a very happy life. The process of alienating the ancestral estates was definitely begun by the elder Cotton.<sup>10</sup> It was carried a stage further in 1656 when the younger Cotton married his cousin Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson <sup>11</sup> of Owthorpe in Nottingham-

<sup>10</sup> When the elder Cotton died in 1658 he had disposed of some hundreds of acres at least. (Details in "A History of the Manor of Beresford," already mentioned, also B.M. Add. MSS. 6671, ff. 39-46.)

<sup>11</sup> Mrs. Hutchinson in her "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson" (p. 32, Everyman edition) thus refers to Sir Thomas Hutchinson's second marriage [her husband being born of the first] and the offspring therefrom: "Though never man was a deeper nor truer mourner than he for his first wife, yet that long dropping grief did but soften his heart for the impression of a second love, which he conceived for a very honourable and beautiful lady, who was Katherine, the youngest daughter of Sir John Stanhope [the elder] of Elvaston, a noble family in Derbyshire, by whom he had a son and two daughters surviving him, not unworthy of their family." One of these daughters was Cotton's wife, and he was thus doubly related to the Stanhope family.

shire and step-sister of the celebrated Colonel Hutchinson, whose beautiful character and devoted life shed such a lustre on the Parliamentary cause. The estates, including the Manors of Beresford, Bentley and Borrowash, were then vested in trustees who were to sell such as would pay off a considerable mortgage and hold the rest in trust for the poet and his heirs. In 1659, in consideration of £650, Cotton conveyed some property situated in Marston, Sandon and Salt to one Abraham Fowler of Salt.<sup>12</sup> Some six years later and again in 1675 in order to meet liabilities amounting to about £8,000, a Private Act of Parliament enabled more lands to be sold by the Trustees. Just before 1675, Cotton, who had had nine<sup>13</sup> children by his first wife,—she died in April, 1669, and was buried at Alstonfield, close to Beresford,—married a second time, a widow, the Right Honourable Dame Mary, Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who had considerable means of her own. But as Sir Harris Nicolas observes, “this increase in his income did not prevent the necessity of his again applying to Parliament,” i.e. in 1675 as above recited. The consequence of his (or his father’s) financial carelessness was that he was every now and again reduced to a state of gentlemanly poverty, of all forms of poverty the most distressing. This greatly weighed on his mind and is a constant theme of regret and melancholy in the poems. In his Ode to Poverty he describes how he is pursued and badgered by “obstreperous creditors.”

In another ode on Death (which he calls a “Child’s Bug-bear” because :

“The Nurse to keep the child in fear,  
Discreetly tells it, it must die.  
Be put into a hole, eaten with worms;  
Presenting Death in thousand ugly forms,”

but which by the wise is esteemed the greatest felicity) he welcomes the thought of the peace of the grave :

<sup>12</sup> Vol. xii (New Series) “Collections for a History of Staffordshire,” edited by the William Salt Archaeological Society.

<sup>13</sup> Gregory King’s “Staffordshire Pedigrees,” Harl. Soc. Pub., 1912, p. 59.

"The grave is privileg'd from noise, and care,  
 From tyranny, and wild oppression,  
 Violence has so little power there,  
 Even worst oppressors let the dead alone;  
 We're there secure from Prince's frowns,  
 The insolences of the great,  
 From the rude hands of barb'rous clowns,  
 And policies of those that sweat  
 The simple to betray, and cheat;  
 Or, if some one with sacrilegious hand  
 Would persecute us after Death,  
 His want of power shall his will withstand,  
 And he shall only lose his breath;  
 For all that he by that shall gain,  
 Will be dishonour for his pain,  
 And all the clutter he can keep  
 Will only serve to rock us while we soundly sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

No loss of substance, parents, children, friends,  
 Either his peace, or sleep offends."

In another half sad, half humorous "Epistle to the Earl of ——"  
 (Philip Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Chesterfield,<sup>14</sup> Cotton's cousin) he  
 describes an approaching financial catastrophe and seems to contem-  
 plate seeking refuge from his importunate creditors by flying to  
 France.

In a note to Sir John Hawkins's amended Memoir of Cotton<sup>15</sup>  
 a tradition is mentioned that Cotton used to seek refuge from his  
 creditors in a cave wonderfully concealed in the wild romantic  
 grounds of Beresford Hall, grounds which, in part, precipitously  
 overlook the river Dove. "But a few years since," it is stated,

<sup>14</sup> The Calendar S.P. Dom. (Charles II) under date June 13, 1667, records a  
 minute of Commission appointing Cotton a Captain in the Earl of Chester-  
 field's regiment. Cotton dedicated his translation of Montluc's *Commen-  
 taries* to Lord Chesterfield in 1674.

<sup>15</sup> Bagster & Ellis's 1815 edition of "The Compleat Angler."



“the grand-daughter of the faithful woman who carried him food while in that humiliating retreat, was living.” This seems a most probable story as Cotton himself in one of his poems (“The Retirement—to Mr. Izaak Walton”) refers to his

“Belovèd caves! from dog-star heats  
And hotter persecution safe retreats.”

It is not necessary here to dwell further on this aspect of Cotton's life which is emphasized in a number of his poems; enough has been said to show how it influenced his mind. Apart from this probably intermittent, though while it lasted deadly anxiety, Cotton's life seems to have been really happy. From his many fine lyrics it is clear that he was an ardent lover, and when at the age of twenty-six he settled down to marriage, he appears to have been devoted to his wife and his children. That he was a person of quite remarkable industry and knowledge a glance at the Bibliography of his original works and translations at the end of this volume (Appendix III) will sufficiently indicate. Only those who will take the trouble to look up his now forgotten translations (except his *Montaigne* which has been repeatedly republished) can form any adequate notion of his activity in this branch of letters alone. And it must be remembered that he was not merely a literary man, but a soldier and country squire as well. He held a Captain's commission in the regiment of his cousin, Lord Chesterfield, he was a Justice of the Peace for Staffordshire, he was His Majesty's "Lieutenant of Needwood Forest and his High Steward of the honour of Tutbury." Every now and then he went on a jaunt to London, and on one occasion,—apparently in the year 1670,—to Ireland. This latter expedition is celebrated in a long poem, "A voyage to Ireland in burlesque," an admirable story brimful of humour and vivid description. You ride with him all the way from Beresford to the coast, where the poem unfortunately ends, stop at an inn or two to drink ale of unutterable excellence, stop the week-end at Chester, attend service in the Cathedral and sup with the Mayor, and then on

again through Wales, led by a guide mounted on a scarecrow of a horse.

Cotton does not appear to have taken any public part in the civil and political turmoils of his time, though it is clear from his writings that he was a devoted Royalist. Apart from his journey to Ireland and travels abroad <sup>16</sup> in his youth, and occasional expeditions to London, he seems to have lived most of his life at Beresford Hall on the banks of the Dove. He could hardly have lived in a more beautiful spot. Izaak Walton, who used to stay with him there, says of the place, "the pleasantness of the river, mountains and meadows about it, cannot be described ; unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr. Cotton's father were alive again to do it." So quiet and beautiful are the surroundings that it would be difficult to live there and not write poetry ! To Cotton, a countryman born and bred, and an accomplished angler, his home was clearly an earthly paradise, and some of the most beautiful of the poems are written about it, and the country side around. Of all Cotton's poetry,—the love lyrics, the odes, the burlesques, the excellent drinking songs,—the poems on Nature are, perhaps, the best,—certainly the most noteworthy.

Allowing for the century and more that separated them, and the vast difference of the age in which they lived, it is not extravagant to describe Cotton as being in some sense a forerunner of Wordsworth. Unlike others of that divine choir of seventeenth-century singers, the appeal of Nature to Cotton lay not in its elaborate beauty, but in its primitive and profound simplicity. Wordsworth was himself a great admirer of Cotton's work and it is noteworthy that he should have compared him with another great poet of Nature, Robert Burns. In his brilliant "Letter to a friend of Robert Burns," he observes "that this highly gifted man (Cotton) . . . in versatility of genius, bore no unobvious resemblance to the Scottish bard." This comparison pleased the unerring judgment

<sup>16</sup> A Warrant of the Protector and Council is made Oct. 19, 1655, "for Fras. Cholmondeley and Chas. Cotton to France, for improvement of their studies," Calendar S.P. Dom., 1655.

of Charles Lamb who, writing to Wordsworth in 1816 says: "The parallel of Cotton with Burns I heartily approve." I ought perhaps to add that Wordsworth in the manner where humour always failed him, the manner of public moralist, also indicates that Cotton and Burns were alike in the looseness of their lives. As to this it should be said that apart from the freedom of language in the travesties of the *Æneid* and Lucian's Dialogues, and one or two of the Poems, a fashion of his time, there is no evidence of looseness of life. All we know is that he married twice and, by his first wife, had nine children in lawful wedlock; Wordsworth should not have jumped to conclusions! Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has very properly trounced Dr. Bethune, an American editor of "The Compleat Angler," for representing Cotton as such a debauched character as almost to be unworthy the society of the saintly Walton. He may have been lax, but we do not know. Even if he was, Wordsworth's own most admirable apologia for Robert Burns contains the final word on such matters. In contrast to Dr. Bethune, I should add that his eminent compatriot Lowell has nothing but praise not only for Cotton's genius, but for his character.

In Wordsworth's essay "Of Poetry as observation and description," after drawing that curious distinction between Imagination and Fancy, "Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal,"—he takes Cotton's "Ode upon Winter, an admirable composition . . . for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy." The poem pleases him so much that he "cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing some eleven stanzas." "Winter" is certainly one of Cotton's masterpieces and by itself should make his name immortal. It consists in all of some fifty-three stanzas, but despite its length, the brilliance of description and of rhyme is sustained throughout. Winter is seen sailing to England on a tempest-tossed ship with his armed soldiers of Winds and Snow, Hail and Ice. I do not know of any poem which so riots with metaphorical excellence or makes one shiver more from the utter cold.

It will be seen that there are two other poems about Winter,



both of them, in their way, excellent. Cotton was always complaining of the bitter cold in his bleak Staffordshire and Derbyshire country, just as he complains of its remoteness, but in reality he was in love with the beauty there of winter, of summer, and of solitude. In those wonderful "stanzas irreguliers" to Izaak Walton, first published in the famous fifth edition of "The Compleat Angler" in 1676, you read:

"Good God! how sweet are all things here!  
How beautiful the fields appear!  
How cleanly do we feed and lie!  
Lord! what good hours do we keep!  
How quietly we sleep!  
What peace! what unanimity!  
How innocent from the lewd fashion,  
Is all our business, all our conversation!"

These irregular stanzas were a favourite with Charles Lamb, who quotes from them with obvious delight in a letter to Thomas Hood written in 1827. Izaak Walton refers to this poem in his letter to Cotton dated April 29th, 1676, accompanying the newly printed edition of "The Compleat Angler" of that year: "And Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation, both of your Fishing-House and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a copy of Verses that you were pleased to send me, now, some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul to love you the better. I confess that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold; if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet will I forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live, Sir, your most affectionate Father and Friend, Izaak Walton."

One of the main characteristics of Cotton's poetry is its extraordinary directness. He had an astonishing gift of saying what he really meant and felt in the simplest and most appropriate words. He had perhaps the greatest of all moral and poetic qualities, sincerity. Contrasted with some of the great poets of his century he is "a plain man," but he is none the less for that a poet. His poetry is not "metaphysical," and Professor Grierson's recent most excellent anthology of "Metaphysical Poetry" contains nothing from his pen. It is true that a few of the poems are of the metaphysical school, poems like "The Tempest," but in the main Cotton is quite out of the current of that magnificent and many-winding metaphysical stream which flowed through the seventeenth century, and is that century's distinctive contribution to the genius of English Poetry.

But it is just because Cotton is, in this sense, not of his age that his work is so interesting. He is a hundred years ahead of his time, and it is doubtless for this very reason that Coleridge and Wordsworth and Lamb found his work so pleasant. His soul delighted not so much in those choice gardens (of which Donne and Marvell and Cowley have left the living fragrance) but rather in the bitterness and wildness of winter in the Peak country, or the deep solitude of his river valley in the height of summer, silent but for the field-fare, the bittern or the thrush. And it is not only in the poems especially about Nature that you hear the new voice. There are whispers of it in the love lyrics, and the more conventional poetic forms of the time. Who, in his century, but Cotton would have dreamed of describing a beautiful courtesan as :

"As soft, and snowy, as that down  
Adorns the blow-ball's frizzled crown ;  
\*            \*            \*            \*            \*  
Pleasant as th' odorous month of May :  
As glorious, and as light as Day." <sup>17</sup>

<sup>17</sup> An Epitaph on M. H.

The subject, the turn of the verse and the "wit" are of the seventeenth century, but the imagery is that of Burns or Wordsworth.

A notable characteristic of Cotton's work is its wide range. I do not, of course, claim for a moment that he did not write a certain amount of indifferent stuff. What poet, other than the supreme beings, has not? But much of the more mediocre work is "lighted up," as Professor Saintsbury says of Chamberlayne's poetry,<sup>18</sup> "by splendid shooting stars," and throughout there is invariably wit and an extraordinary humanness. To Lamb he was "heartly, cheerful Mr. Cotton." He makes you share immediately in his wealth and in his poverty, in his sorrow and his gaiety, in his boisterousness and in his peace. In a word, he is direct, natural, sincere.

Charles Lamb in his essay on "New Year's Eve," at the end of which he quotes in full Cotton's poem on "The New Year," speaks of that poem as "the purging sunlight of clear poetry." This praise might be applied to a great number, if not a majority, of the poems in this volume. Whether they are love poems, or poems on Nature, or odes in the classical style, or drinking songs they are always unaffected and straightforward. Even in an artificial form of poem, such as "an epigram"<sup>19</sup> writ in Calista's Prayer Book," or an epitaph "on the lamented death of my dear Uncle, Mr. Radcliff Stanhope," there is the same unelaborateness and justness of expression.

In a postscript to a letter written to Coleridge on November 8th, 1796, Lamb gives this excellent advice about the writing of poetry:

"Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge; or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds, and genuine, sweet and clear flowers of expression; I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus."

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<sup>18</sup> "Caroline Poets," vol. i, p. 11.

<sup>19</sup> This is a rendering of François de Malherbe's "A Caliste. Pour mettre devant ses heures," published in 1615, in "Les delices de la poésie française."

We must complete the story of Cotton's life.<sup>20</sup> In 1681 he published a long poem, called "The Wonders of the Peak," which he dedicated to the Countess of Devonshire,<sup>21</sup> among the Wonders described being Chatsworth. This poem went through several editions and will be found in the collection of his two other long works in verse, the "Virgil Travestie" and "The Scoffer Scoft" (a burlesque of some of Lucian's dialogues) which went through so many editions in the eighteenth century. It is amusing that "The Wonders of the Peak" was written in imitation of a Latin Poem, "De mirabilibus Pecci," by the philosopher Hobbes. The last work completed before his death was his translation of Montaigne's Essays in three volumes which Sir Harris Nicolas says "is considered to be his most important contribution to English literature; for unlike translations in general, it is said rather to excel than be inferior to the original." In February, 1687, Cotton died of a fever in London and was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, not St. Martin's in the Fields, as has been stated on the authority of a contemporary MS. Diary.

Two years after his death "Poems on Several Occasions" made their appearance, though no one knows who was responsible for an edition which bears the marks of having been put hastily together, some of the poems appearing twice over. This manner of publishing his father's poems caused the eldest son, Beresford Cotton, much distress, and in the Publisher's preface to his father's translation of the "Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis," it is stated, "If the person who disposed of those Poems to the booksellers, had consulted Mr. Cotton's relations, as he ought to have done, both his memory and the world had been much more obliged to him. For by these ungenerous proceedings he hath obstructed the publishing of a collection very different from that; and well chosen by the author, with a preface by himself and all copied out for the press. This

<sup>20</sup> For fuller details as to Cotton's life, especially as regards his general literary output, and as to his children, the reader is referred to Sir Harris Nicolas's admirable Memoir.

<sup>21</sup> The present Duke of Devonshire is descended from Cotton's daughter Katherine through the Lucys and the Comptons.

digression I thought due to the character of a person, whose other performances have been so well received, who knew how to distinguish between writing for his own diversion, and the entertainment of others; and had a better judgment than to thrust anything abroad unworthy himself or his readers. I only beg pardon for being in one sense very unreasonable; for, in truth, the world ought to have been undeceived in this point a great deal sooner, and by an advertisement very different from this."

The "obstruction" has continued to this day, and the edition of 1689 itself, which in the absence of Cotton's own, "all copied out for the press," must remain the authoritative one, has hitherto never been completely or separately republished. The present edition endeavours, in the main, to supply the deficiency,<sup>22</sup> and to remedy some of the faults of the original edition.

JOHN BERESFORD.

<sup>22</sup> For the precise scope of the present edition, see Note on the Text following.





## NOTE ON THE TEXT

THE text of this edition is that of the one and only edition of "Poems on Several Occasions. Written by Charles Cotton, Esq.; London, Printed for Tho. Basset, at the George in Fleet Street; Will Hensman and Tho. Fox, in Westminster Hall. 1689."

Every original poem in the 1689 edition is here reproduced with the sole exception of one very long historical poem, "The Battle of YVRY," consisting of one hundred and seventeen stanzas each of eight lines, which takes up some sixty-eight pages of the original edition. This I have been obliged to omit, simply owing to the exigencies of space. Moreover, for the same reason, I have not been able to find room for more than one or two of the translations. On the other hand, I have supplemented the 1689 edition by collecting together various poems, dedicatory and otherwise, contributed by Cotton to a number of different works, indicated in each case. It may, therefore, fairly be claimed that this is the first complete edition of Cotton's shorter poems.

As I have pointed out in the Introduction, the 1689 edition is said to have "obstructed the publishing of a collection very different from that; and well chosen by the Author, with a preface by himself and all copied out for the press." Despite considerable effort I have not succeeded in tracking down any MS. corresponding to this account. Sir Harris Nicolas refers to "a manuscript containing the greater part of Cotton's poems, some, if not all, of which are apparently in his own handwriting." ("The Compleat Angler," vol. i, "Memoir of Cotton," p. clxviii, 1836.) But unfortunately Sir Harris gives not the slightest indication where he saw this MS., and the omission is remarkable in the case of so eminent and careful a scholar. No reference is made to any preface by Cotton, and quite possibly this MS. was not a final draft. Search in the British Museum has so far proved unavailing, and both the Bodleian and the Cambridge University Library know nothing of any poetical MS. I have also inquired of various other sources which seemed

likely, and searched in vain through the vast number of volumes published by the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts in the hope of finding some guiding thread.\*

It is noteworthy that Cotton's son did not attempt to supplant the 1689 edition, and that Sir Harris Nicolas used the 1689 edition in the numerous quotations, from Cotton's poems, given by him in his memoir. In short, the text of 1689, in the absence of any other source, must be accepted.† And apart from the fact that a number of the poems are printed twice, which indicates hasty publication, the text itself is wonderfully free, on the whole, either from printers' errors or obscurities. The latter is easily understood as clarity of expression was Cotton's special gift. Any emendations of the text which I have ventured to make I have, of course, indicated. Moreover, following in the path of two pre-eminent scholars, Mr. A. H. Bullen and Professor Saintsbury, I have modernized the spelling and cut down the exuberant, and in many cases, quite indiscriminate,

\* Since the above was written I have come across a reference to a MS. "of many of his [Cotton's] smaller poetical productions" as being in the possession of the editor of the "Reliquary," Mr. Ll. Jewitt, in 1860 (*vide* "Reliquary," vol. i, 1860-1). But I have failed to discover what became of this MS.

† Mr. John Sleigh, writing in "Notes and Queries" (vol. vi, 4th Series, 1870, p. 209), mentions two "holograph" copies of poems by Cotton discovered amongst some family archives of a Derbyshire neighbour. One of the poems is entitled "Winter," and the other "Summer," each consisting of fifty-three stanzas. "Summer" begins:—

"Look out, look out! I hear no noise;  
Have we not lost these roaring boys,  
So long a truce has never been,  
Since first the leaguer shut us in."

This verse is not included among the "Quatrains" about Summer in the 1689 edition: moreover those "Quatrains" number sixty, not fifty-three. The 31st quatrain of the MS. poem (quoted by Mr. Sleigh) corresponds very nearly to the 9th verse in one of the poems addressed to Isaak Walton. In the circumstances it seems probable that this MS. is an early draft of the later "Quatrains," etc. The "Journal of the Derbyshire Archæological Society" (vol. iv, pp. 171-88), 1882, contains an exact reproduction of the holograph of "Winter."



distribution of capitals and italics. As Professor Saintsbury observes in a note to the general Introduction to his "Caroline Poets" (vol. i, xvi) :

"The spelling has been subjected to the very small amount of modernization necessary to make it uniform with the only uniformity which is at all possible. At this time no texts were printed with very antique spelling, and some present for whole pages nothing that is not modern, except an occasional capital Initial. A very few readers might prefer the reproduction of anomalous and contradictory archaisms ; but these would certainly repel a much larger number, and interfere with the acquaintance which it is desired to bring about."

Finally, I thought it would be convenient if I marshalled the extraordinary variety of Cotton's poems into some sort of order. Had the 1689 edition been published in Cotton's lifetime, and been an authorized edition, I should naturally never have ventured to alter the arrangement of the poems as given therein. But this is not the case. On the contrary, we know that the 1689 edition was hurried off to the Publishers two years after the Poet's death by some unknown person, who never even bothered to consult Cotton's relations—much to their chagrin. So careless was the editor or publisher that no less than ten of the poems are printed twice over, and several of the translations. Again, though the translations were obviously intended by the 1689 editor himself to be gathered together at the end of the volume, where the great majority are printed, several have strayed among the original poems. And again, the Epistles to John Bradshaw numbered I to III were surely meant to follow one another, but I is separated from II and III. Moreover, the celebrated "Winter" is huddled away at the end of the volume, with two other poems, immediately after the translations. These are instances of sheer mistakes and carelessness. But this is not all. Any careful reader of the 1689 edition cannot but be impressed with the feeling that the poems have just been collected together anyhow. In these circumstances I feel certain that it will be possible to form a juster appreciation of Cotton's work if it is not all jumbled up as

it is in the 1689 edition, in no sort of sequence, reasonable or unreasonable. Order in point of time being out of the question,—relatively few of the poems can be definitely dated either from internal or external evidence, order in point of congruity of subject seemed the only solution, and in Cotton's case particularly appropriate.

J. B.

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PORTRAIT OF CHARLES COTTON . . . . . *Frontispiece*

DRAWING OF BERESFORD HALL, by J. Linnel, R.A.  
*Facing page 260*





I

POEMS OF NATURE, AND OTHER POEMS



# *The Retirement*<sup>1</sup>

## STANZES IRREGULIERS

TO MR. IZAAK WALTON

### I

FAREWELL thou busy World, and may  
We never meet again :  
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,  
And do more good in one short day,  
Than he who his whole age out-wears  
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,  
Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

### II

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !  
How beautiful the fields appear !  
How cleanly do we feed and lie !  
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !  
How quietly we sleep !  
What peace ! what unanimity !  
How innocent from the lewd fashion,  
Is all our bus'ness, all our conversation !

### III

Oh how happy here's our leisure !  
Oh how innocent our pleasure !  
Oh ye valleys, oh ye mountains,  
Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,  
How I love at liberty,  
By turn to come and visit ye !

<sup>1</sup> See Note I.

## IV

O Solitude, the soul's best friend,  
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,  
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend;  
 With thee I here converse at will,  
 And would be glad to do so still;  
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

## V

How calm and quiet a delight  
 It is alone  
 To read, and meditate, and write,  
 By none offended, nor offending none;  
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,  
 And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

## VI

Oh my beloved Nymph! fair Dove,  
 Princess of rivers, how I love  
 Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie,  
 And view thy silver stream,  
 When gilded by a Summer's beam,  
 And in it all thy wanton fry  
 Playing at liberty,  
 And with my angle upon them,  
 The all of treachery  
 I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

## VII

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,  
 The Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;  
 The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,  
 Are puddle-water all compared with thine;  
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are

With thine much purer to compare :  
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine  
Are both too mean,  
Beloved Dove, with thee  
To vie priority :  
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,  
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

VIII

Oh my beloved rocks ! that rise  
To awe the earth, and brave the skies,  
From some aspiring mountain's crown  
How dearly do I love,  
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,  
And from the vales to view the noble heights above !

IX

Oh my beloved caves ! from dog-star heats,  
And hotter persecution safe retreats,  
What safety, privacy, what true delight  
In the artificial night  
Your gloomy entrails make,  
Have I taken, do I take !  
How oft, when grief has made me fly  
To hide me from Society,  
Even of my dearest Friends, have I  
In your recesses friendly shade  
All my sorrows open laid,  
And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy !

X

Lord ! would men let me alone,  
What an over-happy one  
Should I think myself to be,



Might I in this desert place,  
Which most men by their voice disgrace,  
Live but undisturbed and free!  
Here, in this despised recess,  
Would I maugre Winter's cold,  
And the Summer's worst excess,  
Try to live out to sixty full years old,  
And all the while  
Without an envious eye  
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,  
Contented live, and then contented die.

### *The Morning Quatrains*<sup>2</sup>

#### I

THE cock has crow'd an hour ago,  
'Tis time we now dull sleep forgo;  
Tir'd Nature is by sleep redress'd,  
And labour's overcome by rest.

#### II

We have out-done the work of night,  
'Tis time we rise t'attend the light,  
And e'er he shall his beams display,  
To plot new business for the day.

#### III

None but the slothful, or unsound,  
Are by the sun in feathers found,  
Nor, without rising with the sun,  
Can the world's business e'er be done.

<sup>2</sup> See footnote to Note on the Text.

## IV

Hark! Hark! the watchful chanticleer,  
 Tells us the day's bright harbinger  
 Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe  
 And warn night's sov'reign to withdraw.

## V

The morning curtains now are drawn,  
 And now appears the blushing dawn;  
 Aurora has her roses shed,  
 To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

## VI

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,  
 To roll away the burning car,  
 And, snorting flame, impatient bear  
 The dressing of the charioteer.

## VII

The sable cheeks of sullen night  
 Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,  
 Whilst she retires away in fear,  
 To shade the other hemisphere.

## VIII

The merry lark now takes her wings,  
 And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings,  
 Mounting her body out of sight,  
 As if she meant to meet the light.

## IX

Now doors and windows are unbar'd,  
 Each where are cheerful voices heard,  
 And round about good-morrows fly,  
 As if day taught humanity.

## X

The chimneys now to smoke begin,  
 And the old wife sits down to spin,  
 Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip  
 Mull's swoln and strad'ling paps to strip.

## XI

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,  
 Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,  
 And Silvio with his bugle horn  
 Winds an imprime unto the morn.

## XII

Now through the morning doors behold  
 Phœbus array'd in burning gold,  
 Lashing his fiery steeds, displays  
 His warm and all enlight'ning rays.

## XIII

Now each one to his work prepares,  
 All that have hands are labourers,  
 And manufactures of each trade  
 By op'ning shops are open laid.

## XIV

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,  
 The angler goes unto the stream,  
 The wood-man to the purlieus<sup>3</sup> hies,  
 And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

## XV

Fair Amarillis drives her flocks,  
 All night safe folded from the fox,  
 To flow'ry downs, where Collin stays,  
 To court her with his roundelays.

<sup>3</sup> See Note 2.

## XVI

The traveller now leaves his inn,  
 A new day's journey to begin,  
 As he would post it with the day,  
 And early rising makes good way.

## XVII

The slick-fac'd school-boy satchel takes,  
 And with slow pace small riddance makes ;  
 For why, the haste we make, you know,  
 To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

## XVIII

The fore-horse jingles on the road,  
 The waggoner lugs on his load,  
 The field with busy people snies,<sup>4</sup>  
 The City rings with various cries.

## XIX

The world is now a busy swarm,  
 All doing good, or doing harm ;  
 But let's take heed our acts be true,  
 For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

## XX

None can that piercing sight evade,  
 It penetrates the darkest shade,  
 And sin, though it could scape the eye,  
 Would be discover'd by the cry.

<sup>4</sup> Snies = swarms.

## *Noon Quatrains*

### I

THE day grows hot, and darts his rays  
From such a sure and killing place,  
That this half world are fain to fly  
The danger of his burning eye.

### II

His early glories were benign,  
Warm to be felt, bright to be seen,  
And all was comfort, but who can  
Endure him when Meridian ?

### III

Of him we as of Kings complain,  
Who mildly do begin to reign,  
But to the Zenith got of pow'r,  
Those whom they should protect devour.

### IV

Has not another Phaethon  
Mounted the chariot of the sun,  
And, wanting art to guide his horse,  
Is hurri'd from the sun's due course ?

### V

If this hold on, our fertile lands,  
Will soon be turn'd to parched sands,  
And not an onion that will grow  
Without a Nile to overflow.

### VI

The grazing herds now droop and pant,  
E'en without labour fit to faint,



And willingly forsook their meat,  
To seek out cover from the heat.

VII

The lagging ox is now unbound,  
From larding the new turn'd up ground,  
Whilst Hobbinal alike o'er-laid,  
Takes his coarse dinner to the shade.

VIII

Cellars and grottos now are best  
To eat and drink in, or to rest,  
And not a soul above is found  
Can find a refuge under ground.

IX

When pagan tyranny grew hot,  
Thus persecuted Christians got  
Into the dark but friendly womb  
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

X

And as that heat did cool at last,  
So a few scorching hours o'er pass'd,  
In a more mild and temp'rate ray  
We may again enjoy the day.

*Evening Quatrains*

I

THE day's grown old, the fainting sun  
Has but a little way to run,  
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,  
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

II

With labour spent, and thirst opprest,  
 Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,  
 From fetlocks hot drops melted light,  
 Which turn to meteors in the night.

III

The shadows now so long do grow,  
 That brambles like tall cedars show,  
 Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant  
 Appears a monstrous elephant.

IV

A very little, little flock  
 Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;  
 Whilst the small stripling following them,  
 Appears a mighty Polypheme.

V

These being brought into the fold,  
 And by the thrifty master told,  
 He thinks his wages are well paid,  
 Since none are either lost, or stray'd.

VI

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,  
 Chains rattle in the villain's yard,<sup>5</sup>  
 The cart's on tail set down to rest,  
 Bearing on high the Cuckold's crest.

VII

The hedge is stripped, the clothes brought in,  
 Nought's left without should be within,

<sup>5</sup> Villain's yard = farmyard.

The bees are hiv'd, and hum their charm,  
Whilst every house does seem a swarm.

VIII

The cock now to the roost is prest ;  
For he must call up all the rest ;  
The sow's fast pegg'd within the sty,  
To still her squeaking progeny.

IX

Each one has had his supping mess,  
The cheese is put into the press,  
The pans and bowls clean scalded all,  
Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

X

And now on benches all are sat  
In the cool air to sit and chat,  
Till Phœbus, dipping in the West,  
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

*Night Quatrains*

I

THE Sun is set, and gone to sleep  
With the fair Princess of the Deep,  
Whose bosom is his cool retreat,  
When fainting with his proper heat :

II

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool  
In spume of the Cerulean Pool ;  
Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves  
Deep in Columbus's Western Waves.

### III

From whence great rolls of smoke arise  
To overshadow the beauteous skies ;  
Who bid the world's bright eye adieu  
In gelid tears of falling dew.

### IV

And now from the Iberian vales  
Night's sable steeds her chariot hails,  
Where double cypress curtains screen  
The gloomy melancholic Queen.

### V

These, as they higher mount the sky,  
Ravish all colour from the eye,  
And leave it but an useless glass,  
Which few, or no reflections grace.

### VI

The crystal arch o'er Pindus's crown  
Is on a sudden dusky grown,  
And all's with fun'ral black o'erspread,  
As if the day, which sleeps, were dead.

### VII

No ray of light the heart to cheer,  
But little twinkling stars appear ;  
Which like faint dying embers lie,  
Fit nor to work, nor travel by.

### VIII

Perhaps to him they torches are,  
Who guide night's sovereign's drowsy car,  
And him they may befriend so near,  
But us they neither light, nor cheer.

## IX

Or else those little sparks of light  
 Are nails that tyre the wheels of night,  
 Which to new stations still are brought,  
 As they roll o'er the gloomy vault.

## X

Or nails that arm the horse's hoof,  
 Which trampling o'er the marble roof,  
 And striking fire in the air,  
 We mortals call a shooting star.

## XI

That's all the light we now receive,  
 Unless what belching Vulcans give,  
 And those yield such a kind of light  
 As adds more horror to the night.

## XII

Nyctimine now freed from day,  
 From sullen bush flies out to prey,  
 And does with ferret note proclaim  
 Th' arrival of th' usurping Dame.

## XIII

The Rail<sup>6</sup> now cracks in fields and meads,  
 Toads now forsake the nettle-beds,  
 The tim'rous hare goes to relief,<sup>7</sup>  
 And wary men bolt out the thief.

## XIV

The fire's new rak't, and hearth swept clean  
 By Madge, the dirty kitchen-quean,

<sup>6</sup> Rail = landrail.

<sup>7</sup> See Note 3.

The safe is locked, the mouse-trap set,  
The leaven laid, and bucking<sup>8</sup> wet.

XV

Now in false floors and roofs above,  
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love,  
The ban-dog<sup>9</sup> on the dunghill lies,  
And watchful nurse sings lullabies.

XVI

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,  
The Bittern booms it in the reeds,  
And Reynard entering the back yard,  
The Capitolian cry is heard.

XVII

The Goblin now the fool alarms,  
Hags meet to mumble o'er their charms;  
The Night-mare rides the dreaming ass,  
And Fairies trip it on the grass.

XVIII

The drunkard now supinely snores,  
His load of ale sweats through his pores,  
Yet when he wakes the swine shall find  
A crapula<sup>10</sup> remains behind.

XIX

The sober now and chaste are blest  
With sweet, and with refreshing rest,  
And to sound sleeps they've best pretence,  
Have greatest share of innocence.

<sup>8</sup> Bucking = washing.

<sup>9</sup> Ban-dog = a chained dog, hence a mastiff or bloodhound.

<sup>10</sup> Crapula = a drunken head-ache.



We should so live then that we may  
 Fearless put off our clots and clay,  
 And travel through Death's shades to Light;  
 For every Day must have its Night.

## *Winter*<sup>11</sup>

### I

HARK, hark, I hear the north wind roar,  
 See how he riots on the shore;  
 And with expanded wings at stretch,  
 Ruffles the billows on the beach.

### II

Hark, how the routed waves complain,  
 And call for succour to the main,  
 Flying the storm as if they meant  
 To creep into the Continent.

### III

Surely all Æol's huffing brood  
 Are met to war against the flood,  
 Which seems surpris'd, and has not yet  
 Had time his levies to complete.

### IV

The beaten bark, her rudder lost,  
 Is on the rolling billows tost;  
 Her keel now ploughs the ooze, and soon  
 Her top-mast tilts against the moon.

<sup>11</sup> See Note 4; also Introduction.

## V

'Tis strange ! the Pilot keeps his seat ;  
 His bounding ship does so curvet,  
 Whilst the poor passengers are found,  
 In their own fears already drown'd.

## VI

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear  
 Their scaly squadrons through the air ;  
 Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain  
 Their gaudy plumage in the main.

## VII

Now stars concealed in clouds do peep  
 Into the secrets of the deep ;  
 And lobsters spewed up from the brine,  
 With Cancer's constellations shine.

## VIII

Sure Neptune's watery kingdoms yet  
 Since first their coral groves were wet,  
 Were ne'er disturbed with such alarms,  
 Nor had such trial of their arms.

## IX

See where a liquid mountain rides,  
 Made of innumerable tides,  
 And tumbles headlong to the strand,  
 As if the sea would come to land.

## X

A sail, a sail, I plainly spy,  
 Betwixt the ocean and the sky,  
 An Argosy, a tall built ship,  
 With all her pregnant sail a-trip.

XI

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,  
With canvas wings into the bay;  
And now upon the deck appears  
A crowd of busy mariners.

XII

Methinks I hear the cordage crack,  
With furrowing Neptune's foaming back,  
Who wounded, and revengeful roars  
His fury to the neighb'ring shores.

XIII

With massy trident high, he heaves  
Her sliding keel above the waves,  
Opening his liquid arms to take  
The bold invader in his wrack.

XIV

See how she dives into his chest,  
Whilst raising up his floating breast  
To clasp her in, he makes her rise  
Out of the reach of his surprise.

XV

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep  
The azure surface of the deep,  
And now at last the waves have thrown  
Their rider on our Albion.

XVI

Under the black cliff's spumy base,  
The sea-sick hulk her freight displays,  
And as she walloweth on the sand,  
Vomits her burthen to the land.

## XVII

With heads erect, and plying oar,  
 The ship-wrack'd mates make to the shore ;  
 And dreadless of their danger, climb  
 The floating mountains of the brine.

## XVIII

Hark, hark, the noise, their echoes make  
 The island's silver waves to shake ;  
 Sure with these throes, the lab'ring main  
 's delivered of a hurricane.

## XIX

And see the seas becalm'd behind,  
 Not crisp with any breeze of wind ;  
 The tempest has forsook the waves,  
 And on the land begins his braves.

## XX

Hark, hark, their voices higher rise,  
 They tear the welkin with their cries ;  
 The very rocks their fury feel,  
 And like sick drunkards nod, and reel.

## XXI

Louder, and louder, still they come,  
 Nile's cataracts to these are dumb ;  
 The Cyclops to these blades are still,  
 Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

## XXII

Were all the star-enlightened skies,  
 As full of ears as sparkling eyes ;  
 This rattle in the crystal hall,  
 Would be enough to deaf them all.

## XXIII

What monstrous race is hither tost,  
 Thus to alarm our British coast;  
 With outcries, such as never yet  
 War, or confusion could beget.

## XXIV

Oh! now I know them! Let us home,  
 Our mortal enemy is come,  
 Winter and all his blust'ring train,  
 Have made a voyage o'er the main.

## XXV

Banished the countries of the sun,  
 The fugitive is hither run,  
 To ravish from our fruitful fields  
 All that the teeming season yields.

## XXVI

Like an invader, not a guest,  
 He comes to riot, not to feast;  
 And in wild fury overthrows,  
 Whatever does his march oppose.

## XXVII

With bleak and with congealing winds,  
 The earth in shining chains he binds;  
 And still as he doth farther pass,  
 Quarries his way with liquid glass.

## XXVIII

Hark, how the blusterers of the Bear,  
 Their gibbous <sup>12</sup> cheeks in triumph tear,  
 And with continued shouts do ring  
 The entry of their palsy'd king.

<sup>12</sup> Gibbous cheeks = swelling, puffed out.

## XXIX

The squadron nearest to your eye,  
 Is his forlorn<sup>13</sup> of infantry,  
 Bow-men of unrelenting minds,  
 Whose shafts are feathered with the winds.

## XXX

Now you may see his vanguard rise  
 Above the beachy precipice,  
 Bold horse on bleakest mountains bred,  
 With hail instead of provend fed.

## XXXI

Their lances are the pointed locks,  
 Torn from the brows of frozen rocks,  
 Their shields are crystals and their swords,  
 The steel the crusted rock affords.

## XXXII

See the main body now appears,  
 And hark the Æolian trumpeters,  
 By their hoarse levets<sup>14</sup> do declare,  
 That the bold General rides there.

## XXXIII

And look where mantled up in white,  
 He sleds it like the Muscovite;  
 I know him by the port he bears,  
 And his life-guard of Mountaineers.

## XXXIV

Their caps are fur'd with hoary frosts,  
 The bravery their cold kingdom boasts;  
 Their spungy plaids are milk white frieze,  
 Spun from the snowy mountains fleece.

<sup>13</sup> Forlorn = a front line vanguard.

<sup>14</sup> Levets = trumpet calls.



## XXXV

Their partizans are fine carved glass,  
 Fringed with the morning's spangled grass;  
 And pendant by their brawny thighs,  
 Hang scimitars of burnished ice.

## XXXVI

See, see, the rear-ward now has won  
 The promontory's trembling crown,  
 Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground  
 Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

## XXXVII

The forlorn now halts for the van;  
 The rear-guard draws up to the main;  
 And now they altogether crowd  
 Their troops into a threatening cloud.

## XXXVIII

Fly, fly; the foe advances fast;  
 Into our fortress, let us haste  
 Where all the roarers of the North  
 Can neither storm, nor starve us forth.

## XXXIX

There under ground a magazine  
 Of sovereign juice is cellar'd in,  
 Liquor that will the siege maintain,  
 Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

## XL

'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,  
 And thaws the gelid blood of age;  
 Matures the young, restores the old,  
 And makes the fainting coward bold.

XLI

It lays the careful head to rest,  
Calms palpitations in the breast,  
Renders our Lives' misfortune sweet,  
And Venus frolic in the sheet.

XLII

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow;  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar.

XLIII

Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit;  
Where though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

XLIV

We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to:  
When having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

XLV

But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity;  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

XLVI

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
The afflicted into joy, th' opprest  
Into security and rest.

XLVII

The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favour return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

XLVIII

The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lovers shall have mistresses,  
Poor unregarded virtue praise,  
And the neglected poet bays.

XLIX

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we wou'd ;  
For freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be, but what we are ?

L

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice  
That does this happiness produce,  
And will preserve us free together,  
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

LI

Then let Old Winter take his course,  
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,  
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,  
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

LII

Let him our little castle ply,  
With all his loud artillery,  
Whilst sack and claret man the fort  
His fury shall become our sport.

LIII

Or, let him Scotland take, and there  
 Confine the plotting Presbyterian;  
 His zeal may freeze, whilst we kept warm  
 With love and wine, can know no harm.

*The Tempest*

I

STANDING upon the margent of the Main,  
 Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,  
 I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain  
 As great an ocean, and as rude, within;  
 As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,  
 As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

II

Soon could my sad imagination find  
 A parallel to this half world of flood,  
 An ocean by my walls of earth confined,  
 And rivers in the channels of my blood:  
 Discovering man, unhappy man, to be  
 Of this great frame Heaven's epitome.

III

There pregnant Argosies with full sails ride,  
 To shoot the gulfs of sorrow and despair,  
 Of which the Love no pilot has to guide,  
 But to her sea-born mother steers by pray'r,  
 When, oh! the hope her anchor lost, undone,  
 Rolls at the mercy of the regent moon.

'Tis my ador'd Diana, then must be  
 The guid'ress to this beaten bark of mine,  
 'Tis she must calm and smooth this troubled sea,  
 And waft my hope over the vaulting brine :  
 Call home thy venture Dian then at last,  
 And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

*Winter*<sup>15</sup>

DE MONSIEUR MARIGNY

DIRECTED TO SIR ROBERT COKE

BLEAK Winter is from Norway come,  
 And such a formidable groom,  
 With 's icled<sup>16</sup> beard, and hoary head,  
 That, or with cold, or else with dread,  
 Has frightened Phœbus out on's wit,  
 And put him int' an ague fit :  
 The Moon too, out of rev'rend care  
 To save her beauty from the air,  
 And guard her pale complexion,  
 Her hood and vizard mask puts on :  
 Old gray-pate Saturn too is seen,  
 Muffled up in a great bear's skin :  
 And Mars a quilted cap puts on,  
 Under his shining Morion :  
 And in these posting luminaries  
 It but a necessary care is,  
 And very consonant to reason,  
 To go well clad in such a season.

<sup>15</sup> See Note 5.

<sup>16</sup> Icicled.

The very Heaven itself, alas !  
Is now so paved with liquid glass,  
That if they han't (on th' other side)  
Learn'd in their younger days to slide,  
It is so slippery made withal,  
They cannot go two steps but fall.  
The nectar which the Gods do troll,  
Is frozen i' th' Celestial bowl,  
And the cup-bearer Ganymede  
Has capp'd his frizzled flaxed head.  
The naked Gemini, God wot,  
A very scurvy rhume have got ;  
And in this coldest of cold weathers,  
Had they not been warm wrap'd in feathers,  
Mercury's heels had been, I trow,  
Pepper'd with running kibes e'er now.  
Nor are these Deities, whom Love  
To men has tempted from above  
To pass their time on earth, more free  
From the cold blast than th' others be.  
For Truth, amidst the blust'ring rout,  
Can't keep her torch from blowing out.  
Justice, since none would take her word,  
Has for a waistcoat pawn'd her sword ;  
And it is credibly related,  
Her fillet's to a coif translated.  
Fortune's foot's frozen to her ball,  
Bright crystal from her nose does fall,  
And all the work she now intends,  
Is but to blow her fingers' ends.  
The Muses have the schools forsook  
To creep into the chimney nook,  
Where, for default of other wood,  
(Although it goes to his heart's blood)  
Apollo, for to warm their shins,



Makes fires of lutes and violins.  
The trout and grayling that did rove,  
At liberty, like swift wing'd Dove,  
In ice are crusted up and pent,  
Enslav'd with the poor element.  
'Tis strange! but what's more strange than these,  
Thy bounties, Knight, can never freeze,  
But e'en amidst the frost and snow  
In a continued torrent flow;  
Oh! let me come and live with thee,  
I Winter shall nor feel nor see.

### *The New Year*<sup>17</sup>

TO MR. W. T.

HARK, the cock crows, and yon,<sup>18</sup> bright Star,  
Tells us the day himself's not far;  
And see where, breaking from the night,  
He gilds the Western hills with light.  
With him old Janus does appear,  
Peeping into the future year  
With such a look as seems to say  
The prospect is not good that way.  
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,  
And 'gainst our selves to prophesy,  
When the prophetic fear of things  
A more tormenting mischief brings,  
More full of soul-tormenting gall  
Than direst mischiefs can befall.

<sup>17</sup> See Introduction, p. 27.

<sup>18</sup> You (misprint, 1689).

But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight,  
Better inform'd by clearer light,  
Discerns sereneness in that brow,  
That all contracted seem'd but now :  
His reverse face may shew distaste,  
And frown upon the ills are past ;  
But that which this way looks is clear,  
And smiles upon the New-born year.  
He looks too from a place so high,  
The year lies open to his eye,  
And all the moments open are  
To the exact discoverer ;  
Yet more and more he smiles upon  
The happy revolution.  
Why should we then suspect or fear  
The influences of a year  
So smiles upon us the first morn,  
And speaks us good so soon as born ?  
Pox on't ! the last was ill enough,  
This cannot but make better proof ;  
Or at the worst, as we brush'd through  
The last, why so we may this too ;  
And then the next in reason shou'd,  
Be superexcellently good :  
For the worst ills we daily see,  
Have no more perpetuity  
Than the best fortunes that do fall ;  
Which also bring us wherewithal  
Longer their being to support,  
Than those do of the other sort ;  
And who has one good year in three,  
And yet repines at Destiny,  
Appears ingrateful in the case,  
And merits not the good he has.

Then let us welcome the new guest,  
With lusty brimmers of the best ;  
Mirth always should good Fortune meet,  
And renders e'en disaster sweet :  
And though the Princess turn her back,  
Let us but line ourselves with sack  
We better shall by far hold out,  
Till the next year she face about.

### *The Angler's Ballad*<sup>19</sup>

#### I

AWAY to the brook,  
All your tackle outlook,  
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing ;  
See that all things be right,  
For 'tis a very spite  
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

#### II

Your rod with tops two,  
For the same will not do  
If your manner of angling you vary :  
And full well you may think,  
If you troll with a pink,<sup>20</sup>  
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

#### III

Then basket, neat made  
By a Master in's trade,  
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ;  
For none e'er was so vain  
To wear this to disdain,  
Who a true brother was of the angle.

<sup>19</sup> See Note 6.

<sup>20</sup> Troll with a pink = to fish with a minnow on a running line.

IV

Next, pouch must not fail,  
 Stuff'd as full as a mail,  
     With wax, cruels, silks, hair, furs and feathers,  
 To make several flies,  
 For the several skies,  
     That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

V

The boxes and books  
 For your lines and your hooks,  
     And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,  
 Your scissors, and your hone<sup>21</sup>  
 To adjust your points on,  
     With a net to be sure for your landing.

VI

All these being on,  
 'Tis high time we were gone,  
     Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure;  
 Till, here meeting at night,  
 We shall have the delight  
     To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII

The day's not too bright,  
 And the wind hits us right,  
     And all Nature does seem to invite us;  
 We have all things at will  
 For to second our skill,  
     As they all did conspire to delight us.

<sup>21</sup> Hone = a whetstone.

## VIII

Or stream now, or still,  
 A large panier will fill,  
 Trout and grayling to rise are so willing ;  
 I dare venture to say  
 'Twill be a bloody day,  
 And we all shall be weary of killing.

## IX

Away then, away,  
 We lose sport by delay,  
 But first leave all our sorrows behind us ;  
 If misfortune do come,  
 We are all gone from home,  
 And a fishing she never can find us.

## X

The Angler is free  
 From the cares that degree  
 Finds itself with so often tormented ;  
 And although we should slay  
 Each a hundred to-day,  
 'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

## XI

And though we display  
 All our arts to betray  
 What were made for man's pleasure and diet ;  
 Yet both Princes and States  
 May, for all our quaint bates,  
 Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

## XII

We scratch not our pates,  
 Nor repine at the rates  
 Our superiors impose on our living ;

But do frankly submit,  
Knowing they have more wit  
In demanding, than we have in giving.

XIII

Whilst quiet we sit  
We conclude all things fit,  
Acquiescing with hearty submission ;  
For, though simple, we know  
That soft murmurs will grow  
At the last unto down-right sedition.

XIV

We care not who says,  
And intends it dispraise,  
That an Angler t'a fool is next neighbour ;  
Let him prate, what care we,  
We're as honest as he,  
And so let him take that for his labour.

XV

We covet no wealth  
But the blessing of health,  
And that greater good Conscience within ;  
Such devotion we bring  
To our God and our King,  
That from either no offers can win.

XVI

Whilst we sit and fish,  
We do pray as we wish,  
For long life to our King James the Second ;  
Honest anglers then may,  
Or they've very foul play,  
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.



*Eclogue*<sup>22</sup>

CORYDON, CLOTTEN

CORYDON—

Rise, Clotten, rise, take up thy pipe and play,  
The Shepherds want thee, 'tis Pan's Holy-day ;  
And thou, of all the swains, wert wont to be  
The first to grace that great Solemnity.

CLOTTEN—

True, Corydon, but then I happy was,  
And in Pan's favour had a Minion's place :  
Clotten had then fair flocks, the finest fleece  
These plains and mountains yielded then was his.  
In these auspicious times the fruitful dams  
Brought me the earliest and the kindli'st lambs ;  
Nor nightly watch about them need I keep,  
For Pan himself was Shepherd to my sheep ;  
But now, alas ! neglected and forgot  
Are all my off'rings, and he knows me not.  
The bloody wolf, that lurks away the day,  
When night's black palm beckons him out to prey  
Under the cover of those guilty shades,  
No folds but mine the rav'nous foe invades ;  
And there he has such bloody havoc made,  
That, all my flock being devour'd or strayed,  
I now have lost the fruits of all my pain,  
And am no more a Shepherd but a swain.

CORYDON—

So sad a tale thou tell'st me, that I must  
Allow thy grief (my Clotten) to be just,  
But mighty Pan has thousand flocks in store,  
He, when it pleases him, can give thee more,

<sup>22</sup> See Note 7.

And has perhaps afflicted thee, to try  
Thy virtue only, and thy constancy.  
Repine not then at him that thou art poor,  
'Twas by his bounty thou wert rich before;  
And thou should'st serve him at the same free rate,  
When most distress'd, as when most fortunate.

CLOTTEN—

Thus do the healthful still the sick advise,  
And thus men preach when they would fain seem wise,  
But if in my wretched estate thou wert,  
I fear me thy philosophy would start,  
And give thee o'er to an afflicted sense,  
As void of reason as of patience.  
Had I been always poor, I should not be  
Perhaps so discontent with poverty,  
Nor now so sensible of my disgrace,  
Had I ne'er known what reputation was;  
But from so great a height of happiness  
To sink into the bottom of distress  
Is such a change as may become my care,  
And more than, I confess, I well can bear.

CORYDON—

But art thou not too sensible, my lad,  
Of those few losses thou hast lately had?  
Thou art not yet in want, thou still dost eat  
Bread of the finest flour of purest wheat;  
Who better cider drinks, what Shepherd's board  
Does finer curds, butter, or cheese afford?  
Who wears a frock, to grace a Holy-day,  
Spun of a finer wool, or finer grey?  
Whose cabin is so neatly swept as thine,  
With flowers and rushes kept so sweet and fine?  
Whose name amongst our many Shepherds' swains

So great as thine is throughout all these plains ?  
Who has so many friends, so pretty loves ?  
Who by our bubbling fountains and green groves  
Passes away the summer heats so well ?  
And who but thee in singing does excel ?  
So that the swains, when Clotten sings or plays,  
Lay down their pipes, and listen to his lays ?  
Wherein then can consist, I fain would know,  
The misery that thou complain'st of so ?

CLOTTEN—

Some of these things are true, but, Corydon,  
That which maintain'd all these, alas ! is gone ;  
The want of wealth I reckon not distress,  
But of enough to do good offices ;  
Which growing less, those friends will fall away ;  
Poverty is the ground of all decay ;  
With our prosperities our friendships end,  
And to misfortune no one is a friend,  
Which I already find to that degree,  
That my old friends are now afraid of me,  
And all avoid me, as good men would fly  
The common hangman's shameful company.  
Those who by fortune were advanc'd above,  
Being obliged by my most ready love,  
Shun me, for fear lest my necessity  
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,  
And are resolved they will not grant ; and those  
Have shar'd my meat, my money, and my clothes,  
Grown rich with others' spoils as well as mine,  
The coming near me now do all decline,  
Lest shame and gratitude should draw them in,  
To be to me what I to them have been ;  
By which means I am stripped of all supplies,  
And left alone to my own miseries.

CORYDON—

In the relation that thy grief has made,  
The World's false friendships are too true display'd ;  
But, courage man, thou hast one friend in store,  
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor ;  
I will be true to thee in worst estate,  
And love thee more now than when fortunate.

CLOTTEN—

All goodness then on earth I see's not lost,  
I of one friend in misery can boast,  
Which is enough, and peradventure more  
Than any one could ever do before ;  
And I to thee as true a friend will prove,  
Not to abuse but to deserve thy love.

*To My Dear and Most Worthy Friend,  
Mr. Izaak Walton*<sup>23</sup>

WHILST in this cold and blust'ring clime,  
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,  
We pass away the roughest time  
Has been of many years before ;

Whilst from the most tempest'ous nooks  
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,  
And by great rains our smallest brooks  
Are almost navigable made ;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd  
Of this dead quarter of the year,  
That even you, so much belov'd,  
We would not now wish with us here ;

<sup>23</sup> See Note 8.

In this estate, I say, it is  
Some comfort to us to suppose,  
That in a better clime than this  
You our dear Friend have more repose ;

And some delight to me the while,  
Though nature now does weep in rain,  
To think that I have seen her smile,  
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please  
We live to see another May,  
We'll recompense an age of these  
Foul days in one fine fishing day :

We then shall have a day or two,  
Perhaps a week, wherein to try,  
What the best Master's hand can do  
With the most deadly killing fly ;

A day without too bright a beam,  
A warm, but not a scorching sun,  
A southern gale to curl the stream,  
And (Master) half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait  
The scaly people to betray,  
We'll prove it just with treach'rous bait  
To make the preying trout our prey ;

And think ourselves in such an hour  
Happier than those, though not so high,  
Who, like Leviathans, devour  
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This (my best Friend) at my poor home  
Shall be our pastime and our theme,  
But then should you not deign to come  
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

### *The Eighth Psalm Paraphrased*

1. O LORD, our Governor, whose potent sway  
All pow'rs in Heav'n and Earth obey,  
Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame  
How great is thy adored Name !  
Thy glories thou hast seated, Lord, on high,  
Above the Empirean Sky.
2. Out of the mouths of infants, newly come  
From the dark closet of the womb,  
Thou hast ordained pow'rful Truth to rise,  
To baffle all thine enemies ;  
That thou the furious rage might'st calm agen,  
Of bloody and revengeful men.
3. When on thy glorious Heav'ns I reflect,  
Thy work, almighty Architect,  
The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast made  
T'illuminate night's sable shade ;
4. Oh ! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King  
Should mind so poor a wretched thing ;  
Or Man's frail offspring, that Almighty God  
Should stoop to visit his abode ?
5. For thou createdst him but one degree  
Below the Heav'nly Hierarchy  
Of bless'd and happy Angels, and didst crown  
Frail dust with glory and renown.
6. Over the works of thy Almighty hand  
Thou giv'st him absolute command,

- And all the rest that thou hast made  
Under his feet hast subject laid ;
7. All sheep, and oxen, and the wilder breed  
Of beasts that on their fellows feed ;
8. The Air's inhabitants, and scaly brood,  
That live and wanton in the Flood,  
And whatsoe'er does either swim or creep  
Through th' investigable Deep :
9. Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame  
How great is thy adored Name.

### *The Storm*

TO THE EARL OF ———

How with ill nature does this world abound !  
When I, who ever thought myself most sound,  
And free from that infection, now must choose  
Out you (my Lord) whom least I should abuse  
To trouble with a tempest, who have none  
In your firm breast t'afflict you of your own ;  
But since of friendship it the nature is,  
In any accident that falls amiss,  
Whether of sorrow, terror, loss, or pain,  
Caus'd or by men or fortune, to complain  
To those who of our ills have deepest sense,  
And in whose favour we've most confidence,  
Pardon, if in a storm I here engage  
Your calmer thoughts, and on a Sea, whose rage  
When but a little mov'd, as far outbraves  
The tamer mutinies of Adria's Waves,  
As they, when worst for Neptune to appease  
The softest curls of most pacific seas ;



And though I'm vain enough half to believe  
My danger will some little trouble give,  
I yet more vainly fancy 'twill advance  
Your pleasure too, for my deliverance.

'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,  
For slow, but certain navigation best ;  
The earth had dressed herself so fine and gay,  
That all the world, our little world, was May ;  
The sea too, had put on his smoothest face,  
Clear, slick, and even as a looking glass ;  
The rugged winds were lock'd up in their gaols,  
And were but Zephyrs whisper'd in the sails ;  
All Nature seem'd to court us to our woe ;  
Good God ! can Elements dissemble too ?  
Whilst we, secure, consider'd not the whiles  
That greatest treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.

Aboard we went, and soon were under sail,  
But with so small an over-modest gale,  
And to our virgin canvas so unkind,  
As not to swell their laps with so much wind,  
As common courtship would in breeding pay  
To maids less buxom and less trim than they.  
But of this calm we could not long complain,  
For scarcely were we got out to the main  
From the still harbour but a league, no more,  
When the false wind (that seem'd so chaste before)  
The Ship's lac'd smock began to stretch and tear,  
Not like a suitor, but a ravisher ;  
As if delight were lessen'd by consent,  
And tasted worse for being innocent.  
A sable curtain, in a little space,  
Of thick wove clouds was drawn o'er Phœbus' face,  
He might not see the horror of the fight,  
Nor we the comfort of his heav'nly light :

Then, as this darkness had the signal been,  
At which the furious storm was to begin,  
Heaven's loud artillery began to play,  
And with pale flashes made a dreadful day :  
The centre shook by these, the ocean  
In hills of brine to swell and heave began ;  
Which growing mountains, as they rolling hit,  
To surge and foam, each other broke and split,  
Like men, who, in intestine storms of state,  
Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what ;  
But with the stream of fury headlong run  
To war, they know not how nor why begun.

In this disorder straight the winds forlorn,  
Which had lain ambushed all the flatt'ring morn,  
With unexpected fury rushes in,  
The ruffling skirmish rudely to begin ;  
The sea with thunder-claps alarm'd before,  
Assaulted thus anew, began to roar,  
In waves, that striving which should fastest run,  
Crowded themselves into confusion.

At which advantage Æolus brought on  
His large spread wings, and main battalion,  
When by opposing shores the flying foe  
Forc'd back against the enemy to flow,  
So great a conflict follow'd, as if here  
Th' enraged enemies embattled were ;  
Not only one another to subdue,  
But to destroy themselves and Nature too.

To paint this horror to the life, weak Art  
Must want a hand, humanity a heart,  
And I, the bare relation whilst I make,  
Methinks am brave, my hand still does not shake ;

For surely since men first in planks of wood  
Themselves committed to the faithless flood,  
Men born and bred at sea, did ne'er behold  
Neptune in such prodigious furrows roll'd ;  
Those winds which with the loudest terror roar,  
Never so stretched their lungs and cheeks before ;  
Nor on this floating stage has ever been  
So black a scene of dreadful ruin seen.

Poor Yacht ! in such a sea how canst thou live ?  
What ransom would not thy pale tenants give  
To be set down on the most desp'rate shore,  
Where serpents hiss, tigers and lions roar,  
And where the men, inhuman savages,  
Are yet worse vermin, greater brutes than these ?  
Who would not for a danger that may be  
Exchange a certain ruin that they see ?  
For such, unto our reason, or our fear,  
Ours did in truth most manifest appear ;  
And how could we expect a better end,  
When winds and seas seem'd only to contend,  
Not which should conquer other in this war,  
But in our wreck which should have greatest share ?  
The winds were all let loose upon the main,  
And every wind that blew a hurricane,  
Nereus's whole pow'r too muster'd seem'd to be,  
Wave rode on wave, and every wave a sea.  
Of our small bark gusts rush'd the trembling sides  
Against vast billows that contain'd whole tides,  
Which in disdainful fury beat her back  
With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,  
'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in,  
As if they meant their liquid walls between  
T'engage the wretched hulk, and crush her flat,  
And make her squeeze to death her dying freight.

Sometimes she on a mountain's ridge would ride,  
 And from that height her gliding keel then slide  
 Into a gulf yawning, and deep as Hell,  
 Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell ;  
 Then by another billow rais'd so high,  
 As if the sea would dart her into th' sky,  
 To be a pinnacle to the Argosy ;  
 Then down a precipice so low and steep,  
 As it had been the bottom of the deep :  
 Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,  
 Were miserably toss'd and bandi'd so,  
 'Twas strange our little Pink,<sup>24</sup> though ne'er so tight,  
 Could weather't so, and keep herself upright ;  
 Or was not sunk with weight of our despair,  
 For hope, alas ! could find no anch'ring there :  
 Her prow, and poop, star-board, and lar-board side  
 B'ing with these elements so hotly pli'd,  
 'Twas no less than a miracle her seams  
 Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very beams  
 Continu'd faithful in these loud extremes ;  
 That her tall masts, so often bow'd and bent  
 With gust on gust, were not already spent ;  
 That all, or anything indeed withstood  
 A sea so hollow, such a high wrought flood.

Here, where no sea-man's art nor strength avails,  
 Where use of compass, rudder, or of sails,  
 There now was none ; the mariners all stood  
 Bloodless and cold as we ; or though they cou'd  
 Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,  
 Were ev'ry one astonished ne'ertheless  
 To that degree, they either had no heart  
 Their art to use, or had forgot their art.  
 Meanwhile the miserable passengers,

<sup>24</sup> Pink = ship.

With sighs the hardest, the more soft with tears,  
Mercy of Heav'n in various accents crav'd,  
But after drowning hoping to be sav'd.  
How oft, by fear of dying, did we die ?  
And every death, a death of cruelty,  
Worse than worst cruelties provok'd impose  
On the most hated, most offending foes.  
We fanci'd death riding on every wave,  
And every hollow seem'd a gaping grave :  
All things we saw such horror did present,  
And all of dying too were so intent,  
Ev'ry one thought himself already dead,  
And that for him the tears he saw were shed.  
Such as had not the courage to behold  
Their danger above deck, within the hold  
Utter'd such groans in that their floating grave,  
As even unto terror terror gave ;  
Whilst those above pale, dead, and cold appear,  
Like ghosts in Charon's Boat that failing were.  
The last day's dread, which none can comprehend,  
But to weak fancy only recommend,  
To form the dreadful image from sick fear,  
That fear and fancy both were height'ned here  
With such a face of horror, as alone  
Was fit to prompt imagination,  
Or to create it where there had been none.  
Such as from under hatches thrust a head  
T'enquire what news, seem'd rising from the dead,  
Whilst those who stayed above, bloodless with fear,  
And ghastly look, as they new risen were.  
The bold and timorous, with like horror struck,  
Were not to be distinguished by their look ;  
And he who could the greatest courage boast  
Howe'er within, look'd still as like a ghost.

Ten hours in this rude Tempest we were toss'd,  
 And ev'ry moment gave ourselves for lost,  
 Heav'n knows how ill prepar'd for sudden death;  
 When the rough winds, as they'd been out of breath,  
 Now seem'd to pant, and panting to retreat,  
 The waves with gentler force against us beat;  
 The sky clear'd up, the sun again shone bright,  
 And gave us once again new life and light;  
 We could again bear sail in those rough seas,  
 The sea-men now resume their offices;  
 Hope warm'd us now anew, anew the heart  
 Did to our cheeks some streaks of blood impart;  
 And in two hours, or very little more,  
 We came to anchor Falcon-shot from shore,  
 The very same we left the morn before;  
 Where now in a yet working sea, and high,  
 Until the wind shall veer, we rolling lie,  
 Resting secure from present fear; but then  
 The dangers we escap'd must tempt agen;  
 Which if again I safely shall get through,  
 (And sure I know the worst the sea can do)  
 So soon as I shall touch my native land,  
 I'll thence ride post to kiss your Lordship's hand.

### *Contentation*<sup>25</sup>

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,  
 MR. IZAAK WALTON

I

HEAV'N, what an Age is this! what race  
 Of giants are sprung up, that dare  
 Thus fly in the Almighty's Face,  
 And with his Providence make war!

<sup>25</sup> See Note 9.



II

I can go no where but I meet  
 With malcontents, and mutineers,  
 As if in life was nothing sweet,  
 And we must blessings reap in tears.

III

O senseless Man, that murmurs still  
 For happiness, and does not know,  
 Even though he might enjoy his will,  
 What he would have to make him so.

IV

Is it true happiness to be  
 By undiscerning Fortune plac't,  
 In the most eminent degree,  
 Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

V

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils  
 Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare ;  
 The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,  
 The miser's plenty breeds his care.

VI

The one supinely yawns at rest,  
 Th' other eternally doth toil,  
 Each of them equally a beast,  
 A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.<sup>26</sup>

VII

The titulado's oft disgrac'd,  
 By public hate, or private frown,  
 And he whose hand the creature rais'd,  
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

<sup>26</sup> Moil = mule.



## VIII

The drudge who would all get, all save,  
 Like a brute beast both feeds and lies,  
 Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,  
 And in the very labour dies.

## IX

Excess of ill got, ill kept pelf,  
 Does only death, and danger breed,  
 Whilst one rich worldling starves himself  
 With what would thousand others feed.

## X

By which we see that wealth and power  
 Although they make men rich and great,  
 The sweets of life do often sour,  
 And gull ambition with a cheat.

## XI

Nor is he happier than these,  
 Who in a moderate estate,  
 Where he might safely live at ease,  
 Has lusts that are immoderate.

## XII

For he, by those desires misled,  
 Quits his own vine's securing shade,  
 T' expose his naked, empty head  
 To all the storms man's peace invade.

## XIII

Nor is he happy who is trim,  
 Trick'd up in favours of the fair,  
 Mirrors, with every breath made dim,  
 Birds caught in every wanton snare.

## XIV

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,  
 Does offer far, than serve, enslave,  
 And with the magic of a kiss,  
 Destroy whom she was made to save.

## XV

Oh fruitful grief, the world's disease !  
 And vainer man to make it so,  
 Who gives his miseries increase  
 By cultivating his own woe.

## XVI

There are no ills but what we make,  
 By giving shapes and names to things ;  
 Which is the dangerous mistake  
 That causes all our sufferings.

## XVII

We call that sickness, which is health,  
 That persecution, which is grace ;  
 That poverty, which is true wealth,  
 And that dishonour, which is praise.

## XVIII

Providence watches over all,  
 And that with an impartial eye,  
 And if to misery we fall,  
 'Tis through our own infirmity.

## XIX

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold  
 Ambitious youth to danger climb,  
 And want of virtue, when the old  
 At persecution do repine.

## XX

Alas, our time is here so short,  
 That in what state so'er 'tis spent,  
 Of joy or woe does not import,  
 Provided it be innocent.

## XXI

But we may make it pleasant too,  
 If we will take our measures right,  
 And not what Heav'n has done, undo  
 By an unruly appetite.

## XXII

'Tis Contentation that alone  
 Can make us happy here below,  
 And when this little life is gone,  
 Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

## XXIII

A very little satisfies  
 An honest, and a grateful heart,  
 And who would more than will suffice,  
 Does covet more than is his part.

## XXIV

That man is happy in his share,  
 Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,  
 Whose necessities bound his care,  
 And honest labour makes his bed.

## XXV

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,  
 Honours those laws that others fear,  
 Who ill of Princes in worst times  
 Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

## XXVI

Who from the busy World retires,  
 To be more useful to it still,  
 And to no greater good aspires,  
 But only the eschewing ill.

## XXVII

Who, with his angle, and his books,  
 Can think the longest day well spent,  
 And praises God when back he looks,  
 And finds that all was innocent.

## XXVIII

This man is happier far than he  
 Whom public business oft betrays,  
 Through labyrinths of policy,  
 To crooked and forbidden ways.

## XXIX

The world is full of beaten roads,  
 But yet so slippery withal,  
 That where one walks secure, 'tis odds  
 A hundred and a hundred fall.

## XXX

Untrodden paths are then the best,  
 Where the frequented are unsure,  
 And he comes soonest to his rest,  
 Whose journey has been most secure.

## XXXI

It is Content alone that makes  
 Our pilgrimage a pleasure here,  
 And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes  
 An ill commodity too dear.

But he has Fortune's worst withstood,  
 And happiness can never miss,  
 Can covet nought, but where he stood,  
 And thinks him happy where he is.

### *De Vita Beata*

#### *Paraphrased from the Latin*

COME, y'are deceiv'd, and what you do  
 Esteem a happy life's not so ;  
 He is not happy that excels  
 I' th' Lapidary's bagatelles ;<sup>27</sup>  
 Nor he, that when he sleeps doth lie  
 Under a stately canopy ;  
 Nor he, that still supinely hides,  
 In easy down, his lazy sides ;  
 Nor he, that purple wears, and sups  
 Luxurious draughts in golden cups ;  
 Nor he, that loads with princely fare,  
 His bowing tables, whilst they'll bear ;  
 Nor he, that has each spacious vault  
 With deluges of plenty fraught,  
 Cull'd from the fruitful Libyan fields,  
 When autumn his best harvest yields ;  
 But he whom no mischance affrights,  
 Nor popular applause delights,  
 That can unmov'd, and undismay'd,  
 Confront a ruffian's threatening blade :  
 Who can do this ; that man alone  
 Has power Fortune to dethrone.

<sup>27</sup> Lapidary's bagatelles = (presumably) the precious stones of the Jeweller.

## *Eclogue*

DAMON C. C. THYRSIS R. R.

DAM.—

Thyrsis, whilst our flocks did bite  
The smiling salads in our sight,  
Thou then wer't wont to sing thy state  
In love, and Chloe celebrate;  
But where are now the love-sick lays  
Whilom so sung in Chloe's praise?

THYR.—

'Las! who can sing? Since our Pan died  
Each shepherd's pipe is laid aside:  
Our flocks they feed on parched ground,  
Shelter, nor water's for them found:  
And all our sports are cast away,  
Save when thou sing'st thy Cælia.

DAM.—

Cælia, I do confess alone  
My object is of passion,  
My star, my bright magnetic pole,  
And only guidress of my soul.

THYR.—

Let Cælia be thy cynosure,  
Chloe's my pole too, though th' obscure:  
For, though her self's all glorious,  
My earth 'twixt us does interpose.

DAM.—

Obscure indeed, since she's but one  
To mine a constellation:  
Her lights throughout so glorious are,  
That every part's a perfect star.

THYR.—

Then Cælia's perfections  
Are scattered; Chloe's like the sun's  
United light, compacted lie,  
Whence all that feel their force, must die.

DAM.—

Cælia's beauties are too bright  
To be contracted in one light;  
Nor does my Fair, her rays dispense,  
With such a stabbing influence,  
Since 'tis her less imperious will  
To save her lovers, and not kill.

THYR.—

Each beam of her united light  
Is, than the greatest star more bright;  
And, if she stay, it is from hence,  
She darts too sweet an influence,  
We surfeit with't: weak eyes most shun  
The dazzling glories of the sun.  
Perhaps, if Cælia do not kill,  
'Tis want of power, not of will.

DAM.—

I now perceive, thy Chloe's eyes  
To be no stars, but prodigies:  
Comets, such as blazing stand  
To threaten ruin to a land:  
Beacons of sulph'rous flame they are,  
Symptoms not of peace, but war,  
And thou I guess, by singing thus,  
Thence stol'st thine *Ignis fatuus*.

THYR.—

As th' vulgar are amaz'd at th' sun,  
When tripled by reflection;



Chloe's self, and glorious eyes  
To thee seem comets in the skies.  
And true, they may portend some wars  
Such as 'twixt Venus, and her Mars,  
But chaste: whose captivating bands  
Would people, and not ruin lands.  
With such a going fire I'll stray,  
For who with it can lose his way?

DAM.—

The vulgar may perhaps be won  
By thee to think her sun, and moon,  
And so would I, but that my more  
Convincing Cælia I adore.  
Would we had both, that Chloe thine,  
And my dear Cælia might be mine.  
But if we should thus mix with ray,  
In Heav'n would be no night, but day:  
For we should people all the skies  
With planet-girls, and starry-boys,  
Chloe's a going-fire, we see,  
Pray Pan, she do not go from thee.

THYR.—

Thanks, Damon, but she does, I fear,  
The shadows now so long appear:  
Yet if she do, we'll both find day  
I' th' sunshine of thy Cælia.

### *An Invitation to Phyllis*<sup>28</sup>

*Come live with me, and be my love,  
And thou shalt all the pleasures prove,  
The mountains' towring tops can show  
Inhabiting the vales below.*

<sup>28</sup> See Note 10.

From a brave height my star shall shine  
T'illuminate the desert clime.  
Thy Summer's bower shall overlook,  
The subtle windings of the brook,  
For thy delight which only springs,  
And cuts her way with turtle's wings.  
The pavement of thy rooms shall shine,  
With the bruis'd treasures of the mine,  
And not a tale of love but shall  
In miniature adorn thy wall.  
Thy closet shall Queens' caskets mock  
With rustic jewels of the rock,  
And thine own light shall make a gem,  
As bright of these, as Queens of them.  
From this thy sphere thou shalt behold  
Thy snowy ewes troop o'er the mold,  
Who yearly pay my love a-piece  
A tender lamb, and silver fleece.  
And when Sol's rays shall all combine  
Thine to out-burn, though not outshine,  
Then, at the foot of some green hill,  
Where crystal Dove runs murm'ring still,  
We'll angle for the bright-ey'd fish,  
To make my love a dainty dish ;  
Or, in a cave, by nature made,  
Fly to the covert of the shade,  
*Where all the pleasures we will prove,*  
*Taught by the little God of love.*

And when bright Phœbus' scorching beams,  
Shall cease to gild the silver streams,  
Then in the cold arms of the flood  
We'll bathing cool the factious blood,  
Thy beauteous limbs the brook shall grace,  
Like the reflex of Cynthia's face,

Whilst all the wond'ring fry do greet  
The welcome light, adore thy feet,  
Supposing Venus to be come  
To send a kiss to Thetis' home.  
And following night shall trifled be  
Sweet ; as thou know'st I promised thee ;  
Thus shall the Summer's days, and nights,  
Be dedicate to thy delights.  
*Then live with me, and be my love,  
And all these pleasures shalt thou prove.*

But when the sapless season brings  
Cold Winter, on her shivering wings,  
Freezing the river's liquid face,  
Into a crystal looking glass,  
And that the trees their naked bones  
Together knock, like skeletons,  
Then, with the softest, whitest locks,  
Spun with the tribute of thy flocks,  
We will o'ercast thy whiter skin,  
Winter without, a Spring within.  
At the first peep of day I'll rise,  
To make the sullen hare thy prize,  
And thou with open arms shalt come  
To bid thy hunter welcome home.  
The partridge, plover, and the poot<sup>29</sup>  
I'll with the subtle mallard shoot ;  
The fell-fare,<sup>30</sup> and the greedy thrush  
Shall drop from ev'ry hawthorn bush,  
And the slow heron down shall fall,  
To feed my Fairest Fair withal,  
The feather'd people of the air,  
Shall fall to be my Phyllis' fare,

<sup>29</sup> Poot = a grouse or moor fowl.

<sup>30</sup> Fell-fare = field-fare.

*No storm shall touch thee, tempest move ;  
Then live with me, and be my love.*

But from her cloister when I bring,  
My Phyllis to restore the Spring,  
The rustling Boreas shall withdraw,  
The snow shall melt, the ice shall thaw ;  
The aguish plants fresh leaves shall show,  
The earth put on her verdant hue,  
And thou (fair Phyllis) shalt be seen  
Mine, and the Summer's beauteous Queen.

*These ; and more pleasures shalt thou prove ;  
Then live with me, and be my love.*

### *The Entertainment to Phyllis*

Now Phœbus is gone down to sleep  
In cold embraces of the deep,  
And Night's pavilion in the sky,  
(Crown'd with a starry canopy)  
Erected stands, whence the pale Moon  
Steals out to her Endymion ;  
Over the meads, and o'er the floods,  
Thorough the ridings of the woods,  
Th' enamour'd Huntress scours her ways,  
And through Night's veil her horns displays.

I have a bower for my Love,  
Hid in the centre of a grove  
Of aged oaks, close from the sight  
Of all the prying eyes of Night.

The polish'd walls of marble be  
Pillaster'd round with porphyry,  
Casements of crystal to transmit  
Night's sweets to thee, and thine to it,

Fine silver locks to ebon doors,  
Rich gilded roofs, and cedar floors,  
With all the objects may express  
A pleasing solitariness.

Within my Love shall find each room,  
New furnished from the silk-worms' loom,  
Vessels of the true antique mould,  
Cups cut in amber, myrrh and gold;  
Quilts blown with roses, beds with down,  
More white than Atlas' aged crown,  
Carpets where flowers woven grow,  
Only thy sweeter steps to strew,  
Such as may emulation bring,  
To the wrought mantle of the Spring.  
There silver lamps shall silent shine,  
Supplied by oils of jessamine,  
And mists of odours shall arise  
To air thy little Paradise.

I have such fruits too, for thy taste,  
As teeming Autumn never grac't,  
Apples, as round, as thine own eyes;  
Or, as thy sister beauties' prize,  
Smooth, as thy snowy skin, and sleek  
And ruddy as the morning's cheek,  
Grapes, that the Tyrian purple wear,  
The spritely matrons of the year,  
Such, as Lyæus never bare,  
About his drowsy brows, so fair,  
So plump, so large, so ripe, so good,  
So full of flavour, and of blood.

There's water in a grot hard by,  
To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,  
Sweet, as the milk of sand-red cow,  
Brighter than Cynthia's silver bow,  
Cold, as the goddess' self e'er was,

And clearer than thy looking glass.  
But oh ! the sum of all delight  
For which the day submits to night,  
Is that my Phyllis thou wilt find,  
When we are in embraces twin'd.  
Pleasures that so have tempted Jove ;  
To all his masquerades of love ;  
For them the Prince his purple waives,  
And strips him naked as his slaves.  
'Tis they that teach humanity  
The thing we love, the reason why :  
Before we live ; but ne'er till then,  
Are females women ; or males men :  
This is the way, and this the trade,  
That does perfect what nature made,  
Then go ; but first thy beauties screen,  
Lest they that revel on the lawns,  
The Nymphs, the Satyrs, and the Fawns,  
Adore thee for Night's hornêd Queen.

## *On Christmas-Day*

### HYMN

#### I

Rise, happy mortals, from your sleep,  
Bright Phosphor now begins to peep,  
In such apparel as ne'er dress'd  
The proudest day-break of the East :  
Death's sable curtain 'gins disperse,  
And now the blessed morn appears,  
Which has long'd and pray'd for Him  
So many centuries of years,  
To defray th' arrears of sin,

Now through the joyful universe  
Beams of mercy and of love  
Shoot forth comfort from above,  
And choirs of Angels do proclaim  
The Holy Jesus blessed Name.

II

Rise Shepherds, leave your flocks, and run,  
The soul's great Shepherd now is come;  
Oh! wing your tardy feet, and fly  
To greet this dawning Majesty:  
Heaven's Messenger, in tidings bless'd,  
Invites you to the sacred place,  
Where the blessed Babe of joy,  
Wrapp'd in his Holy Father's Grace,  
Come's the serpent to destroy,  
That lurks in ev'ry human breast.  
To Judah's Beth'lem turn your feet,  
There you shall Salvation meet;  
There, in a homely manger hurl'd,<sup>31</sup>  
Lies the Messias of the world.

III

Riding upon the morning's wings,  
The joyful air Salvation sings,  
Peace upon earth, tow'rds men good will,  
Echoes from ev'ry vale and hill;  
For why the Prince of Peace is come,  
The glorious Infant, who this morn  
(By a strange mysterious birth)  
Is of his Virgin Mother born,  
To redeem the seed of earth  
From foul rebellion's heavy doom.

<sup>31</sup> Hurl'd = pinched with cold.



Travel Magi of the East,  
To adore this sacred Guest ;  
And offer up (with reverence),  
Your gold, your myrrh, and frankincense.

IV

At th' teeming of this blessed womb  
All nature is one joy become ;  
The fire, the earth, the sea, and air,  
The great Salvation do declare ;  
The mountains skip with joy's excess,  
The ocean's briny billows swell  
O'er the surface of their lands,  
And at this sacred miracle  
Clouds do clap their liquid hands,  
Joy's inundation to express ;  
Babes spring in the narrow rooms  
Of their tender mothers' wombs,  
And all for triumph of the morn  
Wherein the Child of bliss was born.

V

Let each religious soul then rise  
To offer up a sacrifice,  
And on the wings of pray'r and praise  
His grateful heart to Heaven raise ;  
For this, that in a stable lies,  
This poor neglected Babe is He,  
Hell and Death that must control,  
And speak the blessed Word, be free  
To ev'ry true believing soul :  
Death has no sting, nor Hell no prize  
Through His merits great, whilst we  
Travel to Eternity,  
And with the blessed Angels sing  
Hosannahs to the Heav'nly King.

*Chorus*

Rise then, O rise, and let your voices  
Tell the spheres the soul rejoices.  
In Beth'lem this auspicious morn,  
The glorious Son of God is born.  
The Child of Glory, Prince of Peace,  
Brings mercy that will never cease,  
Merits that wipe away the sin  
Each human soul was forfeit in ;  
And washing off the fatal stain,  
Man to his Maker knits again :  
Join then your grateful notes, and sing  
Hosannahs to the Heav'nly King.

*On My Pretty Marten*<sup>32</sup>

COME, my pretty little Muse,  
Your assistance I must use,  
And you must assist me too  
Better than you use to do,  
Or the subject we disgrace  
Has oblig'd us many ways.  
Pretty Matty is our theme,  
Of all others the supreme ;  
Should we study for't a year,  
Could we choose a prettier ?  
Little Mat, whose pretty play  
Does divert us ev'ry day,  
Whose caresses are so kind,  
Sweet, and free, and undesign'd,  
Meekness is not more disarming,  
Youth and modesty more charming ;  
Nor from any ill intent

<sup>32</sup> See Note 11.

Nuns or doves more innocent ;  
And for beauty, Nature too  
Here would show what she could do ;  
Finer creature ne'er was seen,  
Half so pretty, half so clean.  
Eyes as round and black as sloe,  
Teeth as white as morning snow ;  
Breath as sweet as blowing roses,  
When the morn their leaves discloses,  
Or, what sweeter you'll allow,  
Breath of vestals when they vow,  
Or, that yet doth sweeter prove,  
Sighs of maids who die for love.  
Next his feet my praise commands,  
Which methinks we should call hands,  
For so finely they are shap'd,  
And for any use so apt,  
Nothing can so dext'rous be,  
Nor fine handed near as he.  
These, without though black as jet,  
Within are soft and supple yet  
As virgin's palm, where man's deceit  
Seal of promise never set.  
Back and belly soft as down,  
Sleeps which peace of conscience crown,  
Or the whispers love reveal,  
Or the kisses lovers steal :  
And of such a rich perfume,  
As, to say I dare presume,  
Will out-ravish and out-wear  
That of th' fulsome milliner.  
Tail so bushy and so long,  
(Which t'omit would do him wrong)  
As the proudest she of all  
Proudly would be fann'd withal.

Having given thus the shape  
Of this pretty little Ape,  
To his virtues next I come,  
Which amount to such a sum,  
As not only well may pass  
Both my poetry and dress  
To set forth as I should do't,  
But arithmetic to boot.

Valour is the ground of all  
That we mortals virtues call ;  
And the little Cavalier  
That I do present you here,  
Has of that so great a share,  
He might lead the world to war.  
What the beasts of greater size  
Tremble at he does despise,  
And is so compos'd of heart,  
Drums nor guns can make him start :  
Noises which make others quake,  
Serve his courage to awake.  
Lybian lions make their feasts  
Of subdu'd plebeian beasts,  
And Hyrcanian tigers prey  
Still on creatures less than they,  
Or less arm'd ; the Russian bears  
Of tamer beasts make massacres.  
Irish wolves devour the dams,  
English foxes prey on lambs.  
These are all effects of course,  
Not of valour, but of force ;  
But my Matty does not want  
Heart t' attack an elephant.  
Yet his nature is so sweet,  
Mice may nibble with his feet,

And may pass as if unseen,  
If they spare his magazine.

Constancy, a virtue then  
In this age scarce known to men,  
Or to womankind at least,  
In this pretty little beast,  
To the world might be restored,  
And my Matty be ador'd.  
Chaste he is as turtle doves,  
That abhor adult'rate loves ;  
True to friendship, and to love,  
Nothing can his virtue move,  
But his faith in either giv'n,  
Seems as if 'twere seal'd in Heaven.  
Of all brutes to him alone  
Justice is, and favour known.  
Nor is Matty's excellence  
Merely circumscrib'd by sense,  
He for judgment what to do  
Knows both good and evil too,  
But is with such virtue bless'd,  
That he chooses still the best,  
And wants nothing of a wit  
But a tongue to utter it :  
Yet with that we may dispense,  
For his signs are eloquence.  
Then for fashion and for mien,  
Matty's fit to court a Queen ;  
All his motions graceful are,  
And all courts outshine as far  
As our courtiers Peakish clowns,<sup>33</sup>  
Or those Peaknils northern loons ;

<sup>33</sup> A little thrust at his neighbours of the Peak district.

Which should ladies see, they sure  
Other beasts would ne'er endure ;  
Then no more they would make suit  
For an ugly pissing-coat  
Rammish cat, nor make a pet  
Of a bawdy marmoset.  
Nay, the squirrel, though it is  
Pretti'st creature next to this,  
Would henceforward be discarded,  
And in woods live unregarded.  
Here sweet beauty is a creature  
Purposely ordained by Nature,  
Both for cleanness and for shape  
Worthy a fair lady's lap ;  
Nor her bosom would disgrace,  
Nor a more beloved place.

Live long, my pretty little boy,  
Thy master's darling, lady's joy,  
And when Fate will no more forbear  
To lay his hands on him and her,  
E'en then let Fate my Matty spare,  
And when thou di'st then turn a star.

*To my Friend, Mr. John Anderson*  
*From the Country*

I

You that the City life embrace,  
And in those tumults run your race,  
Under th'aspect of the celestial face  
Of your bright Lady :

You, that to Masks and Plays resort,  
As if you would rebuild the Court,  
We here can match you with our country sport  
As near as may be.

II

For though 'tis good to be so nigh  
Rich wine, and excellent company :  
Yet, John, those pleasures you full dear do buy  
Some times, and seasons.  
For you but tributaries are,  
Aw'd by the furious men of War :  
We Country Bumpkins then are happier far  
For many reasons.

III

First, we have here no bawling Duns,  
Nor those fierce things ycleped Bums,<sup>34</sup>  
No Cuckold-Constable, or Watch here comes  
To apprehend us.  
And then we've no unwholesome dames  
To broil us in their bawdy flames,  
Nor need inquire after Physicians' names,  
That may befriend us.

IV

And next, we have excelling ale,  
Most high, and mighty, strong and stale ;  
And, when we go, we need no other bail  
Than our own word, Sir,  
When you all day are fain to sit,  
Send paper pellets of small wit,  
Your tickets ; and, when none of them will hit,  
Pawn cloak, or sword, Sir.

<sup>34</sup> Bums = Bum Bailiffs, i.e. close at the debtor's back.



## v

Then we out-do your Beauties, that  
 You entertain with cost, and chat,  
 That make you spend your precious time and fat,  
     And yet are stedfast :  
 We here have homely willing Winn,  
 With bucksome Bess, and granting Jinn,  
 All full and plump without, and warm within,  
     That crackt the bed fast.

## vi

And then, for mirth, we have much more  
 Than you, for all your various store,  
 For we prefer Bagpipes,<sup>35</sup> so loud, before  
     Lute, or Cremona,  
 We caper with *Tom Thump*, i' th' Hall,  
 Measures beyond *Corant*, or *Brawol* ;  
 And when we want a match for *Gicely*, call  
     *A roba bona*.<sup>36</sup>

## vii

We have too errant Knights so stout,  
 As honest Hobinol and Clout,  
 With many another stiff and sturdy lout  
     That play at wasters,<sup>37</sup>  
 Shoe the wild mare, and lick the board,  
 That for stiff tuck, or cutting sword,  
 For man, or woman, care not of a turd,  
     But their own Masters.

## viii

Thus every of our pretty toys  
 Outvies your greatest dear bought joys :

<sup>35</sup> See Note 27.

<sup>36</sup> See Note 12.

<sup>37</sup> Wasters = cudgels.

Then to thy freedom from the City noise,  
I'll drink a beer-jack :  
And now the Spring comes on apace,  
Sweet flowers crown the Earth's green face,  
Nor can I doubt, but thou wilt have the grace  
To wish thee here, Jack.

*To my old and most Worthy Friend Mr. Izaak  
Walton, on his Life of Dr. Donne, etc.*<sup>38</sup>

WHEN, to a Nation's loss, the virtuous die,  
There's justly due, from every hand and eye,  
That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,  
The debt we owe, great merits to defray,  
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,  
That, with their birth, they oft receive their fate ;  
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due,  
Yet what most poets write, proves so untrue,  
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, or more entire,  
The memories of virtuous men require,  
Than what may with their funeral torch expire :

This History can give ; to which alone  
The privilege to mate oblivion  
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

<sup>38</sup> See Note 13.

Wherein, my Friend, you have a hand so sure,  
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure,  
That what you write may envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be bribed or pressed,  
Flows without vanity or interest ;  
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father, then, to see  
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be  
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit :  
Those twins of virtue, eloquence, and wit,  
He saw in fame's eternal annals writ ;

Where one has fortunately found a place,  
More faithful to him than his marble was :  
Which eating age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.<sup>39</sup>

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,  
And prove a monument to that defac'd ;  
Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters  
My father's grave part of your friendship shares ;  
For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular,  
Virtue's whole common weal obliged are ;  
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know,  
That the true friendship we to merit owe  
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show.

<sup>39</sup> Donne's monument in St. Paul's was actually not defaced by the Fire of 1665.

But yours is friendship of so pure a kind,  
From all mean ends and interest so refined,  
It ought to be a pattern to mankind :

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath,  
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath,  
Yours proves a friendship living after Death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,  
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,  
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so spent,  
As raised unto himself a monument,  
With which ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,  
And are in truth superlatively high,  
Are no just scale to take their virtues by ;

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,  
By various and more admirable ways,  
Brought them to be the organs of his praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,  
And was by any other means denied,  
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton—a nobler soul was never bred !—  
You, by your narrative's most even thread,  
Through all his labyrinths of life have led ;

Through his degrees of honours, and of arts,  
Brought him secure from envy's venom'd darts,  
Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts ;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,  
Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit ;  
The trials then, now trophies of his merit :

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest have ;  
Through all state tempests, through each wind and wave,  
And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's beloved Donne,  
When he a long and wild career had run  
To the meridian of his glorious sun :

And being there an object of much ruth,  
Led on by vanities, error and youth,  
Was long ere he did find the way of truth.

By the same clue, after his youthful swing,  
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,  
Where once a wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone  
His heart was settled in religion :  
Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done ;

And know, that having crucified vanities,  
And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,  
And then your friend a saint and preacher dies.

The meek and learned Hooker, too, almost  
In the Church's ruins overwhelmed and lost,  
Is, by your pen, recover'd from the dust.

And Herbert ; he whose education,  
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,  
Was deeply tainted with ambition ;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim ;  
At last without regard to birth or name,  
For a poor country cure does all disclaim ;

Where, with a soul composed of harmonies,  
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,  
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

All this you tell us, with so good success,  
That our oblig'd posterity shall profess  
To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud  
To appear before you, if they were allow'd,  
I take up room enough to serve a crowd;

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,  
Both my poor testimony and my wit  
Are equally invalid and unfit:

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due:  
Were what I write as elegant as true,  
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear Friend, 'tis so, that you and I,  
By a condition of mortality,  
With all this great, and more proud world, must die:

In which estate, I ask no more of fame,  
Nor other monument of honour claim,  
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred  
An abler pen, to write your life when dead;  
I think an honestest can not be read.

*January 17, 1672-3.*





II

LOVE POEMS



*Ode*  
*To Love*

I

GREAT Love, I thank thee, now thou hast  
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,  
And wounded me with Nature's Pride,  
For whom more glory 'tis to die  
Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy  
All beauty in the world beside.

II

A beauty above all pretence,  
Whose very scorns are recompense,  
The regent of my heart is crown'd,  
And now the sorrows and the woe,  
My youth and folly help'd me to,  
Are buried in this friendly wound.

III

Led by my folly or my Fate,  
I lov'd before I knew not what,  
And threw my thoughts I knew not where :  
With judgment now I love and sue,  
And never yet perfection knew,  
Until I cast mine eyes on her.

IV

My soul, that was so base before  
Each little beauty to adore,  
Now rais'd to glory, does despise  
Those poor and counterfeited rays  
That caught me in my childish days,  
And knows no power but her eyes.

## V

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,  
 Almighty Love, for to implore  
 Of my auspicious stars or thee,  
     Than that thou bow her noble mind  
     To be as mercifully kind  
 As I shall ever faithful be.

*The Picture*

SET BY MR. LAWS <sup>40</sup>

## I

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe  
     The vows of woman-kind,  
     Since yours I faithless find,  
 So faithless, that you can refuse  
 To him your shadow, t' whom, to choose,  
 You swore you could the substance give ?

## II

Is't not enough that I must go  
     Into another clime,  
     Where feather-footed Time  
 May turn my hopes into despair,  
 My downy youth to bristled hair,  
 But that you add this torment too ?

## III

Perchance you fear idolatry  
     Would make the image prove  
     A woman fit for love ;

<sup>40</sup> See Note 14.

Or give it such a soul as shone  
Through fond Pigmalion's living stone,  
That so I might abandon thee.

IV

O no ! 'twould fill my Genius' room,  
My honest one, that when  
Frailty would love agen,  
And, falt'ring, with new objects burn,  
Then, Sweetest, would thy picture turn  
My wand'ring eyes to thee at home.

*La Illustrissima*

ON MY FAIR AND DEAR SISTER, MRS. ANNE KING <sup>41</sup>

OFT have I lov'd, but ne'er aright,  
Till th' other day I saw a sight  
That shot me through and through with conq'ring light.

A beauty of so rare a frame  
As does all other beauties shame,  
And renders Poetry to praise it lame.

Poor sotted Poets, cease to praise  
Your Lauras, Cynthias, Lydias !  
Fondly ador'd in your mistaken days.

Tell me no more of golden hair,  
Of all ill colours the worst wear,  
And renders beauty terrible as fair.

Almanna's curls are black as night,  
Thorough whose sable rings a white,  
Whiter than whiteness, strikes the wounded sight.

<sup>41</sup> See Note 15.

Tell me no more of arched brows,  
Nor henceforth call them Cupid's bows,  
Which common praise to common form allows.

Hers, shining, smooth, and black as jet,  
Short, thick, and even without fret,  
Exceed all simile and counterfeit.

Study no more for eulogies,  
For English grey, or French blue eyes,  
Which never yet but of a fool made prize.

Almanna's eyes are such as none  
Could ever dare to gaze upon,  
But in a trice he found his heart was gone.

Those lights the coldest blood can thaw,  
And hearts by their attraction draw,  
As warm chaf'd jet licks up a trembling straw.

No more for cheeks make senseless posies,  
Of lilies white, and damask roses,  
Which more of fancy than of truth discloses.

In hers complexion's mixed so,  
That white and red together grow,  
Like lovers' blood sprinkled on virgin snow.

Cease, cease of coral lips to prate,  
Of rubies, and I can't tell what,  
Those epithets are all grown stale and flat.

Almanna's rosy lips are such,  
To praise them is for wit too much,  
Till first inspir'd by their most blessed touch.

No more hang teeth upon a string,  
And ropes of pearl for grinders bring,  
Your treasure is too poor an offering.

Comparisons do hers no right,  
Ivory's yellow in their sight,  
Which are than all things but themselves more white.

No more of odours go in quest  
As far as the remotest East,  
Thence t' perfume a lady's rotten chest.

Her breath, much sweeter than the Spring  
With all its join'd perfumes can bring,  
Gives life and happy life to ev'ry thing.

Tell me no more of swan-white breasts,  
Which you call little Cupid's nests,  
In those you praise fit for such wanton guests ;

Almanna's ten times whiter are  
Than those of the supremest fair,  
But yet, alas ! no Loves inhabit there.

Oh ! set your wits no more o' th' laste,  
To praise a nymph's contorted waist,  
By such admirers fit to be embrac'd ;

Here is a shape, and such a one,  
As regulates proportion,  
And but to see is half fruition.

Tell me no more poetic lies,  
Of hard, cold, crusted, marble thighs,  
Hopeless and fond impossibilities ;

Hers, by the rule of symmetry,  
Although unseen, we know must be  
Above the poor report of Poetry.

Tell me no more of legs and feet,  
Where grace and elegancy meet,  
But leave your lying, and come here to see't ;



Here's shape, invention that disgraces,  
And when she moves the charming Graces  
Both number, figure and adjust her paces :

But to this shape there is a mind  
From flesh and blood so well refin'd,  
As renders her the Glory of her Kind.

On the world's centre never yet  
Were form and virtue so well met,  
Nor priceless diamond so neatly set.

Beauty but beauty is alone,  
But fair Almanna's such a one  
As Earth may glory in, and Heav'n may own.

Almanna is the only she  
Deserves the gen'ral Eulogy,  
The praise of all the rest is Poetry.

### *Song*

SET BY MR. COLEMAN <sup>42</sup>

#### I

WHY, Dearest, should'st thou weep, when I relate  
The story of my woe ?  
Let not the swarthy mists of my black Fate,  
O'er cast thy beauty so,  
For each rich pearl lost on that score,  
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.

<sup>42</sup> See Note 16.

II

Quench not those stars, that to my bliss should guide,  
     Oh, spare that precious tear !  
 Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,  
     To drown your beauty there.  
 That cloud of sorrow makes it night,  
 You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

*Song*

SET BY MR. COLEMAN<sup>43</sup>

I

BRING back my comfort, and return,  
     For well thou know'st that I  
 In such a vigorous passion burn,  
     That missing thee, I die.  
 Return, return, insult no more,  
 Return, return, and me restore  
 To those sequester'd joys I had before.

II

Absence, in most, that quenches love,  
     And cools the warm desire,  
 The ardour of my heat improves,  
     And makes the flame aspire ;  
 Th' opinion therefore I deny,  
 And term it, though a tyranny,  
 The nurse to Faith, and Truth, and Constancy.

III

Yet Dear, I do not urge thy stay,  
     That were to prove unjust  
 To my desires ; nor court delay :

<sup>43</sup> See Note 16.

But ah ! thy speed I must ;  
Then bring me back the stol'n delight  
Snatch't from me in thy speedy flight,  
Destroy my tedious day, my longing night.<sup>44</sup>

## *Song*

SET BY MR. COLEMAN <sup>45</sup>

### I

SEE, how like twilight slumber falls  
T' obscure the glory of those balls,  
And, as she sleeps,  
See how light creeps  
Thorough the chinks, and beautifies  
The rayie fringe of her fair eyes.

### II

Observe Love's feuds, how fast they fly,  
To every heart, from her clos'd eye,  
What then will she,  
When waking, be ?  
A glowing light for all t' admire,  
Such as would set the world on fire.

### III

Then seal her eyelids, gentle Sleep,  
Whiles cares of her mine open keep ;  
Lock up, I say  
Those doors of day,  
Which with the morn for lustre strive,  
That I may look on her, and live.

<sup>44</sup> This verse is not given in the musical setting.

<sup>45</sup> See Note 16.

## *Virelay*

THOU cruel Fair, I go  
To seek out any Fate but thee,  
Since there is none can wound me so,  
Nor that has half thy cruelty;  
Thou cruel Fair, I go.

For ever, then, farewell,  
'Tis a long leave I take, but oh!  
To tarry with thee here is Hell,  
And twenty thousand Hells to go,  
For ever, though, farewell.

## *To Cælia*

### ODE

#### I

GIVE me my heart again (fair Treachery)  
You ravished from me with a smile,  
Oh! let it in some nobler quarrel die  
Than a poor trophy of your guile.  
And faith (bright Cælia) tell me, what should you,  
Who are all falsehood, do with one so true?

#### II

Or lend me yours awhile instead of it,  
That I in time my skill may try,  
Though ill I know it will my bosom fit,  
To teach it some fidelity;  
Or that it else may teach me to begin  
To be to you what you to me have been.

III

False and imperious Cælia, cease to be  
 Proud of a conquest is your shame,  
 You triumph o'er an humble enemy,  
 Not one you fairly overcame.  
 Your eyes alone might have subdued my heart,  
 Without the poor confed'racy of art.

IV

But to the pow'r of Beauty you must add  
 The witchcraft of a sigh and tear :  
 I did admire before, but yet was made  
 By those to love ; they fix'd me there :  
 I else, as other transient lovers do,  
 Had twenty lov'd e'er this as well as you.

V

And twenty more I did intend to love,  
 E'er twenty weeks are past and gone,  
 And at a rate so modish, as shall prove  
 My heart a very civil one :  
 But oh (false Fair !) I thus resolve in vain,  
 Unless you give me back my heart again.

*The Expostulation*

I

HAVE I lov'd my Fair so long,  
 Six Olympiads at least,  
 And to youth and beauty's wrong,  
 On virtue's single interest,  
 To be at last with scorn oppress'd ?

II

Have I lov'd that space so true,  
 Without looking once awry,  
 Lest I might prove false to you,  
 To whom I vow'd fidelity,  
 To be repay'd with cruelty ?

III

Were <sup>46</sup> you not, oh Sweet ! confess,  
 Willing to be so belov'd ?  
 Favour gave my flame increase,  
 By which it still aspiring mov'd,  
 And had gone out, if disapprov'd.

IV

Whence then can this change proceed ?  
 Say ; or whither does it tend ?  
 That false heart will one day bleed,  
 When it has brought so true a friend  
 To cruel and untimely end.

*Sonnet*

WHAT have I left to do but die,  
 Since Hope, my old companion,  
 That train'd me from my infancy,  
 My friend, my comforter is gone ?

Oh fawning, false, deceiving friend !  
 Accursed be thy flatteries,  
 Which treacherously did intend  
 I should be wretched to be wise :

<sup>46</sup> Was (1689 ed.).

And so I am ; for being taught  
To know thy guiles, have only wrought  
My greater misery and pain ;

My misery is yet so great,  
That, though I have found out the cheat,  
I wish for thee again in vain.

## *To Cælia*

### ODE

#### I

WHEN, Cælia, must my old day set,  
And my young morning rise  
In beams of joy so bright as yet  
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes ? <sup>47</sup>  
My state is more advanc'd than when  
I first attempted thee ;  
I su'd to be a servant then,  
But now to be made free.

#### II

I've serv'd my time faithful and true,  
Expecting to be plac'd  
In happy freedom, as my due,  
To all the joys thou hast :  
Ill husbandry in love is such  
A scandal to love's pow'r,  
We ought not to misspend so much  
As one poor short-liv'd hour.

<sup>47</sup> eye (1689 ed.).



III

Yet think not (Sweet) I'm weary grown,  
 That I pretend such haste,  
 Since none to surfeit e'er was known,  
 Before he had a taste ;  
 My infant love could humbly wait,  
 When young it scarce knew how  
 To plead ; but, grown to man's estate,  
 He is impatient now.

*Taking leave of Chloris*

I

SHE sighs as if she would restore  
 The life she took away before ;  
 As if she did recant my doom,  
 And sweetly would relieve me home :  
 Such hope to one condemn'd appears  
 From every whisper that he hears ;  
 But what do such vain hopes avail,  
 If those sweet sighs compose a gale,  
 To drive me hence, and swell my sail ?

II

See, see, she weeps ! who would not swear  
 That love descended in that tear,  
 Boasting him of his wounded prize  
 Thus in the bleeding of her eyes ?  
 Or that those tears with just pretence  
 Would quench the fire that came from thence ?  
 But oh ! they are (which strikes me dead)  
 Crystal her frozen heart has bred,  
 Neither in love nor pity shed.

III

Thus of my merit jealous grown,  
 My happiness I dare not own,  
 But wretchedly her favours wear,  
 Blind to myself, unjust to her  
 Whose sighs and tears at least discover  
 She pities, if not loves her lover :  
     And more betrays the tyrant's skill,  
     Than any blemish in her will,  
     That thus laments whom she doth kill.

IV

Pity still (Sweet) my dying state,  
 My flame may sure pretend to that,  
 Since it was only unto thee  
 I gave my life and liberty ;  
 Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,  
 By love I'm pity's object made.  
     Pity me then, and if thou hear  
     I'm dead, drop such another tear,  
     And I am paid my full arrear.

*Song*

I

FIE, pretty Doris ! weep no more,  
 Damon is doubtless safe on shore,  
     Despite of wind and wave ;  
 The life is Fate-free that you cherish,  
 And 'tis unlike he now should perish  
     You once thought fit to save.

II

Dry (Sweet) at last, those twins of light,  
Which whilst eclips'd, with us 'tis night,  
And all of us are blind :  
The tears that you so freely shed,  
Are both too precious for the Dead,  
And for the Quick too kind.

III

Fie, pretty Doris ! sigh no more,  
The gods your Damon will restore,  
From rocks and quick-sands free ;  
Your wishes will secure his way,  
And doubtless he, for whom you pray,  
May laugh at Destiny.

IV

Still then those tempests of your breast,  
And set that pretty heart at rest,  
The man will soon return ;  
Those sighs for Heav'n are only fit,  
Arabian gums are not so sweet,  
Nor off'rings when they burn.

V

On him you lavish grief in vain,  
Can't be lamented, nor complain,  
Whilst you continue true :  
That man disaster is above,  
And needs no pity, that does love  
And is belov'd by you.

## *Song*

### I

SAD thoughts make haste and kill me out,  
I live too long in pain ;  
'Tis dying to be still in doubt,  
And Death, that ends all miseries,  
The chief and only favour is  
The wretched can obtain.

### II

I have liv'd long enough to know  
That life is a disease,  
At least it does torment me so,  
That Death, at whom the happy start,  
I court to come, and with his dart,  
To give me a release.

### III

Come, friendly Death, then strike me dead,  
For all this while I die,  
And but long dying nothing dread ;  
Yet being with grief the one half slain,  
With all thy power thou wilt gain  
But half a victory.

## *Song*

### I

How comes it to pass with so little ado  
That I've broke all my fetters and chains,  
And that no remembrance of all my great woe  
But like that of a tale now remains ?  
I no more for a star now do Phyllis esteem,  
And all her perfections to me now do seem  
But like dreams when I've malted my brains.

## II

I am now quite asham'd to see how she looks,  
 And no more the same Fair that before,  
 Those beauties all gone put <sup>48</sup> me so off the hooks,  
 And so troubled my coxcomb of yore ;  
 I now see all the shot that she made was false fire,  
 And those murthering charms I so much did admire  
 Mere defects, mere defects, and no more.

## III

The sun, or yet love, are no more in her eyes,  
 They're as dim as a nail's in a door,  
 She's so far with her charms from gaining a prize,  
 That I doubt she must now run o' th' score ;  
 And for that we call Mistress so monst'rous unfit  
 To any man living that has grace or wit,  
 That she's scarce good enough for a whore.

## IV

Yet, sot that I was, I did once cry and blubber  
 For this damnable piece of infection,  
 Which none could have done but an owl and a lubber,  
 But his sense would have been his protection ;  
 And for which on myself I will now pass this sentence,  
 That to th' hour of my death I will weep for repentance  
 That I ever did weep for affection.

## V

Farewell then, O Phyllis ! it is the Gods' pleasure  
 That I reason might see to forsake you,  
 To open my eyes, then out of my love's treasure  
 Please t' accept of this farewell I make you ;  
 'Tis a compliment that is most justly your due,  
 And but what in times past I took kindly from you,  
 Ugly Phyllis, a whoreson's pox take you.

<sup>48</sup> Put = which put.

## *A Phillis*

### MADRIGAL

JE plaigrois, Philis, un jour  
A son petitesse d'Amour  
De mon martyre, et mon malheur ;  
De ce que par son caprice,  
Sans procez, et sans justice  
L'enfant m'avoit navrez le Cœur.

La dessus le petit Drole  
M'a promis sur la parole  
Entre ses beaux flesches uvoraées d'or,  
D'en choisir encore une autre  
Et de faire autant au vostre,  
Le sentez vous, Philis, encore ?

## *Ode*

### TO CHLORIS

#### I

FAIR and Cruel, still in vain  
Must I adore, still, still persevere,<sup>49</sup>  
Languish still, and still complain,  
And yet a med'cine for my fever  
Never, never must obtain ?

#### II

Chloris, how are you to blame,  
To him that dies, to be so cruel  
Not to stay my falling frame,  
Since your fair eyes do dart the fuel  
That still nourishes my flame ?

<sup>49</sup> The emphasis on the second syllable.

III

Shade those glories of thine eye,  
 Or let their influence be milder,  
 Beauty, and disdain destroy  
 Alike, and make our passions wilder,  
 Either let me live or die.

IV

I have lov'd thee (let me see ;  
 Lord, how long a time of loving !)  
 Years no less than three times three,  
 Still my flame and pain improving,  
 Yet still paid with cruelty.

V

What more wouldst thou have of me ?  
 Surely I've serv'd a pretty season,  
 And so prov'd my constancy,  
 That methinks it is but reason  
 Love or Death should set me free.

*Ode*

I

WAS ever man of Nature's framing  
 So given o'er to roving,  
 Who have been twenty years a taming,  
 By ways that are not worth the naming,  
 And now must die of loving ?

II

Hell take me if she been't so winning  
 That now I love her mainly,  
 And though in jest at the beginning,  
 Yet now I'd wond'rous fain be sinning,  
 And so have told her plainly.



III

At which she cries I do not love her,  
 And tells me of her honour ;  
 Then have I no way to disprove her,  
 And my true passion to discover,  
 But straight to fall upon her.

IV

Which done, forsooth, she talks of wedding,  
 But what will that avail her ?  
 For though I am old dog at bedding,  
 I'm yet a man of so much reading,  
 That there I sure shall fail her.

V

No, hang me if I ever marry,  
 Till womankind grow stauncher,  
 I do delight delights to vary,  
 And love not in one hulk to tarry,  
 But only trim and launch her.

*Madrigal*

To be a whore, despite of grace,  
 Good counsel and an ugly face,  
 And to distribute still the pox,  
 To men of wit  
 Will seem a kind of paradox ;  
 And yet  
 Thou art a whore, despite of grace,  
 Good counsel and an ugly face.

## *Estreines*

TO CALISTA

I

I RECKON the first day I saw those eyes,  
Which in a moment made my heart their prize  
To all my whole futurity,  
The first day of my first New Year,  
Since then I first began to be,  
And knew why Heav'n plac'd me here;  
For till we love, and love discreetly too,  
We nothing are, nor know we what we do.

II

Love is the soul of life, though that I know  
Is call'd soul too, but yet it is not so,  
Not rational at least, until  
Beauty with her diviner light  
Illuminates the groping will,  
And shows us how to choose aright;  
And that's first prov'd by th' objects it refuses,  
And by being constant then to that it chooses.

III

Days, weeks, months, years, and lustres take  
So small time up i' th' lover's almanack,  
And can so little love assuage,  
That we (in truth) can hardly say,  
When we have liv'd at least an age,  
A long one, we have lov'd a day.  
This day to me, so slowly does time move,  
Seems but the noon unto my morning love.

IV

Love by swift Time, which sickly passions dread,  
Is no more measur'd than 'tis limited :

That passion where all others cease,  
And with the fuel lose the flame,  
Is evermore in its increase,  
And yet being love, is still the same :  
They err call liking love, true lovers know  
He never lov'd who does not always so.

V

You who my last love have, my first love had,  
To whom my all of love was, and is paid,  
Are only worthy to receive  
The richest New-Year's gift I have ;  
My love, which I this morning give,  
A nobler never Monarch gave,  
Which each New Year I will present anew,  
And you'll take care, I hope, it shall be due.

*To Chloris*

STANZES IRREGULIERS

I

LORD ! how you take upon you still !  
How you crow and domineer !  
How ! still expect to have your will,  
And carry the dominion clear,  
As you were still the same that once you were !

II

Fie, Chloris, 'tis a gross mistake,  
Correct your error, and be wise,  
I kindly still your kindness take,

But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,  
Your froward humours to despise,  
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

III

I was a fool whilst you were fair,  
And I had youth t' excuse it,  
And all the rest are so that Lovers are ;  
I then myself your vassal swear,  
And could be still so ; (which is rare ;)  
Nay, I could force my will  
To love, and at a good rate still,  
But on condition that you not abuse it ;  
I am now master of the gate,  
And therefore, Chloris, 'tis too late  
Or to insult, or to capitulate.

IV

'Tis Beauty that to Womankind  
Gives all the rule and sway,  
Which once declining, or declin'd,  
Men afterwards unwillingly obey ;  
Your Beauty 'twas at first did awe me,  
And into bondage, woeful bondage draw me ;  
It was your cheek, your eye, your lip  
Which rais'd you first to the dictator-ship :

V

But your six months are now expir'd,  
'Tis time I now should reign,  
And if from you obedience be requir'd  
You must not to submit disdain,  
But practise what y've seen me do,  
And love and honour me as I did you ;  
That will an everlasting peace maintain,  
And make me crown you Sovereign once again.

## VI

And faith ! Consult your glass, and see  
 If I ha'n't reason on my side ;  
 Are those eyes still the same they used to be ?  
 Come, come, they're alter'd, 'twill not be deni'd ;  
 And yet although the glass be true,  
 And show you, you no more are you,  
 I know you'll scarce believe it,  
 For Womankind are all born proud, and never, never leave it.

## VII

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,  
 To rule a more rebellious heart than mine ;  
 For as your eyes still shoot my heart still bleeds,  
 And I must be a subject still,  
 Nor is it much against my will,  
 Though I pretend to wrestle and repine :  
 Your Beauties, Sweet, are in their height,<sup>50</sup>  
 And I must still adore,  
 New years, new graces still create,  
 Nay, maugre Time, Mischance and Fate,  
 You in your very ruins shall have more  
 Than all the Beauties that have grac'd the world before.

*Old Tityrus to Eugenia*

## I

EUGENIA young, and fair and sweet,  
 The glories of the plains,  
 In thee alone the graces meet  
 To conquer all the swains :

<sup>50</sup> Your Beauties sweet are in their height, (1689 ed.).

Tall as the poplar of the grove,  
Straight as the winged shaft of Love,  
As the Spring's early blossoms white,  
Soft as the kisses of the light,  
Serene and modest as the morn,  
E'er vapours do from fens arise,  
To dim the glory of the skies,  
Untainted, or with pride, or scorn,  
T' oblige the world, bright Nymph, thou sure wast born.

II

O! be still fair, thou charming Maid,  
For Beauty is no crime;  
May thy youth's flower never fade,  
But still be in its prime:  
Be calm, and clear, and modest still,  
Oblige as many as you will,  
Still, still be humble, still be sweet;  
By those ways conquer all you meet;  
But let them see 'tis undesign'd,  
Nat'ral virtues, not put on  
To make a prize of any one,  
The native goodness of your mind,  
And have a care of being over-kind:

III

That's (my Eugenia) a mistake  
That noblest ardours cools,  
And serves on th' other side to make  
Damn'd over-weening fools.  
Be courteous unto all, and free,  
As far as virgin modesty;  
Be not too shy, but have a care  
Of being too familiar;  
The swain you entertain alone,

To whom you lend your hand or lip,  
Will think he has you on the hip,  
And straight conclude you are his own,  
Women so easy, men so vain are grown.

IV

Reserv'dness is a mighty friend  
To form and virtue too,  
A shining merit should pretend  
To such a star as you ;  
'Tis not a roundelay well play'd,  
A song well sung, a thing well said,  
A fall well giv'n, a bar well thrown,  
Should carry such a lovely one.  
Should these knacks win you, you will be  
(Of all the Nymphs that with their beams  
Gild swift Columba's <sup>51</sup> crystal streams)  
Lost to the World, your self and me,  
And more despis'd than freckled Lalage.

V

Maintain a modest kind of state,  
'Tis graceful in a Maid ;  
It does at least respect create,  
And makes the fools afraid.  
Eugenia, you must pitch upon  
A Sylvia, not a Corydon ;  
'Twould grate my soul to see those charms  
In an unworthy Shepherd's arms.  
A little coldness (Girl) will do,  
Let baffled Lovers call it pride,  
Pride's an excess o' th' better side,  
Contempt to arrogance is due,  
Keep but state now, and keep 't hereafter too.

<sup>51</sup> Columba = the river Dove.



## *Rondeau*

THOU Fool ! if madness be so rife,  
That, spite of wit, thou'lt have a wife,  
I'll tell thee what thou must expect,  
After the Honey-Moon neglect,  
All the sad days of thy whole life :

To that a world of woe and strife,  
Which is of marriage the effect,  
And thou thy woe's own architect,  
Thou Fool !

Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,  
Ill words i' th' scolding dialect,  
For she'll all tabor be, or fife ;  
Then prythee go and whet thy knife,  
And from this Fate thyself protect,  
Thou Fool !

## *The Separation*<sup>52</sup>

### I

I GUESS'D none wretched in his love,  
But who his Mistress's scorn did prove,  
Nor judg'd him happy, but whose fire  
Was paid with mutual desire :  
But sad experience tells,  
In both extremes there dwells  
A destiny, which so malignant is  
To make Man wretched in his greatest bliss.

<sup>52</sup> See Note 15.

II

The brightest Beauty I adore,  
 That consecrated Earth e'er bore,  
 The sweetest person, fairest mind,  
 That ever met in Womankind;  
                                 And (which afflicts me) am  
                                 Met with an equal flame:  
 For, had she hated me, her scorn might have  
 Condemn'd my infant love to its bless'd grave.

III

But such 'tis nourish'd by her grace,  
 As Time, nor objects can deface,  
 To such a faith, as cannot be  
 Compell'd from its integrity.  
                                 But oh, th' unwelcome cause,  
                                 Of superstitious laws!  
 That us, from our mutual embraces tear,  
 And separates our bloods, because too near.

*Another of the Same*<sup>53</sup>

I

At what a wild malicious rate,  
                                 Blind, cruel Deity,  
                                 Do thy keen arrows fly!  
 Sure th' art not God of Love, but Hate,  
 Bold tyrant-child, that can'st endure  
 To make a wound admits no cure.

II

An happiness can wait upon  
                                 Strangers, that distant are,  
                                 As North and Southern Star,

<sup>53</sup> See Note 15.

But we, though born under one zone,  
Who in one root, one cradle lay,  
In love must be less blest than they.

III

Ah! that's the cause why we must run,  
Like streams sprung from one source  
Each in a various course,  
The fiction incest so to shun:  
When better, that we mix'd, it were,  
Than others rivers ravish'd her.

But I'll pursue her, till our floods agree,  
Alpheus I, and Arethusa she.

*To Cupid*

I

FOND Love, deliver up thy bow,  
I am become more Love than thou;  
I am as wanton grown, and wild,  
Much less a man, and more a child,  
From Venus born, of chaster kind,  
A better archer, though as blind.

II

Surrender without more ado,  
I am both King and Subject too,  
I will command, but must obey,  
I am the hunter, and the prey,  
I vanquish, yet am overcome,  
And sentencing receive my doom.

III

No springing Beauty 'scapes my dart,  
And ev'ry ripe one wounds my heart;  
Thus whilst I wound, I wounded am,  
And, firing others, turn to flame,  
To show how far Love can combine  
The mortal part with the divine.

IV

Faith, quit thine Empire, and come down,  
That thou and I may share the Crown,  
I've tri'd the worst thy arms can do,  
Come then, and taste my power too,  
Which (howsoe'er it may fall short)  
Will doubtless prove the better sport.

V

Yet do not; for in field and town,  
The females are so loving grown,  
So kind, or else so lustful, we  
Can neither err, though neither see;  
Keep then thine own dominions, Lad,  
Two Loves would make all women mad.

*Sonnet*

Go, false one, now I see the cheat,  
Your love was all a counterfeit,  
And I was gull'd <sup>54</sup> to think that you,  
Or any she, could long be true.

How could you once so kind appear,  
To kiss, to sigh, and shed a tear.  
To cherish and caress me so,  
And now not let but bid me go?

<sup>54</sup> Gall'd (1689 ed.).

Oh Woman ! Frailty is thy name,  
Since she's untrue y' are all to blame,  
And but in man no truth is found :

'Tis a fair sex, we all must love it,  
But (on my conscience) could we prove it,  
They all are false ev'n under ground.

### *Advice*

#### I

Go, thou perpetual whining Lover,  
For shame leave off this humble trade,  
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,  
For sighs and tears will never move her,  
By them more obstinate she's made,  
And thou by Love, fond, constant Love, betray'd.

#### II

The more, vain Fop, thou su'st unto her,  
The more she does torment thee still,  
Is more perverse the more you woo her,  
When thou art humblest lays thee lower,  
And when most prostrate to her will  
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

#### III

By Heav'n 'tis against all Nature,  
Honour and manhood, wit and sense,  
To let a little female creature  
Rule on the poor account of feature,  
And thy unmanly patience  
Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

IV

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,  
 Or more compassionate at least,  
 If one will serve, two hours will find her,  
 And half this 'do <sup>55</sup> for ever bind her  
 As firm and true as thine own breast,  
 On love and virtue's double interest :

V

But if thou canst not live without her,  
 This only she, when it comes to't,  
 And she relent not, (as I doubt her),  
 Never make more ado about her,  
 To sigh and whimper is no boot ;  
 Go, hang thyself, and that will do't.

*Ode*

Is't come to this, that we must part ?  
 Then Heav'n is turn'd all cruelty,  
 And Fate has neither eyes nor heart,  
 Or else (my Sweet) it could not be.

She's a blind Deity I'm sure :  
 For woeful sights compassion move,  
 And Heav'nly minds could ne'er endure  
 To persecute the truest love.

Love is the highest attribute  
 Of pow'rs unknown we mortals know ;  
 For that all homage we commute,  
 From that all good, and mercies flow.

<sup>55</sup> Do = ado.

And can there be a Deity  
In those eternal seats above,  
Will own so dire a cruelty,  
As thus to punish faithful love ?

Oh Heav'nly pow'rs ! be good and just,  
Cherish the law yourselves have made,  
We else in vain in virtue trust,  
And by Religion are betray'd.

Oh ! punish me some other way  
For other sins, but this is none ;  
Take all the rest you gave away,  
But let my dearest Dear alone.

Strip me as into th' world I came,  
I never shall dispute your will,  
Or strike me dumb, deaf, blind or lame,  
But let me have Chlorinda still.

Why was she given me at all ?  
I thought indeed the gift too great  
For my poor merit ; but withal  
I always knew to value it.

I first by you was worthy made,  
Next by her choice ; let me not prove  
Blasphemous, if I'm not afraid  
To say most worthy by my love.

And must I then be damn'd from bliss  
For valuing the blessing more,  
Be wretched made through happiness,  
And by once being rich more poor ?



This separation is, alas !  
Too great a punishment to bear,  
Oh ! take my life, or let me pass  
That life, that happy life, with her.

O my Chlorinda ! couldst thou see  
Into the bottom of my heart,  
There's such a mine of love for thee,  
The treasure would supply desert.

Let the King send me where he please,  
Ready at drum and trumpet's call,  
I'll fight at home, or cross the seas,  
His soldier, but Chlorinda's thrall.

No change of diet, or of air,  
In me can a distemper breed ;  
And if I fall it should be fair,  
Since 'tis her blood that I'm to bleed.

And falling so I nothing fear  
A noble death of living fame ;  
And who shall then be by, may hear,  
In my last groans, Chlorinda's name.<sup>56</sup>

But I am not proscrib'd to die,  
My adversaries are too wise ;  
More rigour and less charity  
Condemns me from Chlorinda's eyes.

Ah cruel sentence, and severe !  
That is a thousand deaths in one ;  
Oh ! let me die before I hear  
A sound of separation.

<sup>56</sup> See Note 17.

And yet it is decreed, I see,  
The race of men are now combin'd,  
Though I still keep the body free,  
To persecute a loyal mind.

And that's the worst that man can do,  
To banish me Chlorinda's sight,  
Yet will my heart continue true,  
Maugre their power and their spite.

Meanwhile my exit now draws nigh,  
When, sweet Chlorinda, thou shalt see  
That I have heart enough to die,  
Not half enough to part with thee.

### *Ode*

Good night, my Love, may gentle rest  
Charm up your senses till the light,  
Whilst I with care and woe oppress,  
Go to inhabit endless night.

There, whilst your eyes shall grace the day,  
I must in the despairing shade,  
Sigh such a woeful time away,  
As never yet poor Lover had.

Yet to this endless solitude  
There is one dangerous step to pass,  
To one that loves your sight, so rude,  
As flesh and blood is loth to pass.

But I will take it to express  
I worthily your favours wore,  
Your merits (Sweet) can claim no less,  
Who dies for you can do no more.

## *Rondeau*

FORBEAR (fair Phyllis) Oh forbear  
Those deadly killing frowns, and spare  
A heart so loving and so true,  
By none to be subdu'd, but you,  
Who my poor life's sole Princess are.  
You only can create my care ;  
But offend you I all things dare ;  
Then lest your cruelty you rue  
Forbear ;  
And lest you kill that heart, beware,  
To which there is some pity due,  
If but because I humbly sue.  
Your anger therefore, sweetest Fair,  
Though mercy in your sex is rare,  
Forbear.

## *Despair*

### ODE

It is decreed, that I must die,  
And could lost men a reason show  
For losing so themselves, 'tis I,  
Woman, and Fate will have it so.

Woman, more cruel, than my Fate,  
From thee this sentence was severe,  
'Tis thou condemn'st me, fair Ingrate,  
Fate's but the executioner.

And mine must be Fate's hands to strike  
At this uncomfortable life,  
Which I do loath, 'cause you dislike,  
And court cold Death to be my wife.

In whose embraces though I must  
Fail of those joys, that warm'd my heart,  
And only be espous'd to dust,  
Yet Death, and I shall never part :

That's one assurance I shall have,  
Although I wed deformity,  
And must inhabit the cold grave,  
More than I, sweet, could have with thee.

And yet if thou could'st be so kind,  
As but to grant me a reprieve,  
I'm not to Death so much inclined,  
But I could be content to live.

But so, that that same life should be  
With thee, and with thy kindness blest ;  
For without thee, and all of thee,  
'Twere dying only with the rest.

But that, you'll say, 's too arrogant,  
'T' enslave your beauties, and your will,  
And cruelty in you to grant,  
Who saving one, must thousands kill.

And yet you Women take a pride  
To see men die by your disdain ;  
But thou wilt weep the homicide,  
When thou consider'st whom th'ast slain.

Yet don't ; for being as I am,  
Thy creature, thou in this estate,  
To life, and death hast equal claim,  
And may'st kill him thou did'st create.

Then let me thine own doom abide,  
Nor once for him o'ercast thine eyes,  
Who glories, that he liv'd and died  
Thy Lover, and thy sacrifice.

### *Sonnet*

WHY dost thou say thy heart is gone,  
And no more mine, no more thine own ?  
But, past retrieve, for ever wed,  
By sacred vow, t' another's bed ?

Why dost thou tell me that I lie  
Bound in the same perplexed tie,  
And that our now divided souls  
Are cold, and distant as the poles ?

Do'st thou not know, when first our Loves  
Were plighted in the secret groves,  
Our hearts were chang'd with equal flame,

Say, Chloris, then how can it be ?  
Could'st thou give me, or I give thee ?  
No, no, ourselves are still the same.

### *Sonnet*

How should'st thou love, and not offend ?  
Why, Chloris, I will tell thee how,  
As thou did'st once, so love me now,  
And lie with me, and there's an end.

Thou only art enjoin'd (my Sweet)  
To keep thy reputation high,  
And that indeed is secrecy,  
Since all do err, though all not see 't.

Then Fairest, fearless of all blame,  
That sacred treasure of thy name  
Into my faithful arms commit ;

Thou once did'st trust me with thy fame,  
I then was just and true to it,  
And, Chloris, I am still the same.

### *Sonnet*

CHLORIS, whilst thou and I were free,  
Wedded to nought but liberty,  
How sweetly happy did we live,  
How free to promise, free to give ?

Then, Monarchs of ourselves, we might  
Love here, or there, to change delight,  
And ti'd to none, with all dispense,  
Paying each Love its recompense.

But in that happy freedom, we  
Were so improvidently free,  
To give away our liberties ;

And now in fruitful sorrow pine  
At what we are, what might have been,  
Had thou, or I, or both been wise.

## *Sonnet*

WHY dost thou say thou lov'st me now,  
And yet proclaim it is too late,  
When bound by folly, or by Fate,  
Thou can'st no further grace allow ?

Repeat no more that killing voice,  
Thou beauteous Victrice of my heart ;  
Or find a way to ease my smart,  
Maugre thy now repented choice.

'Tis not too late to love, and do  
What Love and Nature prompt thee to,  
Whilst thus thou triumph'st in thy prime,

Thou may'st discreetly love, and use  
Those pleasures thou did'st once refuse :  
But to profess it were a crime.

## *Daybreak*

### I

STAY, Phœbus, stay, and cool thy flaming head  
In the green bosom of thy liquid bed :  
Betray not, with thine envious light,  
Th' embraces of an happy night ;  
For her fair blushes, if thou dar'st to rise,  
Will, by eclipse, hoodwink thy saucy eyes :

### II

Lest lovers do upbraid thy beamy Car,  
With the pale glory of th' inferior star,  
And henceforth dare to say, in scorn,  
Sol's ray is wain'd to Phœbe's horn,



And, for his treason to a Lover's bliss,  
Suffers Actæon's Metamorphosis.

III

Why should we rise t' adore the rising Sun,  
And leave the rites to greater lights undone ?  
Or quit her warm, and spicy nest,  
Because the morn peeps through the East,  
To scorch in thy rude flames, to toil, and sweat,  
When in Love's fire we melt without thy heat ?

IV

When from my passionate embraces she  
Springs, as asham'd to be surpris'd by thee,  
The pillow's furrow'd brows descry  
A wrath for thy discovery,  
Swell, and wax pale at thy insulting height,  
For rage to be depriv'd of her dear weight.

V

Then stay, or lash thy pamper'd horses still,  
To shew a swift obedience to her will,  
And blushing, bow as low as night,  
Lest I pursue thee, by thy light,  
And lock the morning doors to stop thy race,  
Imprisoning so in clouds thy tell tale face.

*Forbidden Fruit*

I

PISH ! 'tis an idle fond excuse,  
And Love, enrag'd by this abuse,  
Is deaf to any longer truce.

II

My zeal, to lust you still impute,  
And when I justify my suit,  
You tell me, *'Tis Forbidden Fruit.*

III

What though your face be apple-round,  
And with a rosy colour crown'd ?  
Yet, Sweet, it is no apple found.

IV

Nor have you ought resembling more  
That fatal fruit the tree once bore,  
But that indeed your heart's a core.

V

'Tis true, the bliss that I would taste,  
Is something lower than the waist,  
And in your garden's centre plac't.

VI

A tree of life too, I confess,  
Though but arbuscular in dress,  
Yet not forbidden ne'ertheless.

VII

It is a tempting golden tree,  
Which all men must desire that see,  
Though it concern'd Eternity.

VIII

Then, since those blessings are thine own,  
Not subject to contrition,  
Then, Fairest, Sweetest, grant me one.

## IX

Thy *Dragon*, wrapped in drowsiness,  
 Ne'er thinks whose bed thy beauties bless,  
 Nor dreams of his *Hesperides*.

### *The Retreat*

## I

I AM return'd, my Fair, but see  
 Perfection in none but thee :  
 Yet many Beauties have I seen,  
 And in that search a truant been,  
 Through fruitless curiosity.

## II

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,  
 Fond men durst with thy light compare ;  
 And, to my admiration, find,  
 That all, but I, in Love are blind,  
 And none but thee, divinely fair.

## III

Here then I fix, and now grown wise,  
 All objects, but thy face, despise,  
 (Taught by my folly) now I swear,  
 If you forgive me, ne'er to err,  
 Nor seek impossibilities.

### *The Token*

## I

WELL, cruel Mistress, though you're too unkind,  
 Since thus my banishment's by you design'd,  
 I go, but with you leave my heart behind.

II

A truer heart, I'm sure you never wore,  
'Tis the best treasure of the blind God's store,  
And, truly, you can justly ask no more.

III

Then blame me not, if curious to know,  
I ask, on what fair limb you will bestow  
The Token, that my zeal presents you now ?

IV

I shall expect so great an interest  
For such a gift, as t' have that Gem possess,  
Not of your cabinet, but of your breast.

V

There fixed, 'twill glory in its blessed remove,  
And flaming by degrees a vigil prove,  
Icy disdain to thaw, nay, kindle love.

*Song. Montross*<sup>57</sup>

I

Ask not, why sorrow shades my brow ;  
Nor why my sprightly looks decay.  
Alas ! what need I beauty now,  
Since he, that lov'd it, died to-day.

II

Can ye have ears, and yet not know,  
Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo's slain ?  
Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,  
Or hearts that do not share my pain ?

<sup>57</sup> See Note 18.

III

He's gone ! he's gone ! and I will go ;  
 For in my breast, such wars I have,  
 And thoughts of him perplex me so  
 That the whole world appears my grave.

IV

But I'll go to him, though he lie  
 Wrapped in the cold, cold arms of Death :  
 And under yon sad cypress tree,  
 I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

*Song*

I

PRITHEE, why so angry, Sweet ?  
       'Tis in vain,  
 To dissemble a disdain,  
 That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,  
 And kiss it to a smile again.

II

In that pretty anger is  
       Such a grace,  
 As Love's fancy would embrace,  
 As to new crimes may Youth entice,  
 So that disguise becomes that face.

III

When thy rosy cheek thus checks  
       My offence,  
 I could sin with a pretence ;  
 Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks,  
 So fair, so bright an innocence.

IV

Thus your very frowns entrap  
                     My desire,  
 And inflame me to admire  
 That eyes, dressed in an angry shape,  
 Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

*Her Name*

I

To write your name upon the glass,  
 Is that the greatest you'll impart  
 Of your commands ? when, Dear, alas !  
     'Twas long since graven in my heart ?  
 But you foresee my heart must break, and sure  
 Think 't in that brittle quarry more secure.

II

My breast impregnable is found,  
 Which nothing, but thy beauty, wracks,  
 Than this frail metal far more sound,  
     That every storm and tempest cracks.  
 And, if you add faith to my vows and tears,  
 More firm, and more transparent it appears.

III

Yet, I obey you, when, behold !  
     I tremble at the forced fact,  
 My hand too saucy and too bold,  
     Timorously shivers at the act ;  
 And 'twixt the wounded glass, and th' harder stone,  
 I hear a murmuring emulation.

## IV

'Tis done ; to which let all hearts bow,  
 And to the Tablet <sup>58</sup> sacrifice ;  
 Incense of loyal sighs allow,  
 And tears from wonder stricken eyes ;  
 Which, should the Schismatics of Sion see,  
 Perchance they'd break it for idolatry.

## V

But, cursed be that awkward hand  
 Dares raze the glory from this frame,  
 That, notwithstanding thy command,  
 Tears from this glass thy ador'd name ;  
 Whoe'er he be, unless he do repent,  
 He's damn'd for breaking thy Commandement.

## VI

Yet, what thy dear will here has plac'd,  
 Such is its unassured state,  
 Must once, my Sweetest, be defac'd  
 Or by the stroke of Time, or Fate ;  
 It must at last, howe'er, dissolve, and die,  
 With all the World, and so must thou, and I.

## *Les Amours*

## I

SHE, that I pursue, still flies me ;  
 Her, that follows me, I fly ;  
 She, that I still court, denies me :  
 Her, that courts me, I deny.  
 Thus in one web we're subt'ly wove,  
 And yet we mutiny in love.

<sup>58</sup> Tablet = a votive tablet hung in a temple.



II

She, that can save me, must not do it,  
 She, that cannot, fain would do :  
 Her love is bound, yet I still woo it :  
 Hers by love is bound in woe.  
 Yet, how can I of Love complain,  
 Since I have love for love again.

III

This is thy work, imperious Child,  
 Thine is this labyrinth of love,  
 That thus hast our desires beguil'd,  
 Nor see'st how thine arrows rove,  
 Then pri'thee, to compose this stir,  
 Make her love me, or me love her.

IV

But, if irrevocable are  
 Those keen shafts, that wound us so ;  
 Let me prevail with thee thus far,  
 That thou once more take thy bow ;  
 Wound her hard heart, and by my troth,  
 I'll be content to take them both.

*Song*

I

JOIN once again, my Celia, join  
 Thy rosy lips to these of mine,  
 Which, though they be not such,  
 Are full as sensible of bliss,  
 That is, as soon can taste a kiss,  
 As thine of softer touch.

II

Each kiss of thine creates desire,  
 Thy odorous breath inflames Love's fire,  
 And wakes the sleeping coal :  
 Such a kiss to be I find  
 The conversation of the mind,  
 And whisper of the soul.

III

Thanks, Sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,  
 For by this last kiss I'm undone ;  
 Thou breathest silent darts,  
 Henceforth each little touch will prove  
 A dangerous stratagem in love,  
 And thou wilt blow up hearts.

*The Surprise*<sup>59</sup>

I

ON a clear river's flow'ry side,  
 When Earth was in her gaudy pride,  
 Defended by the friendly shade  
 A woven grove's dark entrails made,  
 Where the cold clay, with flowers strew'd  
 Made up a pleasing solitude ;  
 'Twas there I did my glorious Nymph surprise,  
 There stole my passion from her killing eyes.

II

The happy object of her eye  
 Was *Sidney's* living *Arcady* ;  
 Whose amorous tale had so betray'd  
 Desire in this all-lovely Maid ;

<sup>59</sup> See Note 19.

That, whilst her cheek a blush did warm,  
I read Love's story in her form :  
And of the Sisters the united grace,  
Pamela's vigour in Philoclea's face.

III

As on the brink this Nymph did sit,  
(Ah ! who can such a Nymph forget ?)  
The floods straight dispossessed their foam,  
Proud so her mirror to become ;  
And ran into a twirling maze,  
On her by that delay to gaze,  
And as they passed, by streams succeeding force,  
In losing her, murmur'd t' obey their course.

IV

She read not long, but clos'd the book,  
And up her silent lute she took,  
Perchance to charm each wanton thought,  
Youth, or her reading had begot,  
The hollow carcass echo'd such  
Airs, as had birth from Orpheus' touch,  
And every snowy finger, as she play'd  
Danc'd to the music that themselves had made.

V

At last she ceas'd ; her odorous bed  
With her enticing limbs she spread,  
With limbs so excellent, I could  
No more resist my factious blood :  
But there, ah ! there, I caught the Dame,  
And boldly urg'd to her my flame :  
I kiss'd : when her ripe lips at every touch  
Swell'd up to meet, what she would shun so much.

## VI

I kiss'd, and play'd in her bright eyes,  
 Discours'd, as is the Lover's guise,  
 Call'd her the Auth'ress of my woe:  
 The Nymph was kind, but would not do,  
 Faith, she was kind, which made me bold,  
 Grow hot, as her denials cold.  
 But ah! at last I parted wounded more  
 With her soft pity, than her eyes before.

*The Visit*

## I

DARK was the silent shade, that hid  
 The fair Castanna from my sight:  
 The night was black (as it had need),  
 That could obscure so great a light.  
 Under the concave of each lid  
 A flaming ball of beauty bright,  
 Wrapped in a charming slumber lay,  
 That else would captivate the day.

## II

(Led by a passionate desire),  
 I boldly did attempt the way;  
 And though my dull eyes wanted fire,  
 My seeing soul knew where she lay,  
 Thus, whilst I blindly did aspire,  
 Fear to displease her made me stay,  
 A doubt too weak for mine intent,  
 I knew she would forgive, and went.

## III

Near to her maiden bed I drew,  
 Blessed in so rare a chance as this;  
 When by her odorous breath I knew  
 I did approach my Love, my Bliss:

Then did I eagerly pursue  
My hopes, and found, and stole a kiss :  
Such as perhaps Pygmalion took,  
When cold his ivory love forsook.

IV

Soft was the sleep sate on her eyes,  
As softest down, or whitest snow ;  
So gentle rest upon them lies,  
Happy to charm those beauties so ;  
For which a thousand thousand dies,  
Or living, live in restless woe ;  
For all that see her killing eye,  
With love, or admiration die.

V

Chaste were the thoughts that had the power  
To make me hazard this offence ;  
I mark'd the sleep, of this fair flower,  
And found them full of innocence ;  
Wond'ring that hers, who slew each hour,  
Should have so undisturb'd a sense ;  
But ah ! these murders of mankind  
Fly from her beauty, not her mind.

VI

Thus, while she sweetly slept, sat I  
Contemplating the lovely Maid,  
Of every tear, and every sigh  
That sallied from my breast, afraid.  
And now the morning star drew nigh,  
When, fearing thus to be betray'd,  
I softly from my nymph did move,  
Wounded with everlasting Love.

## *Cælia's Fall*

### I

CÆLIA, my fairest Cælia, fell,  
Cælia, than the fairest, fairer,  
Cælia (with none I must compare her)  
That all alone is all in all,  
Of what we fair, and modest call,  
Cælia, white as Alabaster,  
Cælia, than Diana chaster,  
This fair, fair Cælia, grief to tell,  
This fair, this modest, chaste one fell.

### II

My Cælia, sweetest Cælia, fell,  
As I have seen a snow-white dove  
Decline her bosom from above,  
And down her spotless body fling  
Without the motion of the wing,  
Till she arrest her seeming fall  
Upon some happy pedestal :  
So soft this sweet, I love so well,  
This sweet, this dove-like Cælia, fell.

### III

Cælia, my dearest Cælia fell,  
As I have seen a melting star  
Drop down its fire from its sphere,  
Rescuing so its glorious sight  
From that paler snuff of light :  
Yet is a star bright and entire,  
As when 'twas wrapp'd in all that fire :  
So bright this dear, I love so well,  
This dear, this star-like Cælia fell.

## IV

And yet my Cælia did not fall  
 As grosser earthly mortals do,  
 But stoop'd, like Phœbus, to renew  
 Her lustre by her morning rise,  
 And dart new beauties in the skies,  
 Like a white dove, she took her flight,  
 And like a star, she shot her light ;  
 This dove, this star, so lov'd of all,  
 My Fair, Dear, Sweetest, did not fall.

## V

But, if you'll say my Cælia fell,  
 Of this I'm sure, that, like the dart  
 Of Love it was, and on my heart ;  
 Poor heart alas ! wounded before,  
 She needed not have hurt it more :  
 So absolute a conquest she  
 Had gain'd before of it, and me,  
 That neither of us have been well  
 Before, or since my Cælia fell.

### *Her Sigh*

## I

SHE sighs, and has blown over now  
 The storms that threat'ned in her brow :  
 The Heaven's now serene and clear,  
 And bashful blushes do appear,  
                   Th' error sh' has found  
                   That did me wound,  
 Thus with her od'rous sigh my hopes are crown'd.

II

Now she relents, for now I hear  
 Repentance whisper in my ear,  
 Happy repentance ! that begets  
 By this sweet airy motion heats,  
     And does destroy  
     Her heresy,  
 That my faith branded with inconstancy.

III

When Thisbe's Pyramus was slain,  
 This sigh had fetched him back again,  
 And such a sigh from Dido's chest  
 Wafted the Trojan to her breast.  
     Each of her sighs  
     My Love does prize  
 Reward, for thousand, thousand cruelties.

IV

Sigh on, my Sweet, and by thy breath,  
 Immortal grown, I'll laugh at death.  
 Had fame so sweet a one, we shou'd  
 In that regard learn to be good :  
     Sigh on, my Fair,  
     Henceforth, I swear,  
 I could Chameleon turn, and live by air.

*To Cælia's Ague*

ODE

I

HENCE, fond Disease, I say forbear,  
 And strive t' afflict my Fair no more,  
 In vain are thy attempts on her,  
 She was, alas ! so cold before.



## II

Yet thou at once, by sympathy,  
 Disturb'st two persons in one ill ;  
 For when she freezes, then I fry,  
 And so complete her ague still.

## III

Sure thou my choice would'st fain disgrace,  
 By making her look pale and green,  
 Had she no beauties, but her face,  
 I never had a lover been.

## IV

For sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks  
 Must, as her youth does fade, decay :  
 But virtue, which her bosom decks,  
 Will, when they're sunk and wither'd, stay.

## V

Thou would'st eclipse that virtue too,  
 For such a triumph far too dear,  
 Making her tremble, as they do,  
 Whom jealous guilt has taught to fear.

## VI

I wish thy malice might so thrive  
 To my advantage, as to shake  
 Her flinty breast, that I might live,  
 And on that part a battery make.

## VII

But since assaults without some fire  
 Are seldom to perfection brought,  
 I may like thee baffled retire,  
 Thou hast her burning fit forgot.

VIII

Since thy attempts then never can  
 Achieve the power to destroy  
 This wonder, and delight of man,  
 Hence to some grosser body fly.

IX

Yet, as returning stomachs do  
 Still covet some one dish they see :  
 So when thou from my Fair do'st go  
 Kind Ague, make her long for me.

*A Valediction*

I go, I go, perfidious Maid,  
 Obeying thee, my froward Fate,  
 Whether forsaken or betray'd,  
 By scorn, or hate.

I go, th' exact'st professor of  
 Desire, in its diviner sense,  
 That ever in the school of Love  
 Did yet commence.

Cruel, and False, could'st thou find none  
 Amongst those fools thy eyes engrost,  
 But me to practise falsehood on,  
 That lov'd thee most.

I lov'd thee 'bove the day's bright eye,  
 Above mine own ; who melting drop,  
 As oft, as opening they miss thee,  
 And 'bove my hope ;

Till (by thy promise grown secure)  
That hope was to assurance brought,  
My faith was such, so chastely pure,  
I doubted not

Thee, or thy vows, nor should I yet  
(Such, False One, is my love's extreme)  
Should'st thou now swear, the breath's so sweet  
That utters them.

Ah, Syren ! why did'st me entice,  
To that unconstant Sea, thy love  
That ebbs and flows so in a trice ?  
Was it to prove

The power of each attractive spell  
Upon my fond enamour'd youth ?  
No : I must think of thee so well  
Thou then spak'st truth.

Else amongst overweening boys,  
Or dotards, thou had'st chosen one  
Than me, methinks a fitter choice  
To work upon.

Mine was no wither'd old man's suit ;  
Nor like a boy's just come from school,  
Had'st thou been either deaf, or mute  
I'd been no fool ;

Faith ! I was then, when I embrac'd  
A false belief thy vows were true,  
Or if they were, that they could last  
A day or two.

Since I'd been told a woman's mind  
Varies as oft, as April's face :  
But I suppos'd thine more refin'd,  
And so it was.

Till (sway'd by thy unruly blood)  
Thou chang'd'st thy uncertain will,  
And 'tis far worse to have been good,  
Than to be ill.

Methinks thou'rt blemished in each part,  
And so, or worse than others are,  
Those eyes grown hollow as thy heart,  
Which two suns were.

Thy cheeks are sunk, and thy smooth skin  
Looks like a conquest now of Time,  
Sure th' had'st an age to study in  
For such a crime.

Th' art so transform'd, that I in thee,  
(As 'tis a general loss) more grieve  
Thy falling from thyself, than me  
Fool to believe !

For I by this am taught to prize  
The inward beauties of the breast,  
'Bove all the gaities of the eyes  
Where treasons rest.

Whereas, grown black with this abuse  
Offer'd to Love's commanding throne,  
Thou may'st despair of an excuse,  
And wish 't undone.

Farewell thou pretty brittle piece  
Of fine-cut crystal, which once was  
Of all my fortune, and my bliss  
The only glass,

Now something else: but in its state  
Of former lustre, fresh and green  
My faith shall stand, to shew thee what  
Thou should'st have been.

### *The Contest*

COME, my Corinna, let us try,  
Which loves you best, of You, and I,  
I know you oft have in your glass  
Seen the faint shadow of your face;  
And, consequently, then became  
A wond'ring Lover, as I am;  
Though not so great a one, for what  
You saw was but a glimpse of that,  
So sweet, so charming majesty,  
Which I in its full lustre see.  
But if you then had gaz'd upon  
Yourself, as your reflection,  
And seen those eyes for which I die,  
Perhaps you'd been as sick as I.

Thus, Sweetest, then it is confest,  
That of us Lovers, I love best;  
You'll say 'tis reason, that my share  
Be great as my affections are,

When you insensibly are grown  
 More mine, by conquest, than your own.  
 But, if this argument I name  
 Seem light to such a glorious claim ;  
 Yet, since you love yourself, this do,  
 Love me, at least, for loving you ;  
 So my despair you may destroy,  
 And you your loved self enjoy ;  
 Acting those things, can ne'er be done,  
 Whilst you remain your self alone :  
 So for my sighs you make amends,  
 So you have yours, and I my ends.

### *The False One*

IN IMITATION OF THAT OF HORACE

Nox <sup>60</sup> erat et Cœlo, etc.

#### I

BEHOLD, False Maid, yon horned light,  
 Which in Heav'n's arched vault doth range,  
 And view part of thyself in it ;  
 Yet she but once a month does change.

#### II

The raging sea, th' uncertain air,  
 Or, what does yet more change admit,  
 Of variation emblems are ;  
 When thou, and only thou art it.

<sup>60</sup> Non (1689 ed.).

III

Philosophers their pains may spare  
 Perpetual motion where to find ;  
 If such a thing be anywhere,  
 'Tis Woman, in thy fickle mind.

IV

How oft, incentred in thine arms,  
 Big with betraying sighs and tears,  
 Hast thou secur'd me, by thy charms,  
 From other lovers' natural fears.

V

Sighs, that improv'd the honest flame,  
 Which made my faithful bosom pant ;  
 And tears so gentle, as might claim  
 Belief, from hearts of adamant.

VI

These were the arts seduc'd my youth,  
 A captive to thy wanton will :  
 That with a falsehood, like to truth,  
 In the same instant cure, and kill.

VII

Go tell the next you will betray,  
 (I mean that Fool usurps my room)  
 How for his sake I'm turn'd away ;  
 To the same fortune he must come.

VIII

When I, restored to that sense  
 Thou hast distemper'd, sound and free,  
 Shall, with a very just pretence,  
 Despise, and laugh at him and thee.

## *Ode*

### VALEDICTORY

#### I

I go : but never to return :  
With such a killing flame I burn,  
Not all th' enraged waves that beat  
My ship's <sup>61</sup> calk't ribs, can quench that heat :  
Nor thy disdains, which colder are  
Than climates of the northern star,  
Can freeze the blood, warm'd by thine eye :  
But Sweet, I must thy martyr die.

#### II

Oh ! canst thou know, that losing thee,  
The universe is dead to me,  
And I to it, yet not become  
So kind, as to revoke my doom ?  
Gentle Heart, do ; if I remove,  
How can I hope t' achieve thy love ?  
If not, I shall 't a blessing call,  
That she, who wounds may see my fall.

#### III

Or say thou lov'st, and bid me go  
Where never sun his face did show :  
Or to, what's worse, want of thy light,  
Which dissipates the shades of night ;  
To dangers, Death, Hell dares not own,  
Scarcely to apprehension known,  
Arm'd with thy will (despite of fear)  
I'll seek them, as if thou wer't there.

<sup>61</sup> Calk't ribs = the ribs of a ship whose seams are stopped up.



But, if thou wilt I die, and that,  
 By, worse than thousand deaths, thy hate;  
 When I am dead, if thou but pay  
 My tomb a tear, and sighing say,  
 Thou do'st my timeless fall deplore,  
 Wishing th' had'st known my truth before;  
 My dearest Dear, thou mak'st me then,  
 Or sleep in peace, or live again.

### *To Chloris*

#### ODE

FAREWELL, my Sweet, until I come,  
 Improv'd in merit, for thy sake,  
 With Characters of Honour home,  
 Such, as thou canst not then but take.

To Loyalty my love must bow,  
 My Honour too calls to the Field,  
 Where, for a lady's busk, I now  
 Must keen, and sturdy iron wield.

Yet, when I rush into those arms,  
 Where Death, and Danger do combine,  
 I shall less subject be to harms,  
 Than to those killing eyes of thine.

Since I could live in thy disdain,  
 Thou art so far become my Fate,  
 That I by nothing can be slain,  
 Until thy sentence speaks my date.

But, if I seem to fall in War,  
T' excuse the murder you commit,  
Be to my memory just so far,  
As in thy heart t' acknowledge it;

That's all I ask; which thou must give  
To him that dying, takes a pride  
It is for thee; and would not live  
Sole Prince of all the world beside.

*Ode*<sup>62</sup>

I

FAIR Isabel, if ought but thee  
I could, or would, or like, or love; .  
If other Beauties but approve  
To sweeten my captivity:  
I might those passions be above,  
Those pow'rful passions that combine  
To make, and keep me only thine.

II

Or, if for tempting treasure I  
Of the World's God, prevailing gold,  
Could see thy Love, and my Truth sold,  
A greater, nobler Treasury;  
My flame to thee might then grow cold,  
And I like one whose love is sense,  
Exchange thee for convenience.

<sup>62</sup> Probably addressed to Isabel Hutchinson whom Cotton married in 1656.

### III

But when I vow to thee, I do  
 Love thee above or health or peace,  
 Gold, joy, and all such toys as these,  
 'Bove happiness and honour too :  
 Thou then must know, this love can cease,  
 Nor change for all the glorious show  
 Wealth and discretion bribes us to.

### IV

What such a love deserves, thou, Sweet,  
 As knowing best, may'st best reward ;  
 I, for thy bounty well prepar'd  
 With open arms my blessing meet.  
 Then do not, Dear, our joys retard <sup>63</sup>  
 But unto him propitious be,  
 That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

## *Ode*

### TO CHLOE

#### I

FALSE One, farewell, thou hast releast  
 The fire, imprison'd in my breast,  
 Your beauties make not half the show  
 They did a year or two ago ;  
     For now I find,  
 The beauties those fair walls enshrin'd,  
     Foul, and deform'd appear,  
     Ah ! where  
 In woman is a spotless mind ?

<sup>63</sup> Detard (1689 ed.).

II

I would not now take up thine eyes,  
 But in revenge to tyrannize ;  
 Nor should'st thou make me blot my skin  
 With the black thou wear'st within ;  
     If thou would'st meet,  
 As brides do, in the nuptial sheet,  
     I would not kiss, nor play ;  
     But say,  
 Thou nothing hast that can be sweet.

III

I was betray'd, by that fair sign,  
 To entertainment cold within ;  
 But found that fine built fabric lin'd,  
 With so ill contriv'd a mind,  
     That now I must  
 For ever (Chloe) leave to trust  
     The face that so beguiles  
     With smiles ;  
 Falsehood's a charm to love, or lust.

*Laura Sleeping*

ODE

I

WINDS whisper gently whilst she sleeps,  
 And fan her with your cooling wings ;  
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,  
 From pure, and yet unrivall'd springs.

II

Glide over beauty's field her face,  
 To kiss her lip, and cheek be bold,

But with a calm, and stealing pace ;  
Neither too rude ; nor yet too cold.

III

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,  
With such a gale, as wings soft Love,  
And with so sweet, so rich an air,  
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

IV

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh ;  
Or that unfolds the morning door :  
Sweet, as the winds, that gently fly,  
To sweep the Spring's enamell'd floor.

V

Murmur soft music to her dreams,  
That pure, and unpolluted run,  
Like to the new-born crystal streams,  
Under the bright enamour'd sun.

VI

But when she waking shall display  
Her light, retire within your bar,  
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,  
And all mankind her creatures are.

*Laura Weeping*

ODE

I

CHASTE, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,  
Drooping with sorrow from her bed,  
As with ungentle show'rs the rose,  
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

II

With a dejected look, and pace,  
Neglectingly she 'gan appear,  
When meeting with her tell-tale glass,  
She saw the face of sorrow there.

III

Sweet sorrow dressed in such a look,  
As love would trick to catch desire;  
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,  
Charact'ed with clandestine fire.

IV

Down dropped a tear, to deck her cheeks  
With orient treasure of her own;  
Such, as the diving Negro seeks  
T' adorn the Monarch's mighty crown.

V

Then a full shower of pearly dew,  
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall:  
As in due homage to bestrew;  
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

VI

So have I seen the springing morn  
In dark and humid vapours clad,  
Not to eclipse but to adorn  
Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

VII

Spare (Laura) spare those beauties' twins,  
Do not our world of beauty drown,  
Thy tears are balm for other sins,  
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

Then let them shine forth to declare  
 The sweet serenity within,  
 May each day of thy life be fair,  
 And to eclipse one hour be sin.

*Resolution in Four Sonnets, of a Poetical Question  
 put to me by a Friend, concerning Four Rural  
 Sisters*

SONNET

I

ALICE is tall and upright as a pine,  
 White as blanch'd almonds, or the falling snow,  
 Sweet as are damask roses when they blow,  
 And doubtless fruitful as the swelling vine.

Ripe to be cut, and ready to be press'd,  
 Her full cheek'd beauties very well appear,  
 And a year's fruit she loses ev'ry year,  
 Wanting a man t' improve her to the best.

Full fain she would be husbanded, and yet,  
 Alas! she cannot a fit Lab'rer get  
 To cultivate her to her own content:

Fain would she be (God wot) about her task,  
 And yet (forsooth) she is too proud to ask,  
 And (which is worse) too modest to consent.

## SONNET

### II

MARG'RET of humbler stature by the head  
Is (as it oft falls out with yellow hair)  
Than her fair sister, yet so much more fair,  
As her pure white is better mixt with red.

This, hotter than the other ten to one,  
Longs to be put unto her mother's trade,  
And loud proclaims she lives too long a maid,  
Wishing for one t' untie her virgin zone.

She finds virginity a kind of ware,  
That's very very troublesome to bear,  
And being gone, she thinks will ne'er be mist :

And yet withal, the girl has so much grace,  
To call for help I know she wants the face,  
Though ask'd, I know not how she would resist.

## SONNET

### III

MARY is black, and taller than the last,  
Yet equal in perfection and desire,  
To the one's melting snow, and t' other's fire,  
As with whose black their fairness is defac'd.

She pants as much for love as th' other two,  
But she so virtuous is, or else so wise,  
That she will win or will not love a prize,  
And upon but good terms will never do :

Therefore who her will conquer ought to be  
At least as full of love and wit as she,  
Or he shall ne'er gain favour at her hands :



Nay, though he have a pretty store of brains,  
Shall only have his labour for his pains,  
Unless he offer more than she demands.

## SONNET

### IV

MARTHA is not so tall, nor yet so fair  
As any of the other lovely three,  
Her chiefest grace is poor simplicity,  
Yet were the rest away, she were a star.

She's fair enough, only she wants the art  
To set her beauties off as they can do,  
And that's the cause she ne'er heard any woo,  
Nor ever yet made conquest of a heart :

And yet her blood's as boiling as the best,  
Which, pretty soul, does so disturb her rest,  
And makes her languish so, she's fit to die.

Poor thing, I doubt she still must lie alone,  
For being like to be attack'd by none,  
She's no more wit to ask than to deny.

## *To Ælia*

### ODE

Poor antiquated slut, forbear,  
Thy importunity's so strong,  
It will, I fear, corrupt the air,  
And do an universal wrong.

Be modest, or I swear and vow,  
I neither can nor will be kind;  
Pox on't! now thou dost clam'rous grow,  
There's no enduring in the wind.

Whilst silence did thy thoughts betray,  
I only was the sufferer;  
But now thy lungs begin to play  
All the whole province suffers here.

Faith, Ælia, if thou be'st so hot,  
That nor satiety, nor age,  
Can cool the over-boiling pot,  
Nor thy ebullient lust assuage,

Yet be so charitably kind,  
Though damn'd thou art resolved to be,  
As not to poison all mankind  
By fulsome importunity.

But sure 'tis time we should give o'er,  
And if I mourn my time misspent,  
How much for fifty years of whore  
Ought'st thou, poor Ælia, to repent?

Yet, if in spite of all advice  
Thou needs wilt importune me still,  
I am not so reclaim'd from vice,  
But I can satisfy thy will:

And 'twill to my advantage be;  
For should I new amours begin,  
Delight might damn me, when with thee  
The penance expiates the sin.

## *Love's Triumph*

### I

God Cupid's power was ne'er so shown,  
Since first the boy could draw a bow,  
In all past ages, as this one,  
This love-sick age we live in now :  
Now he, and she, from high to low,  
Or lovers are, or would seem so.

### II

His arrows now are everywhere,  
In every lip, and every eye,  
From young, from old, from foul, from fair,  
This little Archer lets them fly :  
He is a traitor to Love's throne,  
That has no love, or seems t' have none.

### III

If she be young, and fair, we do  
Think her the blessing of this life,  
And, out of that opinion woo  
Her for a mistress, or a wife,  
And if they think us able men,  
The pretty souls will love again.

### IV

Or, if she be a wife, and that  
A jealous ass corrupts her bed,  
We build our pleasures on his fate,  
And for her sake do crown his head,  
So what he fears a truth doth prove,  
And what's this but a trick of Love ?

## V

If she be left a widow, then  
 Her first amours have warm'd her blood,  
 She'll think us puppies or no men  
 Should not her wants be understood,  
 Pity then makes us lovers prove,  
 And pity is the child of Love.

## VI

If she be wither'd, and yet itch  
 To do as once in time of old,  
 We love a little, for she's rich,  
 Though, but to scare away the cold,  
 She has (no doubt) the gift t'assuage,  
 Then never stand upon her age.

## VII

Thus maid, wife, widow do all wound,  
 Though each one with a different eye,  
 And we by Love, to love are bound,  
 Either in heat or policy,  
 That is, we love, or say we do,  
 Women, we love ourselves; or you.

## VIII

Cupid may now slacken his nerve,  
 Hang bow and quiver in some place  
 As useless grown, useless they serve,  
 For trophies of what once he was,  
 Love's grown a fashion of the mind,  
 And we shall henceforth love by kind.

Lord ! what a childish ape was this,  
 How vain improvident an elf,  
 To conquer all at once, when 'tis  
 Alas ! a triumph o'er himself ?  
 He has usurp'd his own fear'd throne,  
 Since now there's nothing to be done.

And yet there is, there is one prize  
 Lock'd in an adamantine breast ;  
 Storm that then, Love, if thou be'st wise,  
 A conquest above all the rest,  
 Her heart, who binds all hearts in chains,  
 Castanna's heart untouch'd remains.

### *A Paraphrase*

THE Beauty that must me delight,  
 Must have a skin and teeth snow white :  
 Black arched brows, black sprightly eyes,  
 And a black beauty 'twixt her th- -ghs ;  
 Soft blushing cheeks, a person tall,  
 Long hair, long hands, and fingers small ;  
 Short teeth ; and feet that little are,  
 Dilated brows, and haunches fair :  
 Fine silken hair, lips full, and red,  
 Small nose, with little breast and head :  
 All these in one, and that one kind  
 Would make a Mistress to my mind.

*In Imitation of a Song in the Play of Rollo*<sup>64</sup>

I

TAKE, O take, my fears away,  
Which thy cold disdains have bred ;  
And grant me one auspicious ray,  
From thy morn of beauties shed.  
But thy killing beams restrain,  
Lest I be by beauty slain.

II

Spread, O spread, those orient twins  
Which thy snowy bosom grace,  
Where Love in milk, and roses swims,  
Blind with lustre of thy face,  
But let Love thaw them first, lest I  
Do on those frozen mountains die.

*Ode*

TO CHLORIS FROM FRANCE

I

PITY me, Chloris, and the flame  
Disdain, and distance, cannot tame ;  
And pity my necessity,  
That makes my courtship, wanting thee,  
Nothing but fond idolatry.

II

In dark, and melancholy groves,  
Where pretty birds discourse their loves,  
I daily worship on my knee,  
Thy shadow, all I have of thee,  
And sue to that to pity me.

<sup>64</sup> See Note 20.

III

I vow to it the sacred vow,  
 To thee, and only thee, I owe  
     When (as it knew my true intent)  
     The silent picture gives consent,  
     And seems to mourn my banishment.

IV

Presaging thence my love's success,  
 I triumph in my happiness,  
     And straight consider how each grace,  
     Adorns thy body, or thy face,  
     Surrenders<sup>65</sup> up to my embrace.

V

I think this little tablet now  
 Because less cruel, fair as thou ;  
     I do from it mercy implore,  
     'Tis the sole Saint I do adore,  
     I do not think I love thee more.

VI

Yet be not jealous, though I do  
 Thus dote of it, instead of you ;  
     I love it not, for any line  
     Where captivating beauties shine :  
     But only (Chloris) as 'tis thine.

VII

And, though thy shadow here take place,  
 By intimating future grace,  
     It goes before, but to impart  
     To thee, how beautiful thou art,  
     And show a reason for my smart.

<sup>65</sup> Surrender (1689 ed.).

## VIII

Nor is 't improper, Sweet, since thou,  
Art in thy youthful morning now,  
    Whilst I, depriv'd of thine eyes' light,  
Do drooping live a tedious night  
In Paris, like an anchorite.

## IX

Recall me then, that I may see,  
Once more, how fair, and kind you be ;  
    Into thy sunshine call again  
Him, thus exil'd by thy disdain,  
And I'll forget my loss, and pain.





III

ODES AND ELEGIES



## *Sapphic Ode*

How easy is his life, and free,  
Who, urg'd by no necessity,  
Eats cheerful bread, and over night does pay  
For 's next day's Crapula.<sup>66</sup>

No suitor such a mean estate  
Invites to be importunate,  
No supple flatt'rer, robbing villain, or  
Obstreperous creditor.

This man does need no bolts nor locks,  
Nor needs he start when any knocks,  
But may on careless pillow lie and snore,  
With a wide open door.

Trouble and danger Wealth attend,  
An useful but a dang'rous friend,  
Who makes us pay, e'er we can be releas'd,  
Quadruple interest.

Let's live to-day then for to-morrow,  
The fool's too provident will borrow  
A thing, which through chance or infirmity,  
'Tis odds he ne'er may see.

Spend all then e'er you go to Heaven,  
So with the World you will make even;  
And men discharge, by dying, Nature's score,  
Which done we owe no more.

<sup>66</sup> Crapula = a drunken head-ache.

*Hope*  
*Pindaric Ode*

I

HOPE, thou darling, and delight  
Of unforeseeing reckless minds,  
Thou deceiving parasite,  
Which no where entertainment finds  
But with the wretched, or the vain ;  
'Tis they alone fond Hope maintain.  
Thou easy fool's chief favourite ;  
Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains  
In galleys, dungeons, and in chains ;  
Or with a whining lover lov'st to play,  
With treach'rous art  
Fanning his heart,  
A greater slave by far, than they  
Who in worst durance wear their age away.  
Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher,  
Nor does to greater fame aspire,  
Than to be ever found a liar ;  
Thou treach'rous fiend, deluding shade,  
Who would with such a phantom be betray'd,  
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made.

II

Yet once, I must confess, I was  
Such an overweening ass,  
As in fortune's worst distress  
To believe thy promises ;  
Which so brave a change foretold,  
Such a stream of happiness,  
Such mountain hopes of glitt'ring gold,  
Such honours, friendships, offices,

In Love and Arms so great success  
That I ev'n hugg'd myself with the conceit,  
Was myself party in the cheat,  
And in my very bosom laid  
That fatal Hope by which I was betray'd,  
Thinking myself already rich, and great :  
And in that foolish thought despis'd  
Th' advice of those who out of Love advis'd ;  
As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,  
A torrent of felicity,  
And rudely laughed at those, who pitying wept for me.

III

But of this expectation, when 't came to 't,  
What was the fruit ?  
In sordid robes poor Disappointment came,  
Attended by her handmaids, Grief and Shame ;  
No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,  
For they still court prosperity,  
Nay, what was worst of what mischance could do,  
My dearest Love forsook me too ;  
My pretty Love, with whom, had she been true,  
Even in banishment,  
I could have liv'd most happy and content,  
Her sight which nourished me withdrew.  
I then, although too late, perceiv'd  
I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,  
And call'd for it t' expostulate  
The treachery and foul deceit :  
But it was then quite fled away,  
And gone some other to betray,  
Leaving me in a state  
By much more desolate,  
Than if when first attacked by Fate,

I had submitted there  
And made my courage yield unto despair.  
For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong  
Does but our miseries prolong,  
Whilst yet our vitals daily waste,  
And not supporting life, but pain,  
Call their false friendships back again  
And unto Death, grim Death, abandon us at last.

IV

In me, false Hope, in me alone,  
Thou thine own treach'ry hast out-done ;  
For Chance, perhaps, may have befriended  
Some one th' hast labour'd to deceive,  
With what by thee was ne'er intended,  
Nor in thy pow'r to give :  
But me thou hast deceiv'd in all, as well  
Possible, as impossible,  
And the most sad example made  
Of all that ever were betray'd.  
But thou hast taught me wisdom yet,  
Henceforth to hope no more  
Than I see reason for,  
A precept I shall ne'er forget :  
Nor is there any thing below  
Worth a man's wishing, or his care,  
When what we wish begets our woe,  
And Hope deceiv'd becomes Despair.  
Then thou seducing Hope farewell,  
No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,  
No more deceive me,  
I now can counter-charm thy spell,  
And for what's past, so far I will be even,  
Never again to hope for anything but Heaven.

*Melancholy*  
*Pindaric Ode*

I

WHAT in the name of wonder's this  
Which lies so heavy at my heart,  
That I ev'n Death itself could kiss,  
And think it were the greatest bliss  
Even at this moment to depart!  
Life, even to the wretched dear,  
To me 's so nauseous grown,  
There is no ill, I'd not commit,  
But proud of what would forfeit it,  
Would act the mischief without fear,  
And wade through thousand lives to lose my own.

II

Yea, Nature never taught me bloody rules;  
Nor was I yet with vicious precept bred;  
And now my virtue paints my cheeks in gules,  
To check me for the wicked thing I said.  
'Tis not then I, but something in my breast,  
With which unwittingly I am possest,  
Which breathes forth horror to proclaim  
That I am now no more the same:  
One that some seeds of virtue had;  
But one run resolutely mad,  
A fiend, a fury, and a beast,  
Or a demoniac at least,  
Who, without sense of sin, or shame,  
At nothing but dire mischiefs aim,  
Egg'd by the Prince of Fiends, and Legion is his name.

III

Alas! my reason's overcast,  
That sovereign guide is quite displac't,



Clearly dismounted from his throne,  
Banished his empire, fled and gone,  
And in his room  
An infamous usurper's come,  
Whose name is sounding in mine ear  
Like that, methinks of *Oliver*.<sup>67</sup>  
Nay, I remember in his life,  
Such a disease as mine was mighty rife,  
And yet, methinks, it cannot be,  
That he  
Should be crept into me,  
My skin could ne'er contain sure so much evil,  
Nor any place but Hell can hold so great a Devil.

IV

But by its symptoms now I know  
What is that does torment me so,  
'Tis a disease,  
As great a Fiend almost as these,  
That drinks up all my better blood,  
And leaves the rest a standing pool,  
And though I ever little understood,  
Makes me a thousand times more fool;  
Fumes up dark vapours to my brain,  
Creates burnt choler in my breast,  
And of these nobler parts possest,  
Tyrannically there does reign,  
Oh when (kind Heaven) shall I be well again.

V

Accursed Melancholy, it was Sin  
First brought thee in;  
Sin lodg'd thee first in our first Father's breast,  
By sin thou 'rt nourish't, and by sin increast,

<sup>67</sup> Oliver, i.e. the Protector.

Thou 'rt man's own creature, he has giv'n thee pow'r,  
 The sweets of life thus to devour.  
 To make us shun the cheerful light,  
 And creep into the shades of night,  
 Where the sly tempter ambushed lies  
 To make the discontented soul his prize.  
 There the progenitor of guile,  
 Accosts us in th' old Serpent's style ;  
 Rails at the World as well as we,  
 Nay, Providence itself 's not free ;  
 Proceeding then to arts of flattery,  
 He there extols our valour and our parts,  
 Spreads all his nets to catch our hearts,  
 Concluding thus : " what generous mind  
 Would longer here draw breath,  
 That might so sure a refuge find,  
 In the repose of Death ! "

Which having said, he to our choice presents  
 All his destroying instruments,  
 Swords and stilettos, halters, pistols, knives,  
 Poisons, both quick and slow, to end our lives,  
 Or if we like none of those fine devices,  
 He then presents us pools and precipices ;  
 Or to let out, or suffocate our breath,  
 And by once dying to obtain an everlasting Death.

# VI

Avaunt thou Devil Melancholy,  
 Thou grave and sober folly ;  
 Night of the mind, wherein our reasons grope  
 For future joys, but never can find hope.  
 Parent of murders, treasons, and despair,  
 Thou pleasing and eternal care :  
 Go sow thy rank and pois'nous seeds  
 In such a soil of mind as breeds,

With little help, black and nefarious deeds ;  
And let my whiter soul alone,  
For why should I thy sable weed put on,  
Who never meditated ill, nor ill have never done !

VII

Ah, 'tis ill done to me, that makes me sad  
And thus to pass away,  
With sighs the tedious nights, and does  
Like one that either is, or will be mad.  
Repentance can our own foul souls make pure,  
And expiate the foulest deed,  
Whereas the thought others' offences breed,  
Nothing but true amendment one can cure.  
Thus man, who of this world a member is,  
Is by good nature subject made  
To smart for what his fellows do amiss,  
As he were guilty, when he is betray'd,  
And mourning for the vices of the time,  
Suffers unjustly for another's crime.

VIII

Go foolish Soul, and wash thee white,  
Be troubled for thine own misdeeds,  
That heav'nly sorrow comfort breeds,  
And true contrition turns delight.  
Let Princes thy past services forget,  
Let dear-bought friends thy foes become,  
Though round with misery thou art beset,  
With scorn abroad, and poverty at home,  
Keep yet thy hands but clear, and conscience pure,  
And all the ills thou shalt endure  
Will on thy worth such lustre set  
As shall outshine the brightest coronet.  
And men at last will be asham'd to see,

That still,  
For all their malice, and malicious skill,  
Thy mind revive as it was us'd to be,  
And that they have disgrac'd themselves to honour thee.

## *Woman*

### *Pindaric Ode*

#### I

WHAT a bold theme have I in hand,  
What fury has possessed my muse,  
That could no other subject choose,  
But that which none can understand !  
Woman, what tongue, or pen is able  
To determine what thou art,  
A thing so moving, and unstable,  
So sea-like, so investigable,  
That no land map, nor seaman's chart,  
Though they shew us snowy mountains,  
Chalky cliffs, and crystal fountains,  
Sable thickets, golden groves,  
All that man admires and loves,  
Can direct us to thy heart !  
Which, though we seek it night and day  
Through vast regions ages stray,  
And over seas with canvas wings make way ;  
That heart the whiles,  
Like to the floating isles,  
Our compass evermore beguiles,  
And still, still, still remains *Terra Incognita*.

II

Woman ! the fairest sweetest flow'r  
 That in happy Eden grew,  
 Whose sweets and graces had the pow'r  
 The world's sole Monarch to subdue,  
 What pity 'tis thou wer't not true.  
 But there, even there, thy frailty brought in sin,  
 Sin that has cost so many sighs and tears,  
 Enough to ruin all succeeding heirs,  
 To Beauty's Temple let the Devil in.  
 And though (because there was no more)  
 It in one single story did begin ;  
 Yet from the seeds shed from that fruitful core,  
 Have sprung up volumes infinite, and great,  
 With which th' o'ercharged world doth sweat,  
 Of women false, proud, cruel, insolent ;  
 And what could else befall,  
 Since she herself was president  
 Who was the Mother of them all ?  
 And who, altho' mankind indeed was scant,  
 To shew her malice, rather than her want,  
 Would make a loathsome Serpent her gallant.

III

O Mother Eve, sure 'twas a fault  
 So wild a rule to give,  
 E'er there were any to be taught,  
 Or any to deceive.  
 'Twas ill to ruin all thy offspring so,  
 E'er they were yet in embryo,  
 Great mischiefs did attend thy easy will,  
 For all thy sons (which usually are  
 The Mother's care)

For ever lost, and ruin'd were,  
By thy instructing thy fair daughters ill.  
What's he that dares his own fond choice approve  
Or be secure his spouse is chaste ;  
Or if she be, that it will last ?  
Yet all must love.  
Oh cruel Nature that does force our wills  
T' embrace those necessary ills !  
Oh negligent, and treacherous eyes,  
Given to man for true and faithful spies ;  
How oft do you betray your trust,  
And join'd confederate with our lust,  
Tell us that Beauty is, which is but flesh, that flesh but dust.

IV

Heaven, if it be thy undisputed will  
That still  
This charming sex we must adore,  
Let us love less, or they love more ;  
For so the ills that we endure,  
Will find some ease, if not a cure :  
Or if their hearts from the first gangrene be  
Infected to that desperate degree  
As will no surgery admit ;  
Out of thy love to men at least forbear  
To make their faces so subduing fair,  
And if thou wilt give Beauty, limit it :  
For moderate Beauty, though it bear no price,  
Is yet a mighty enemy to vice,  
And who has virtue once, can never see  
Anything of deformity,  
Let her complexion swart, or tawny be,  
A twilight olive, or a midnight ebony.

She that is chaste, is always fair,  
 No matter for her hue,  
 And though for form she were a star,  
 She's ugly if untrue :  
 True Beauty always lies within,  
 Much deeper, than the outer skin,  
 So deep, that in a Woman's mind,  
 It will be hard, I doubt, to find ;  
 Or if it be, she's so deriv'd,  
 And with so many doors contriv'd,  
 Harder by much to keep it in.  
 For virtue in a Woman's breast  
 Seldom by title is possest,  
 And is no tenant, but a wand'ring guest.

But all this while I've soundly slept,  
 And rav'd as dreamers use :  
 Fie ! what a coil my brains have kept  
 T' instruct a saucy muse  
 Her own fair sex t' abuse.  
 'Tis nothing but an ill digestion  
 Has thus brought Women's fame in question.  
 Which have been, and still will be what they are,  
 That is, as chaste, as they are sweet and fair ;  
 And all that has been said  
 Nothing but ravings of an idle head,  
 Troubled with fumes of wine ;  
 For now, that I am broad awake,  
 I find 'tis all a gross mistake,  
 Else what a case were his, and thine, and mine ?



*Beauty*  
*Pindaric Ode*

In answer to an Ode of Mr. Abraham Cowley's upon the same subject.<sup>68</sup>

I

BEAUTY ! thou master-piece of Heaven's best skill,  
Who in all shapes and lights art Beauty still,  
And whether black, or brown, tawny, or white,  
Still strik'st with wonder every judging sight ;  
Thou triumph, which dost entertain the eye,  
With admiration's full variety.

Who, though thou variest here and there,  
And trick'st thy self in various colour'd hair,  
And though with several washes Nature has  
Thought fit thy several lineaments to grace,  
Yet Beauty still we must acknowledge thee,  
Whatever thy complexion be.

II

Beauty, Love's Friend, who help'st him to a throne,  
By Wisdom deified, to whom alone

Thy excellence is known,  
And ne'er neglected but by those have none ;  
Thou noble coin, by no false sleight allay'd  
By whom we Lovers militant are paid,  
True to the touch, and ever best

When thou art brought into the test,  
And who dost still of higher value prove,

As deeper thou art search'd by Love,  
He who allows thee only in the light  
Is there mistaken quite,

For there we only see the outer skin,  
When the perfection lies within ;

<sup>68</sup> See Note 21.



Beauty more ravishes the touch than sight,  
And seen by day, is still enjoy'd by night,  
For Beauty's chiefest parts are never seen.

III

Beauty, thou active, passive good !  
Who both inflam'st and cool'st our blood !  
Thou glorious flow'r, whose sovereign juice  
Dost wonderful effects produce,  
Who, Scorpion-like, dost with thee bring  
The balm that cures thy deadly sting.  
What pity 'tis the fairest plant  
That ever Heaven made  
Should ever ever fade,  
Yet Beauty we shall never want :  
For she has off-sets of her own,  
Which ere she dies will be as fairly blown,  
And though they blossom in variety,  
Yet still new Beauties will descry,  
And here the fancy's govern'd by the eye.

IV

Beauty, thy Conquests still are made  
Over the vigorous more than the decay'd ;  
And chiefly o'er those of the martial trade ;  
And whom thou conquer'st still thou keep'st in thrall,  
Until you both together fall,  
Whereas of all the Conquerors, how few  
Know how to keep what they subdue ?  
Nay, even froward age subdues thee too.  
Thy power, Beauty, has no bounds,  
All sorts of men it equally confounds,  
The young and old does both enslave,  
The proud, meek, humble, and the brave,  
And if it wounds, it only is to save.

Beauty, thou sister to Heav'n's glorious lamp,  
 Of finer clay, thou finer stamp !  
 Thou second light, by which we better live,  
 Thou better sex's vast prerogative !  
 Thou greatest gift that Heaven can give !  
 He who against thee does inveigh,  
 Never yet knew where Beauty lay,  
     And does betray  
 A deplorable want of sense,  
 Blindness, or age, or impotence ;  
 For wit was given to no other end,  
 But Beauty to admire, or to commend ;  
     And for our sufferings here below  
 Beauty is all the recompense we know ;  
 'Tis then for such as cannot see,  
 Nor yet have other sense to friend,  
     Adored Beauty, thus to slander thee,  
     And he who calls thee madness let him be,  
 By his own doom from Beauty doom'd for me.

## *Poverty*

### *Pindaric Ode*

## I

THOU greatest Plague that Mortals know !  
 Thou greatest Punishment !  
     That Heav'n has sent  
 To quell and humble us below !  
 Thou worst of all diseases and all pains  
 By so much harder to endure,  
 By how much thou art hard to cure,

Who having robb'd physicians of their brains,  
As well as of their gain  
A chronical disease doth still remain !  
What epithet can fit thee, or what words thy ills explain !

11

This puzzles quite the Æsculapian tribe  
Who, where there are no fees, can have no wit  
And makes them helpless med'cines still provide,  
Both for the sick, and poor alike unfit.  
For inward griefs all that they do prepare  
Nothing but crumbs, and fragments are,  
And outwardly apply no more  
But sordid rags unto the sore.  
Thus Poverty is dressed, and dose't  
With little art, and little cost,  
As if poor rem'dies for the poor were fit  
When Poverty in such a place doth sit,  
That 'tis the grand Projection <sup>69</sup> only that must conquer it.

III

Yet Poverty, as I do take it,  
Is not so epidemical  
As many in the world would make it,  
Who all that want their wishes Poor do call ;  
For if who is not with his divident  
Amplly content,  
Within that acceptance fall,  
Most would be poor, and peradventure all.  
This would the wretched with the rich confound :  
But I not call him poor does not abound,  
But him who snar'd in bonds, and endless strife,  
The comforts wants more than supports of life ;  
Him whose whole age is measur'd out by fears,

<sup>69</sup> The grand Projection = the Alchemist's magic.

And though he has wherewith to eat,  
His bread does yet  
Taste of affliction, and his cares  
His purest wine mix and allay with tears.

IV

'Tis in this sense that I am poor,  
And I'm afraid shall be so still ;  
Obstrep'rous creditors besiege my door,  
And my whole house clamourous echoes fill ;  
From these there can be no retirement free,  
From room to room, they hunt, and follow me ;  
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,  
But persecute me night and day,  
Torment my body, and my mind,  
Nay, if I take my heels, and fly,  
They follow me with open cry,  
At home no rest, abroad no refuge can I find.

V

Thou worst of Ills ! what have I done,  
That Heav'n should punish me with thee ?  
From insolence, fraud, and oppression,  
I ever have been innocent and free.  
Thou wer't intended (Poverty)  
A scourge for pride, and avarice,  
I ne'er was tainted yet with either vice ;  
I never in prosperity,  
Nor in the height of all my happiness,  
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,  
My hand, my heart, my door  
Were ever open'd to the poor ;  
And I to others in their need have granted,  
E'er they could ask, the thing they wanted,  
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,  
Do only beg for peace, and cannot have it.

*Pindaric Ode*

## I

220

As turns the brightest day to night,  
And spoils of living the delight,  
With which, so soon as life is tasted,  
Lest we should too happy be,  
Even in our infancy,  
Our joys are quash'd, our hopes are blasted;  
For the first thing that we hear,  
(Us'd to still us when we cry)  
The nurse to keep the child in fear,  
Discreetly tells it, it must die,  
Be put into a hole, eaten with worms;  
Presenting Death in thousand ugly forms;  
Which tender minds so entertain,  
As ever after to retain,  
By which means we are cowards bred,  
Nurs'd with unnecessary dread,  
And ever dream of dying 'till we're dead.

II

Death! thou child's bug-bear, thou fool's terror,  
Ghastly set forth the weak to awe;  
Begot by fear, increased by error,  
Whom none but a sick fancy ever saw,  
Thou who art only fear'd  
By the illiterate, and tim'rous herd,  
But by the wise  
Esteemed the greatest of felicities.  
Why, sithence by an universal law,  
Entail'd upon mankind thou art,  
Should any dread, or seek t' avoid thy dart,  
When of the two, fear is the greatest smart?  
O senseless Man, who vainly flies  
What Heaven has ordain'd to be  
The remedy  
Of all thy mortal pains, and miseries.

### III

Sorrow, want, sickness, injury, mischance,  
 The happiest man's certain inheritance,  
     With all the various ills,  
 Which the wide world with mourning fills,  
 Or by corruption, or disaster bred,  
 Are for the living all, not for the dead,  
     When Life's sun sets, Death is a bed  
     With sable curtains spread,  
                     Where we lie down  
 To rest the weary limbs, and careful head,  
     And to the good, a bed of down  
     There, there no frightful tintamarre <sup>70</sup>  
 Of tumult in the many headed beast,  
 Nor all the loud artillery of war,  
 Can fright us from that sweet, that happy rest,  
     Wherewith the still, and silent grave is blest ;  
 Nor all the rattle, that above they keep,  
 Break our repose, or rouse us from that everlasting sleep.

### IV

The grave is privileg'd from noise, and care,  
 From tyranny, and wild oppression,  
 Violence has so little power there,  
     Ev'n worst oppressors let the dead alone ;  
     We're there secure from Princes' frowns,  
     The insolences of the Great,  
     From the rude hands of barb'rous clowns,  
     And policies of those that sweat  
     The simple to betray, and cheat ;  
 Or, if some one with sacrilegious hand,  
     Would persecute us after Death,  
     His want of power shall his will withstand,

<sup>70</sup> tintamarre = clamour.



And he shall only lose his breath ;  
For all that he by that shall gain,  
Will be dishonour for his pain,  
And all the clutter he can keep  
Will only serve to rock us whilst we soundly sleep.

v

The Dead no more converse with tears,  
With idle jealousies and fears,  
No danger makes the dead man start,  
No idle love torments his heart,  
No loss of substance, parents, children, friends,  
Either his peace, or sleep offends ;  
Nought can provoke his anger, or despite,  
He out of combat is, and injury,  
'Tis he of whom Philosophers so write,  
And who would be a Stoic let him die,  
For whilst we living are, what man is he,  
Who the World's wrongs does either feel, or see,  
That possibly from passion can be free ?  
But must put on  
A noble indignation  
Warranted both by virtue, and religion.

vi

Then let me die and no more subject be,  
Unto the tyrannizing pow'rs,  
To which this short Mortality of ours,  
Is either preordain'd by Destiny,  
Or bound by natural infirmity,  
We nothing, whilst we here remain,  
But sorrow and repentance gain,  
Nay, ev'n our very joys, are pain :  
Or being past,  
To woe, and torment turn at last :



Nor is there yet any so sacred place,  
 Where we can sanctuary find,  
 No man's a friend to sorrow, and disgrace ;  
 But flying one, we other mischiefs meet ;  
 Or if we kinder entertainment find,  
 We bear the seeds of sorrow in the mind,  
 And keep our frailty, when we shift our feet.  
 Whilst we are men we still our passions have,  
 And he that is most free, is his own slave,  
 There is no refuge, but the friendly Grave.

## *Contentment*

### *Pindaric Ode*

#### I

THOU precious Treasure of the peaceful mind,  
 Thou jewel of inestimable price,  
 Thou bravest soul's terrestrial Paradise,  
 Dearest Contentment, thou best happiness  
     That man on earth can know,  
 Thou greatest gift Heav'n can on man bestow,  
 And greater than man's language can express ;  
 (Where highest epithets would fall so low,  
 As only in our dearth of words to show,  
     A part of thy perfection : a poor part  
     Of what to us, what in thy self thou art)  
     What sin has banish'd thee the World,  
     And in thy stead despairing sorrow hurl'd  
         Into the breasts of human kind ?  
 Ah, whither <sup>71</sup> art thou fled ? who can this treasure find ?

<sup>71</sup> Whether (1689 ed.).

II

No more on earth now to be found,  
 Thou art become a hollow sound,  
 The empty name of something that of old  
 Mankind was happy in, but now,  
 Like a vain dream, or tale that's told,  
 Art vanish'd hence we know not how.  
 Oh, fatal loss, for which we are  
 In our own thoughts at endless war,  
 And each one by himself is made a sufferer!

III

Yet 'twere worth seeking, if a man knew where,  
 Or could but guess of whom t' enquire:  
 But 'tis not to be found on earth, I fear,  
 And who can best direct will prove a liar,  
 Or be himself the first deceiv'd,  
 By none, but who'd be cheated too, to be believ'd.

IV

Show me that man on earth, that does profess  
 To have the greatest share of happiness,  
 And let him, if he can,  
 Forbear to show the discontented man:  
 A few hours' observation will declare,  
 He is the same that others are.  
 Riches will cure a man of being poor,  
 But oft creates a thirst of having more,  
 And makes the miser starve, and pine amidst his store.

V

Or if a plentiful estate,  
 In a good mind, good thoughts create,  
 A generous soul, and free,

Will mourn at least, though not repine,  
To want an overflowing mine  
Still to supply a constant charity :  
Which still is discontent, what e'er the motive be.

VI

Th' ambitious, who to place aspire,  
When rais'd to that they did pretend,  
Are restless still, would still be higher ;  
For that's a passion has no end.  
'Tis the mind's wolf, a strange disease,  
That ev'n satiety can't appease,  
An appetite of such a kind,  
As does by feeding still increase,  
And is to eat, the more it eats, inclin'd.  
As the ambitious mount the sky,  
New prospects still allure the eye,  
Which makes them upwards still to fly ;  
Till from the utmost height of all,  
Fainting in their endeavour, down they fall,  
And lower, than at first they were, at last do lie.

VII

I then would know where lies the happiness  
Of being great,  
For which we blindly so much strive, and press,  
Fawn, bribe, dissemble, toil and sweat ;  
Whilst the mind tortur'd in the doubtful quest,  
Is so solicitous to be at rest ;  
Nay, when that greatness is obtain'd, is yet  
More anxious how to keep than 'twas to get  
Unto that glorious height of tickle <sup>72</sup> place,  
And most, when unto honour rais'd, suspects disgrace.

<sup>72</sup> Tickle = slippery, insecure.

## VIII

Were men contented, they'd sit still,  
 Embrace, and hug their present state,  
 Without contriving good or ill,  
 And have no conflicts with the will,  
 That still is prompting them, to love, to hate,  
 Fear, envy, anger, and I can't tell what,  
 All which, and more, do in the mind make war,  
 And all with Contentation inconsistent are.

## IX

And he who says he is content,  
 But hides ill nature from men's sight;  
 Nor can he long conceal it there,  
 Something will vent,  
 For all his cunning, and his care,  
 That will disclose the hypocrite.  
 A man may be contented for an hour  
 Or two, or three; perhaps a night;  
 But then his pleasure wanting power,  
 His taste goes with his appetite.  
 Frailty the peace of human life confounds;  
 Flesh does not know, reason obeys no bounds.

## X

But 'tis our selves that give this frailty sway,  
 By our own promptness to obey  
 Our lust, pride, envy, avarice;  
 By being so confederate with vice,  
 As to permit it to control  
 The rational immortal soul,  
 Which, whilst by these subjected, and opprest,  
 Cannot enjoy itself, nor be at rest;  
 But or transported is with ire,  
 Puff'd up with vain, and empty pride;

Or languishes with base desire,  
Or pines with th' envy it would hide.  
And (the grave Stoic let me not displease)  
All men that we converse with here,  
Have some, or all of their disturbances,  
And rarely settled are, and clear.  
If ever any mortal then could boast  
So great a treasure, with that man 'tis lost ;  
And no one should, because none truly can,  
Though sometimes pleas'd, say, he's a contented man.

## *The World*

### *Ode*

#### I

FIE ! What a wretched World is this !  
Nothing but anguish, griefs, and fears,  
Where, who does best, must do amiss,  
Frailty the ruling power bears  
In this our dismal vale of tears.

#### II

Oh ! who would live, that could but die,  
Die honestly, and as he should,  
Since to contend with misery  
Will do the wisest man no good,  
Misfortune will not be withstood.

#### III

The most that helpless man can do  
Towards the bett'ring his estate  
Is but to barter woe for woe,  
And he ev'n there attempts too late,  
So absolute a Prince is Fate.

IV

But why do I of Fate complain ?  
 Man might live happy, if not free,  
 And Fortune's shocks with ease sustain,  
 If Man would let him happy be :  
 Man is Man's foe, and Destiny.

V

And that rib Woman, though she be  
 But such a little little part ;  
 Is yet a greater Fate than he,  
 And has the power, or the art  
 To break his peace ; nay break his heart.

VI

Ah, glorious Flower, lovely piece  
 Of superfine refined clay,  
 Thou poison'st only with a kiss,  
 And dartest an auspicious ray  
 On him thou meanest to betray.

VII

These are the World, and these are they  
 That life does so unpleasant make,  
 Whom to avoid there is no way  
 But the wild desert straight to take,  
 And there to husband the last stake.

VIII

Fly to the empty deserts then,  
 For so you leave the World behind,  
 There's no World where there are no men,  
 And brutes more civil are, and kind,  
 Than Man whose reason passions blind.

## IX

For should you take an hermitage,  
 Tho' you might 'scape from other wrongs,  
 Yet even there you bear the rage  
 Of venomous, and slanderous tongues,  
 Which to the innocent belongs.

## X

Grant me then, Heav'n, a wilderness,  
 And there an endless Solitude,  
 Where though wolves howl, and serpents hiss,  
 Though dangerous, 'tis not half so rude  
 As the ungovern'd Multitude.

## XI

And Solitude in a dark cave,<sup>73</sup>  
 Where all things hushed, and silent be,  
 Resembleth so the quiet grave,  
 That there I would prepare to flee,  
 With Death, that hourly waits for me.

Ὁ Πλοκαμὸς ὑπερβρενίκειος<sup>74</sup>

*Her Hair*

*Ode*

## I

WELCOME, blest symptom of consent,  
 More welcome far,  
 Than if a star,

<sup>73</sup> See Note 22.

<sup>74</sup> “*υπερβρενίκειος*” (1689 ed.). See Note 23.

Instead of this bright hair,  
Should beautify mine ear,  
And light me to my banishment.

II

Methinks I'm now all sacred fire,  
And wholly grown  
Devotion :  
Sensual love 's in chains,  
And all my boiling veins  
Are blown with sanctifi'd desire.

III

Sure she is Heaven itself, and I  
In fervent zeal,  
This lock did steal,  
And each life-giving thread,  
Snatch'd from her beamy head,  
As once Prometheus from the sky.

IV

No : 'tis a nobler treasure : she  
(Won to believe)  
Was pleas'd to give  
These rays unto my care :  
The Spheres have none so fair,  
Nor yet so blest a Deity.

V

Yet knows she not what she has done,  
She'll hear my prayers,  
And see my tears ;  
She's now a Nazarite  
Robb'd of her vigorous light,  
For her resisting strength is gone.



## VI

I now could glory in my power  
 And in pretence  
 Of my suspense,  
 Revenge, by kissing those  
 Twins, that Nature's pride disclose,  
 My languishing and tedious hours.

## VII

Yet I'll not triumph: but, since she  
 Will that I go  
 Thus wrapt in woe,  
 I'll tempt my prouder fate  
 T' improve my estimate,  
 And juggle with my Destiny.

## VIII

As well I may, thus being sure,  
 Whether on land  
 I firmly stand;  
 Or Fortune's footsteps trace,  
 Or Neptune's foamy face,  
 Mischance to conquer; or endure.

## IX

If, on a swelling wave I ride,  
 When Eolus  
 His winds lets loose,  
 Those winds shall silent lie,  
 And moist Orion dry,  
 By virtue of this charming guide.

## X

Or, if I hazard in a Field,  
 Where danger is,  
 The sole mistress,

Where Death, in all his shapes,  
Commits his horrid rapes,  
And he, that but now slew, is kill'd ;

XI

Then in my daring crest I'll place  
This plume of light  
T' amaze the sight  
O' th' fiercest sons of Mars,  
That rage in bloody wars ;  
And make them fly my conquering face.

XII

Thus in her favour I am blest ;  
And, if by these  
Few of her rays  
I am exalted so,  
What will my passions do  
When I have purchas'd all the rest ?

XIII

They must continue in the same  
Vigour and force  
Better, nor worse :  
I lov'd so well before,  
I cannot love her more,  
Nor can I mitigate my flame.

XIV

In Love then persevere I will  
Till my hairs grow  
As white as snow :  
And, when in my warm veins  
Nought but trembling cold remains,  
My youthful Love shall flourish still.

## *Elegy*

GODS ! are you just and can it be  
You should deal man his misery  
With such a liberal hand, yet spare  
So meanly when his joys you share ?  
Durst timorous Mortality  
Demand of this the reason why ?  
The argument of all our ills  
Would end in this, that 'tis your wills.  
Be it so then, and since 'tis fit  
We to your harsh decrees submit,  
Farewell all durable content,  
Nothing but woe is permanent.

How strangely, in a little space,  
Is my state chang'd from what it was,  
When my Clorinda with her rays,  
Illustrated this happy place ?  
When she was here, was here, alas !  
How sadly sounds that, *when she was !*  
That Monarch rul'd not under sky,  
Who was so great a Prince as I :  
And if who boasts most treasure be  
The greatest Monarch, I was he ;  
As seiz'd of her, who from her birth  
Has been the treasure of the earth :  
But she is gone and I no more  
That mighty Sovereign, but as poor,  
Since stripped of that my glorious trust,  
As he who grovels in the dust.

Now I could quarrel Heav'n, and be  
Ringleader to a mutiny,

Like that of the Gigantic Wars,  
And hector my malignant stars ;  
Or, in a tamer method, sit  
Sighing, as though my heart would split ;  
With looks dejected, arms across,  
Mourning and weeping for a loss  
My Sweet (if kind as heretofore)  
Can in two short-liv'd hours restore.

Some God then, (sure you are not all  
Deaf to poor Lovers when they call)  
Commiserating my sad smart,  
Touch fair Clorinda's noble heart  
To pity a poor sufferer,  
Disdains to sigh, unless for her !  
Some friendly Deity possess  
Her generous breast with my distress !  
Oh ! tell her how I sigh away  
The tedious hours of the day ;  
Hating all light that does not rise  
From the gay morning of her eyes :  
Tell her that friends, which were to be  
Welcome to men in misery,  
To me, I know not how, of late  
Are grown to be importunate :  
My books which once were wont to be  
My best beloved company,  
Are (save a Prayer-Book for form)  
Left to the canker or the worm :  
My study's grief, my pleasure care,  
My joys are woe, my hope despair,  
Fears are my drink, deep sighs my food,  
And my companion's solitude.

Night too, which Heav'n ordained to be  
Man's chiefest friend 's my enemy,  
When she her sable curtain spreads,  
The whole creation make their beds,  
And everything on earth is bless'd  
With gentle and refreshing rest :  
But wretched I, more pensive made  
By the addition of that shade,  
Am left alone, with sorrow roar  
The grief I did but sigh before ;  
And tears which, check'd by shame and light,  
Do only drop by day, by night  
(No longer aw'd by nice respects.)  
Gush out in floods and cataracts.  
Ill life, ah Love, why is it so !  
To me is measur'd out by woe,  
Whilst she, who is that life's great light,  
Conceals her glories from my sight.  
Say, fair Clorinda, why should he  
Who is thy virtue's creature be  
More wretched than the rest of men  
Who love and are belov'd agen ?  
I know my passion, not desert,  
Has giv'n me int'rest in a heart,  
Truer than ever man possess'd,  
And in that knowledge I am bless'd ;  
Yet even thence proceeds my care,  
That makes your absence hard to bear ;  
For were you cruel, I should be  
Glad to avoid your cruelty ;  
But happy in an equal flame,  
I, Sweetest, thus impatient am :  
Then since your presence can restore  
My heart the joy it had before,  
Since lib'ral Heaven never gave

To woman such a pow'r to save,  
Practise that sovereign pow'r on one  
Must live or die for you alone.

### *Elegy*

AWAY to th' other world, away,  
In this I can no longer stay ;  
I long enough in this have stayed  
To see myself poorly betrayed,  
Forsaken, robb'd and left alone,  
And to all purposes undone.  
What then can tempt me to live on,  
My peace and honour being gone !  
O yes ! I still am call'd upon  
To stay by my affliction.  
Oh Fair Affliction ! let me go,  
You best can part with me I know ;  
'Tis an ill natur'd pride you take  
To triumph o'er the fool you make,  
And you lose time in trampling o'er  
One, whilst you might make twenty more.  
Your eyes have still the conqu'ring pow'r  
They had in that same dang'rous hour  
They laid me at your beauties' feet,  
Your roses still as fair and sweet ;  
And there more hearts are to subdue,  
But, oh ! not one that's half so true.  
Dismiss me then t' eternal rest,  
I cannot live but in your breast ;  
Where, banished by inconstancy,  
The world has no more room for me.

## *Elegy*

How was I blest when I was free  
From mercy, and from cruelty ;  
When I could write of Love at ease,  
And guess at passions in my peace ;  
When I could sleep, and in my breast  
No lovesick thoughts disturb'd my rest :  
When in my brain of her sweet face  
No torturing idea was,  
Not planet-struck with her eyes' light,  
But blest with thoughts as calm as night !  
Now I could sit and gaze to Death ;  
And vanish with each sigh, I breath :  
Or else in her victorious eye  
Dissolve to tears, dissolving die.  
Nor is my life more pleasant than  
The minutes of condemned men,  
Toss'd by strange fancies, wracked by fears,  
Sunk by despair, and drown'd in tears,  
And dead to Hope ; for, what bold He  
Dares hope for such a bliss as she ?

And yet I am in love ; ah ! who  
That ever saw her, was not so ?  
What tiger's unrelenting seed,  
Can see such beauties, and not bleed ?

Her eyes two sparks of heavenly fire,  
To kindle, and to charm desire,  
Her cheeks Aurora's blush, her skin  
So delicately smooth, and thin,  
That you may see each azure vein,  
Her bosom's snowy whiteness stain :  
But with so rich a tincture, as  
China 'bove baser metals has ;  
She's crowned with unresisted light

Of blooming youth, and vigorous sprite,  
Careless charms, unstudied sweetness,  
Innate virtue, humble greatness,  
And modest freedom, with each grace  
Of body, and of mind, and face,  
So pure, that men, nor Gods can find  
Throughout that body, or that mind  
A fault, but this, to disapprove,  
She cannot, or she will not love.

Ah! then some God possess her heart  
With mine incessant vows, and smart,  
Grant but one hour that she may be  
In love, and then she'll pity me.  
Is it not pity such a guest  
As Cruelty, should arm that breast  
Against a love assaults it so?  
Can heavenly minds such rigour know?  
Then make her know, her beauties must  
Decay, and moulder into dust:  
That each swift atom of her glass,<sup>75</sup>  
Runs to the ruin of her face;  
That those fair blossoms of her youth,  
Are not so lasting as my truth,  
My lasting firm integrity:  
Tell her all this, and, if there be  
A lesson to present her sense  
Of more persuading eloquence,  
Teach her that too, for all will prove  
Too little to provoke her love.  
Thus dying people use to rave,  
And I am grown my passion's slave;  
For fall I must, my lot's despair,  
Since I'm so worthless, she so fair.

<sup>75</sup> atom of her glass = atom of sand in her hour-glass. An atom was the smallest medieval measure of time: an hour was equal to 480 ounces or 22,560 atoms.



*To the Memory of my worthy Friend, Colonel  
Richard Lovelace*

To pay my Love to thee, and pay it so,  
As honest men should what they justly owe,  
Were to write better of thy life than can  
Th' assured'st pen of the most worthy man :  
Such was thy composition, such thy mind  
Improv'd to Virtue, and from Vice refin'd.  
Thy Youth, an abstract of the World's best parts,  
Enur'd to Arms, and exercis'd in Arts ;  
Which with the vigour of a man became  
Thine, and thy Country's pyramids of flame ;  
Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful Youth  
Into the paths of Honour, and of Truth.

These parts (so rarely met) made up in thee,  
What Man should in his full perfection be ;  
So sweet a temper into every sense,  
And each affection breath'd an influence,  
As smooth'd them to a calm, which still withstood  
The ruffling passions of untamed blood,  
Without a wrinkle in thy face to show  
Thy stable breast could a disturbance know.  
In fortune humble, constant in' mischance,  
Expert of both, and both serv'd to advance  
Thy name, by various trials of thy spirit,  
And give the testimony of thy merit ;  
Valiant to envy of the bravest men,  
And learned to an undisputed pen,  
Good as the best in both, and great ; but yet  
No dangerous courage ; nor offensive wit :  
These ever serv'd, the one for to defend,  
The other nobly to advance thy Friend :

Under which title I have found my name  
Fixed in the living Chronicle of Fame,  
To times succeeding ; yet I hence must go  
Displeas'd I cannot celebrate thee so.  
But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,  
What these together, when improv'd, improve ;  
Call it by any name (so it express  
Ought like a tribute to thy worthiness,  
And may my bounden gratitude become,)  
Lovelace I offer at thy honour'd tomb.

And though thy Virtues many Friends have bred  
To love thee living, and lament thee dead,  
In characters far better couched than these,  
Mine will not blot thy Fame nor theirs increase ;  
'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,  
That, maugre Time and Fate, it shall not die.

*On the Lord Derby*<sup>76</sup>

To what a formidable greatness grown  
Is this prodigious beast Rebellion,  
When Sovereignty, and its so sacred law,  
Thus lies subjected to his Tyrant awe !  
And to what daring impudence he grows,  
When, not content to trample upon those,  
He still destroys all that with honest flames  
Of loyal love would propagate their names !

In this great ruin, Derby, lay thy Fate,  
(Derby, unfortunately fortunate)  
Unhappy thus to fall a sacrifice  
To such an irreligious power as this ;  
And blest, as 'twas thy nobler sense to die  
A constant lover of thy loyalty.

<sup>76</sup> See Note 24.

Nor is it thy calamity alone,  
Since more lie whelm'd in this subversion :  
And first, the justest, and the best of Kings,  
Rob'd in the glory of his sufferings,  
By his too violent Fate inform'd us all,  
What tragic ends attended his great fall,  
Since when his subjects, some by chance of War,  
Some by perverted justice at the Bar  
Have perish't : thus, what th' other leaves, this takes,  
And whoso scapes the sword, falls by the axe :  
Amongst which throng of Martyrs none could boast  
Of more fidelity, than the world has lost  
In losing thee, when (in contempt of spite)  
Thy steady faith at th' exit crown'd with light,  
His head above their malice did advance,  
They could not murder thy Allegiance,  
Not when before those Judges brought to th' test,  
Who, in the symptoms of thy ruin drest,  
Pronounc't thy sentence. Basilisks ! whose breath  
Is killing poison, and whose looks are Death.

Then how unsafe a guard Man's virtue is,  
In this false Age (when such as do amiss  
Control the honest sort, and make a prey  
Of all that are not villainous as they)  
Does to our reason's eyes too plain appear  
In the mischance of this illustrious Peer.  
Bloodthirsty Tyrants of usurped State !  
In facts of Death prompt, and insatiate !  
That in your flinty bosoms have no sense  
Of manly Honour, or of Conscience,  
But do, since Monarchy lay drown'd in blood,  
Proclaim 't by Act, high treason to be good ;  
Cease yet at last for shame : let Derby's fall,  
Great, and good Derby's, expiate for all,  
But if you will place your eternity

In mischief, and that all good men must die,  
When you have finish't there, fall on the rest,  
Mix your sham'd slaughters with the worst, and best ;  
And, to perpetuate your murdering fame,  
Cut your own throats, despair, and die, and damn.

*Ainsi soit il.*

*On the Death of the Most Noble Thomas Earl of  
Ossory*<sup>77</sup>

CARMEN IRREGULARE

I

ENOUGH ! Enough ! I'll hear no more,  
And would to Heav'n I had been deaf before  
That fatal sound had struck my ear :  
Harsh rumour has not left so sad a note  
In her hoarse trumpet's brazen throat  
To move compassion, and enforce a tear.  
Methinks all Nature should relent, and droop,  
The centre shrink, and Heaven stoop,  
The day be turn'd to mourning night,  
The twinkling stars weep out their light,  
And all things out of their distinction run  
Into their primitive confusion.  
A Chaos, with cold darkness overspread,  
Since the illustrious Ossory is dead.

II

When Death that fatal arrow drew,  
Ten thousand hearts he pierced through,  
Though one alone he out-right slew ;  
Never since sin gave him his killing trade,  
He, at one shot, so great a slaughter made ;

<sup>77</sup> See Note 25.

He needs no more at those let fly,  
They of that wound alone will die,  
And who can now expect to live, when he,  
Thus fell unprivileg'd we see !  
He met Death in his greatest triumph, war,  
And always thence came off a conqueror,  
Through rattling shot, and pikes the Slave he sought,  
Knock'd at each cuirass for him as he fought,  
Beat him at sea, and baffled him on shore,  
War's utmost fury he out-brav'd before,  
But yet, it seems, a fever could do more.

### III

The English Infantry are orphans now,  
Pale sorrow hangs on every soldier's brow ;  
Who now in honour's oath shall lead you on,  
Since your beloved General is gone ?  
Furl up your ensigns, case the warlike drum,  
Pay your last honours to his tomb ;  
Hang down your manly heads in sign of woe ;  
That now is all that your poor loves can do ;  
Unless by Winter's fire, or Summer's shade  
To tell what a brave leader once you had ;  
Hang your now useless arms up in the hall,  
There let them rust upon the sweating wall ;  
Go, till the fields, and with inglorious sweat,  
An honest, but a painful living get ;  
Your old neglected callings now renew,  
And bid to glorious war a long adieu.

### IV

The Dutch may now have fishing free,  
And, whilst the consternation lasts,  
Like the proud rulers of the sea,  
Show the full stature of their masts ;

Our English Neptune, deaf to all alarms,  
Now soundly sleeps in Death's cold arms,  
And on his ebon altar has laid down  
His awful trident, and his naval crown.

No more shall the tall frigate dance  
For joy she carries this victorious Lord,  
Who to the capstan chain'd mischance,  
Commanding on her lofty board.  
The sea itself, that is all tears,  
Would weep her soundless channel dry,  
Had she unhappily but ears,  
To hear that Ossory could die.  
Ah, cruel Fate, thou never struck'st a blow,  
By all mankind regretted so ;  
Nor can 't be said who should lament him most,  
No country such a patriot e'er could boast,  
And never Monarch such a subject lost.

v

And yet we knew that he must one day die,  
That should our grief assuage ;  
By sword, or shot, or by infirmity ;  
Or, if these fail'd, by age.  
But he, alas ! too soon gave place  
To the successors of his noble race :  
We wished, and coveted to have him long,  
He was not old enough to die so soon,  
And they to finish what he had begun,  
As much too young :  
But time, that had no hand in his mischance,  
Is fitter to mature, and to advance  
Their early hopes to the inheritance  
Of titles, honours, riches and command,  
Their glorious grandsire's merits have obtain'd,

And which shines brighter than a ducal crown,  
 Of their illustrious family's renown ;  
 Oh, may there never fail of that brave race,  
 A man as great, as the great Ossory was,  
 To serve his Prince, and as successful prove  
 In the same valour, loyalty and love ;  
 Whilst his own virtues swell the cheeks of fame,  
 And from his consecrated urn doth flame  
 A glorious pyramid to Boteler's name.

*An Elegy upon the Lord Hastings*<sup>78</sup>

AMONGST the Mourners that attend his hearse  
 With flowing eyes, and with each tear a verse,  
 T' embalm his fame, and his dear merit save  
 Uninjur'd from th' oblivion of the Grave ;  
 A Sacrificer I am come to be,  
 Of this poor off'ring to his Memory.  
 O could our pious meditations thrive  
 So well, to keep his better part alive !  
 So that, instead of him, we could but find  
 Those fair examples of his letter'd mind :  
 Virtuous emulation then might be  
 Our hopes of good men, though not such as he.  
 But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,  
 Pale Virtue droops, now her best pattern's lost.  
 'Twas hard, neither divine, nor human parts,  
 The strength of Goodness, Learning, and of Arts,  
 Full crowds of Friends, nor all the pray'rs of them,  
 Nor that he was the pillar of his stem,  
 Affection's mark, secure of all men's hate,  
 Could rescue him from the sad stroke of Fate.

<sup>78</sup> See Note 26.



Why was not th' air drest in prodigious forms,  
To groan in thunder, and to weep in storms ?  
And, as at some men's fall, why did not his  
In Nature work a metamorphosis ?  
No : he was gentle, and his soul was sent  
A silent victim to the Firmament.  
Weep, Ladies, weep, lament great Hastings' fall ;  
His house is buried in his funeral :  
Bathe him in tears, till there appear no trace  
Of those sad blushes in his lovely face :  
Let there be in 't of guilt no seeming sense,  
Nor other colour than of Innocence.  
For he was wise and good, though he was young ;  
Well suited to the stock from whence he sprung :  
And what in Youth is ignorance and vice,  
In him prov'd piety of an excellent price.  
Farewell, dear Lord, and since thy body must  
In time return to its first matter, dust ;  
Rest in thy melancholy tomb in peace : for who  
Would longer live, that could but now die so ?





IV

EPISTLES, EPITAPHS AND EPIGRAMS



## *Epistle*

*To the Earl of . . .*<sup>79</sup>

To write in verse, O Count of mine,  
To you, who have the Ladies nine,  
With a wet finger, at your call,  
And I believe have kissed 'em all,  
Is such an undertaking, none  
But Peakrill bold would venture on :  
Yet having found, that, to my woes  
No help will be procur'd by prose,  
And to write that way is no boot,  
I'll try if rhyming will not do 't.

Know then, my Lord, that on my word,  
Since my first, second, and my third,  
Which I have pester'd you withall,  
I've heard no syllable at all,  
Or where you are, or what you do ;  
Or, if I have a Lord, or no.  
A pretty comfort to a man  
That studies all the ways he can  
To keep an interest he does prize  
Above all other treasures.

But let that pass, you now must know  
We do on our last quarter go ;  
And that I may go bravely out,  
Am trowling merry bowl about,  
To Lord, and Lady, that and this,  
As nothing were at all amiss,  
When after twenty days are past,  
Poor Charles has eat and drunk his last.

<sup>79</sup> Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, Cotton's cousin.

No more plum-porridge then, or pie,  
No brawn with branch of rosemary,  
No chine of beef, enough to make  
The tallest yeoman's chine to crack ;  
No bagpipe <sup>80</sup> humming in the hall,  
Nor noise of house-keeping at all,  
Nor sign, by which it may be said,  
This house was once inhabited.  
I may perhaps, with much ado,  
Rub out a Christmas more, or two ;  
Or, if the Fates be pleas'd, a score,  
But never look to keep one more.

Some three months hence, I make account  
My spur-gall'd Pegasus to mount,  
When, whither I intend to go,  
My horse, as well as I, will know :  
But being got, with much ado,  
Out of the reach a stage or two,  
Though not the conscience of my shame,  
And Pegasus fall'n desp'rate lame,  
I shake my stirrups, and forsake him,  
Leaving him to the next will take him ;  
Not that I set so lightly by him,  
Would any be so kind to buy him ;  
But that I think those who have seen  
How ill my Muse has mounted been,  
Would certainly take better heed  
Than to bid money for her steed.

Being then on foot, away I go,  
And bang the hoof, incognito,  
Though in condition so forlorn,

<sup>80</sup> See Note 27.

Little disguise will serve the turn,  
Since best of Friends, the world's so base,  
Scarce know a man when in disgrace.

But that's too serious. Then suppose,  
Like trav'ling *Tom*,<sup>81</sup> with dint of toes,  
I'm got unto extremest shore,  
Sick and impatient to be o'er  
That Channel which secur'd my state  
Of peace, whilst I was fortunate,  
But in this moment of distress,  
Confines me to unhappiness :  
But where's the money to be had  
This surly Neptune to persuade ?  
It is no less than shillings ten,  
Gods will be brib'd as well as men.  
Imagine then your Highlander  
Over a can of muddy beer,  
Playing at passage with a pair  
Of drunken fumblers for his fare ;  
And see I've won, oh, lucky chance,  
Hoist sail amain, my mates, for France ;  
Fortune was civil in this throw,  
And having robb'd me, lets me go.  
I've won, and yet how could I choose,  
He needs must win, that cannot lose ;  
Fate send me then a happy wind,  
And better luck to those behind.

But what advantage will it be  
That winds and tides are kind to me,  
When still the wretched have their woes,  
Wherever they their feet dispose ?

<sup>81</sup> See Note 31.

*Coriat.*

What satisfaction, or delight  
 Are ragouts <sup>82</sup> to an appetite ?  
 What ease can France or Flanders give  
 To him that is a fugitive ?  
 Some two years hence, when you come o'er,  
 In all your state, Ambassador,  
 If my ill nature be so strong  
 T' outlive my infamy so long,  
 You'll find your little Officer  
 Ragged as his old colours are ;  
 And naked, as he's discontent,  
 Standing at some poor sutler's tent,  
 With his pike cheek't, <sup>83</sup> to guard the Tun  
 He must not taste when he has done.  
 "Hump," says my Lord, "I'm half afraid  
 My Captain's turn'd a Reformade,  
 That scurvy face I sure should know,"  
 "Yes faith, my Lord, 'tis even so,  
 I am that individual he :  
 I told your Lordship how 'twould be."  
 "Thou did'st so, Charles, it is confest,  
 Yet still I thought thou wer't in jest ;  
 But comfort ! Poverty's no crime,  
 I'll take thy word another time."

This matters now are coming to,  
 And I'm resolv'd upon 't ; whilst you,  
 Sleeping in Fortune's arms, ne'er dream  
 Who feels the contrary extreme ;  
 Faith write to me, that I may know  
 Whether you love me still, or no ;  
 Or if you do not, by what ways  
 I've pull'd upon me my disgrace ;

<sup>82</sup> Ragouts = *hors d'œuvres*, from French *ragouter*, to revive the taste of.

<sup>83</sup> See Note 28.

For whilst I still stand fair with you,  
I dare the worst my Fate can do ;  
But your opinion gone <sup>84</sup> I find,  
I'm sunk for ever to mankind.

*To the Countess of Chesterfield, on the Birth of her  
First Son*

MADAM, let an humble stranger  
Give you joy without the danger  
Of correction from your brow ;  
And I fancy 'tis not easy  
For the rudest to displease ye,  
Y' are in so good an humour now.

Such a treasure you have brought us,  
As in gratitude has taught us  
To praise and bless your happy womb ;  
And since you have oblig'd so many,  
You cannot but expect sure (can ye ?)  
To be thank'd at least by some.

A more wish'd-for heir by Heaven  
Ne'er to family was given,  
Nor a braver boy to boot ;  
Finer ne'er was born before him,  
One may know who got and bore him,  
And nowadays 'tis hard to do 't.

You copy well, for which the rather,  
Since you so well have hit the Father,  
Madam, once more try your skill  
To bring of th' other sex another  
As fair, and good, and like the Mother,  
And double 'em after when you will.

<sup>84</sup> long (1689 ed.).



*To John Bradshaw, Esq.*<sup>85</sup>

I

COULD you and I our lives renew,  
And be both young agen,  
Retaining what we ever knew  
Of manners, times and men,

II

We could not frame so loose to live,  
But must be useful then,  
E'er we could possibly arrive  
To the same age agen.

III

But Youth's devour'd in vanities  
Before we are aware,  
And so grown old before grown wise,  
We good for nothing are :

IV

Or, if by that time knowing grown,  
By reading books and men,  
For others' service, or our own,  
'Tis with the latest then.

V

Happy's that man, in this estate,  
Whose conscience tells him still,  
That though for good he comes too late,  
He ne'er did any ill.

VI

The satisfaction flowing thence,  
All dolours would assuage,  
And be sufficient recompense  
For all the ills of Age :

<sup>85</sup> See Note 29.

## VII

But very few (my Friend) I fear,  
 Whom this ill age has bred,  
 At need have such a comforter  
 To make their dying bed.

## VIII

'Tis then high time we should prepare  
 In a new world to live,  
 Since here we breathe but panting air,  
 Alas ! by short reprieve.

## IX

Life then begins to be a pain,  
 Infirmary prevails,  
 Which, when it but begins to reign,  
 The bravest courage quails ;

## X

But could we, as I said, procure  
 To live our lives agen,  
 We should be of the better sure  
 Or the worst sort of men.

*Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq.*<sup>86</sup>

## I

FROM Porta Nova as pale wretches go  
 To swing on fatal Tripus,<sup>87</sup> even so,  
 My dearest Friend, I went last day from thee,  
 Whilst for five miles, the figure of that tree  
 Was ever in my guilty fancy's eye,  
 As if in earnest I'd been doom'd to die  
 For, what deserv'd it, so unworthily  
 Stealing so early, Jack, away from thee.

<sup>86</sup> See Note 29.

<sup>87</sup> Fatal Tripus = the gallows, while "Porta Nova" = Newgate Prison.

And that which (as 't well might) increas'd my fear,  
Was the ill luck of my vile Charioteer,  
Who drove so nicely too, t' increase my dread,  
As if his horses with my vital thread  
Had harness'd been, which being, alas ! so weak  
He fear'd might snap, and would not it should break,  
Till he himself the honour had to do 't  
With one thrice stronger, and my neck to boot.  
Thus far in hanging posture then I went,  
(And sting of conscience is a punishment  
On earth they say the greatest, and some tell  
It is moreo'er the only one in Hell,  
The worm that never dies being alone  
The thing they call endless damnation :)  
But leaving that unto the wise that made it,  
And knowing best the gulf, can best evade it,  
I'll tell you, that being pass'd through Highgate, there  
I was saluted by the country air,  
With such a pleasing gale, as made me smell  
The Peak itself : nor is 't a miracle,  
For all that pass that Portico this way  
Are Transmontani,<sup>88</sup> as the courtiers say ;  
Which suppos'd true, one then may boldly speak,  
That all of th' Northside Highgate are i' th' Peak ;  
And so to hanging when I thought to come,  
Wak'd from the dream, I found myself at home.

Wonder not then if I, in such a case  
So over-joy'd, forgot thee for a space ;  
And but a little space, for, by this light,  
I thought on thee again ten times e'er night ;  
Though when the night was come, I then indeed  
Thought all on one of whom I'd greater need :

<sup>88</sup> "Transontani" (1689 ed.).

But being now cur'd of that malady,  
I'm at full leisure to remember thee,  
And (which I'm sure you long to know) set forth  
In Northern song my journey to the North.

Know then with horses twain, one sound, one lame,  
On Sunday's eve I to St. Albans came,  
Where, finding by my body's lusty state,  
I could not hold out home at that slow rate,  
I found a coachman, who, my case bemoaning,  
With three stout geldings, and one able stoning,  
For eight good pounds did bravely undertake,  
Or for my own, or for my money's sake,  
Through thick and thin, fall out what could befall,  
To bring me safe and sound to Basford Hall.<sup>89</sup>  
Which having drunk upon, he bid good-night,  
And (Heaven forgive us) with the morning's light,  
Not fearing God, nor his Vicegerent Constable,  
We roundly rowling were the road to Dunstable,  
Which, as they chim'd to Prayers, we trotted through,  
And 'fore elev'n ten minutes came unto  
The town that Brickhill height, where we did rest,  
And din'd indifferent well both man and beast.  
'Twixt two and four to Stratford, 'twas well driven,  
And came to Tocester to lodge at even.  
Next day we din'd at Dunchurch, and did lie  
That night four miles on our side Coventry.  
Tuesday at noon at Lichfield town we baited,  
But there some friends, who long that hour had waited,  
So long detain'd me, that my charioteer  
Could drive that night but to Uttoxeter.  
And where the Wedn'sday, being Market day,  
I was constrain'd with some kind lads to stay  
Tippling till afternoon, which made it night

<sup>89</sup> See Appendix I.

When from my Hero's Tower<sup>90</sup> I saw the light  
Of her flambeaux, and fanci'd as we drave  
Each rising hillock was a swelling wave,  
And that I swimming was in Neptune's spight,<sup>91</sup>  
To my long long'd for harbour of delight.

And now I'm here set down again in peace,  
After my troubles, business, voyages,  
The same dull Northern clod I was before,  
Gravely enquiring how ewes are a score,  
How the hay harvest, and the corn was got,  
And if or no there's like to be a rot ;  
Just the same sot I was e'er I remov'd ;  
Nor by my travel, nor the Court improv'd ;  
The same old-fashion'd Squire, no whit refin'd,  
And shall be wiser when the Devil's blind ;  
But find all here too in the selfsame state,  
And now begin to live at the old rate,  
To bub old ale, which nonsense does create,  
Write lewd epistles, and sometimes translate  
Old Tales of Tubs, of Guyene, and Provence,<sup>92</sup>  
And keep a clutter with th' old Blades of France,  
As D'Avenant did with those of Lombardy,<sup>93</sup>  
Which any will receive, but none will buy  
And that has set H. B. and me awry.<sup>94</sup>  
My river still through the same channel glides,  
Clear from the tumult, salt and dirt of tides,  
And my poor Fishing-house, my seat's best grace,<sup>95</sup>

<sup>90</sup> Hero's Tower = the Beacon Tower on the top of the hill in the grounds of Beresford Hall. This Tower was rebuilt in 1905-1906 on the old site.

<sup>91</sup> Spight = spate or flood.

<sup>92</sup> The phrase "a tale of a tub" is a synonym for a fairy story or romance.

<sup>93</sup> For Davenant see Note 33. The scene of his epic poem *Gondibert* is laid in Lombardy.

<sup>94</sup> H. B. = Henry Brome, Cotton's Publisher.

<sup>95</sup> See Appendix I.



BERESFORD HALL

(DRAWING BY JOHN LINNELL, R.A.)

PISCATOR: . . . But look you, Sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your southern countries?

VIATOR: 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed, and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

*(The Compleat Angler, Part II, p. 352, Ed. 1836.)*





Stands firm and faithful in the selfsame place  
I left it four months since, and ten to one  
I go a-fishing e'er two days are gone :  
So that (my Friend) I nothing want but thee  
To make me happy as I'd wish to be ;  
And sure a day will come I shall be bless'd  
In his enjoyment whom my heart loves best ;  
Which when it comes will raise me above men  
Greater than crowned Monarchs are, and then  
I'll not exchange my Cottage for Whitehall,  
Windsor, the Louvre, or th' Escorial.

*Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq.*<sup>96</sup>

II

SIR, you may please to call to mind,  
That letters you did lately find  
From me, which I conceiv'd were very kind ;

So hearty kind, that by this hand, Sir,  
Briefly, I do not understand, Sir,  
Why you should not vouchsafe some kind of answer.

What though in Rhyme y' are no proficient ?  
Your love should not have been deficient,  
When downright Prose to me had been sufficient.

'Tis true, I know that you dare fight, Sir,  
But what of that ? that will not fright, Sir ;  
I know full well your Worship too can write, Sir.

Where the peace therefore broken once is,  
Unless you send some fair responses,  
I doubt there will ensue some broken sconces.

<sup>96</sup> See Note 29.



Then dream not valour can befriend you,  
For if I justly once suspend you,  
Your Sanct'ary, nor your Club, can yet defend you ;

But fairly, Sir, to work to go ;  
What the Fiend is the matter, trow,  
Should make you use an old companion so ?

I know the life you lead a-days,  
And, like poor Swan, your foot can trace  
From home to Pray'rs, thence to the forenam'd place.\*

And can you not from your Precation,  
And your as daily Club potation,  
To think of an old Friend find some vacation.

'Tis true you sent a little letter,  
With a great present, which was better,  
For which I must remain your humble debtor.

But for th' epistle, to be plain,  
That's paid with int'rest back again,  
For I sent one as long at least as twain.

Then mine was rhyme, and yours but reason,  
If therefore you intend t' appease one,  
Let me hear from you in some mod'rate season.

'Tis what y' are bound to by the tie  
Of Friendship first, then Equity,  
To which I'll add a third, call'd Charity.

For one that's banished the Grand Mond  
Would sometimes by his Friends be own'd,  
'Tis comfort after whipping to be moan'd.

\* Viz. The Sanctuary.

But though I'm damned t' a people here,  
Than whom my dog's much civiler,  
I hear from you some twice or thrice a year.

Saints that above are plac'd in glory,  
Unless the Papists tell a story,  
Commiserate poor souls in Purgatory.

Whilst you, Sir Captain, Heav'n remit ye,  
Who live in Heav'n on earth, the City,  
On me, who live in Hell, can have no pity.

In faith it looks unkind! pray mend it,  
Write the least script you will, and send it,  
And I will bless and kiss the hand that pen'd it.

*Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq.*<sup>97</sup>

III

WHAT though I writ a tedious letter;  
Whereas a shorter had been better,  
And that 'twas writ in Moor-lands metre,  
To make it run, I thought, the sweeter,  
Yet there was nought in that epistle  
At which your Worship ought to bristle;  
For though it was too long, 'twas civil,  
And though the Rhyme, 'tis true, was evil,  
I will maintain 'twas well meant yet,  
And full of heart, though void of wit:  
Why, with a horse-pox, then should you,  
I thought my Friend, keep such ado,  
And set Tom Weaver<sup>98</sup> on my back,  
Because I ha'n't forsooth the knack  
To please your over-dainty ear;  
(Impossible for me I fear)

<sup>97</sup> See Note 29.

<sup>98</sup> See Note 30.

Nor can my Poesy strew with posies  
 Of red, white, damask, Provence roses,  
 Bears-ears, anemonies and lillies,  
 As he did in *Diebus illis*?  
 What man! all amblers are not Courtyats,<sup>99</sup>  
 Neither can all who rhyme be Laureats:  
 Besides the Moor-lands not a clime is,  
 Nor of the year it now the time is  
 To gather flowers, I suppose,  
 Either for Poetry or Prose;  
 Therefore, kind Sir, in courteous fashion,  
 I wish you spare your expectation.  
 And since you may be thin of clothing,  
 (Something being better too than nothing)  
 Winter now growing something rough,  
 I send you here a piece of stuff,  
 Since your old Weaver's dead and gone,  
 To make a fustian waistcoat\* on.  
 Accept it, and I'll rest your debtor,  
 When more Wit sends it, I'll send better.

And here I cannot pretermit  
 To that Epitome of Wit,  
 Knowledge and Art, to him whom we  
 Saucily call, and I more saucily  
 Presume to write the little *d*.<sup>100</sup>  
 All that your language can improve,  
 Of service, honour and of love:  
 After whose Name the rest I know  
 Would sound so very flat and low,  
 They must excuse, if in this case  
 I wind them up *et caetera's*.

<sup>99</sup> See Note 31.

\* For rhymes take a new figure.

<sup>100</sup> "The little d," doubtless a nickname for the younger John Donne, 1604-1662. He edited his father's works.

Lastly, that in my tedious scribble  
 I may not seem incorrigible,  
 I will conclude by telling you  
 (And on my honest word 'tis true)  
 I long as much as new made bride  
 Does for the marriage eventide ;  
 Your plump corpusculum t' embrace,  
 In this abominable place :  
 And therefore when the Spring appears,  
 ('Till when short days will seem long years)  
 And that under this scurvy hand,  
 I give you, sir, to understand,  
 In April, May, or then abouts,  
 Dove's <sup>101</sup> people are your humble trouts,  
 Be sure you do not fail but come  
 To make the Peak Elysium ;  
 Where you shall find then, and for ever,  
 As true a friend \* as was Tom Weaver.

*Epistle to Sir Clifford Clifton, then sitting in  
 Parliament*<sup>102</sup>

WHEN from thy kind hand, my dearest, dear brother,  
 Whom I love as th'adst been the son of my Mother,  
 Nay, better, to tell you the truth of the story,  
 Had you into the world but two minutes before me ;  
 I receiv'd thy kind letter, good Lord, how it eas'd me  
 Of the villanous spleen that for six days had seiz'd me :  
 I start from my couch, where I lay dull and muddy,  
 Of my servants inquiring the way to my study,

<sup>101</sup> The Dove = Cotton's fishing river.

\* Though not half so good a poet.

<sup>102</sup> See Note 32.

For, of truth, of late days I so little do mind it,  
Should one turn me twice about I never should find it :  
But by help of direction, I soon did arrive at  
The place where I us'd to sit fooling in private.

So soon as got thither, I straight fell to calling,  
Some call it invoking, but mine was plain bawling ;  
I call'd for my Muse, but no answer she made me,  
Nor could I conceive why the slut should evade me.  
I knew I there left her, and lock't her so safe in,  
There could be no likelihood of her escaping :  
Besides, had she scap't, I was sure to retrieve her,  
She being so ugly that none would receive her :  
I then fell to searching, since I could not hear her,  
I sought all the shelves, but never the nearer :  
I tumbled my papers, and rifled each packet,  
Threw my books all on heaps, and kept such a racket,  
Disordering all things, which before had their places  
Distinct by themselves in several classes,  
That who'd seen the confusion, and look't on the ware,  
Would have thought he had been at Babylon Fair :  
At last, when for lost I had wholly resign'd her,  
Where canst thou imagine, dear Knight, I should find her ?  
Faith, in an old drawer, I late had not been in,  
'Twixt a coarse pair of sheets of the housewife's own spinning,  
A Sonnet instead of a coif her head wrapping,  
I happily took her small Ladyship napping.

Why, how now, Minx, quoth I, what's the matter, I pray,  
That you are so hard to be spoke with to-day ?  
Fie, fie, on this idleness, get up and rouse you,  
For I have a present occasion to use you :  
Our noble Mæcenæ, Sir Clifford of Cudcon,  
Has sent here a letter, a kind and a good one :  
Which must be suddenly answer'd, and finely,

Or the Knight will take it exceeding unkindly ;  
To which having some time sat musing and mute,  
She answer'd sh'ad broke all the strings of her lute ;  
And had got such a rheum with lying alone,  
That her voice was utterly broken and gone :  
Besides this, she had heard, that of late I had made  
A friendship with one that had since been her maid ;  
One Prose, a slatternly ill-favour'd toad,  
As common as Hackney,<sup>103</sup> and beaten as road,  
With whom I sat up sometimes whole nights together,  
Whilst she was exposed to the wind and the weather.  
Wherefore, since that I did so slight and abuse her,  
She likewise now hop'd I would please to excuse her.

At this sudden reply I was basely confounded,  
I star'd like a Quaker, and groan'd like a Roundhead,  
And in such a case, what the Fiend could one do ?  
My conscience convinc'd her reproaches were true ;  
To swagger, I durst not, I else could have beat her,  
But what if I had, I'd been never the better,  
To quarrel her then had been quite out of season,  
And ranting would ne'er have reduc'd her to reason ;  
I therefore was fain to dissemble repentance,  
I disclaim'd and forswore my late new acquaintance.  
I kissed her, and hugg'd her, I clapt her, and chuck't her,  
I push'd her down backward, and offer'd to have . . .  
But the Jade would not buckle, she pish't and she pouted,  
And wriggling away, fairly left me without it :  
I caught her, and offered her money, a little,  
At which she cried that were to plunder the Spittle :  
I then, to allure her, propos'd to her, Fame,  
Which she so much despised, she pish't at the name ;  
And told me in answer, that she could not glory at  
The sail-bearing title of Muse to a Laureat,

<sup>103</sup> Hackney, or Haquenée = an ambling horse, and so a carriage kept for hire.



Much less to a Rhymer did nought but disgust one,  
And pretended to nothing but pitiful fustian.  
But oh, at that word, how I rated and call'd her,  
And had my fist up, with intent to have maul'd her :  
At which, the poor slut, half afraid of the matter,  
Changing her note, 'gan to wheedle and flatter ;  
Protesting she honour'd me, Jove knew her heart,  
Above all the Peers o' th' Poetical Art :  
But that of late time, and without provocation,  
I had been extremely unjust to her passion.  
Methought this founded, I then laid before her,  
How long I had serv'd her, how much did adore her ;  
How much she herself stood oblig'd to the Knight,  
For his kindness and favour, to whom we should write ;  
And thereupon called, to make her amends,  
For a pipe and a bottle, and so we were Friends.

Being thus made Friends, we fell to debating  
What kind of verse we should congratulate in :  
I said 't must be dogg'rel, which when I had said,  
Maliciously smiling, she nodded her head,  
Saying dogg'rel might pass to a Friend would not show it,  
And do well enough for a Derbyshire Poet.  
Yet mere simple dogg'rel, she said, would not do 't,  
It needs must be galloping dogg'rel to boot,  
For amblers and trotters, though th' had thousands of feet,  
Could never however be made to be fleet ;  
But would make so damnable slow a progression,  
They'd not reach up to Westminster till the next Session.

Thus then unto thee, my dear Brother, and Sweeting,  
In Canterbury verse I send health and kind greeting,  
Wishing thee honour, but if thou bee'st cloyed we't,  
Above what thy ancestry ever enjoy'd yet ;  
May'st thou sit where now seated, without fear of blushing  
Till thy little fat buttock e'en grow to the cushion.

Give his Majesty money, no matter who pays it,  
For we never can want it so long as he has it ;  
But, wer't wisdom to trust saucy counsel in letters,  
I'd advise thee beware falling out with thy betters ;  
I have heard of two dogs once that fought for a bone,  
But the proverb's so greasy, I'll let it alone ;  
A word is enough to the wise ; then resent it,  
A rash act than mended is sooner repented :  
And, as for the thing call'd a traitor ; if any  
Be proved to be such, as I doubt there's too many ;  
Let him e'en be hang'd up, and never be pray'd for,  
What a pox were blocks, gibbets, and gallowses made for ?  
But I grow monstrous weary, and how should I choose,  
This galloping rhyme has quite jaded my Muse :  
And I swear, if thou look'st for more posting of hers,  
Little Knight, thou must needs lend her one of thy spurs.  
Farewell then, dear Bully, but ne'er look for a name,  
For, expecting no honour, I will have no shame :  
Yet, that you may guess at the party that writes t'ee,  
And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up these lights t'ee.

For his stature, he's but a contemptible male,  
And grown something swab with drinking good ale ;  
His looks, than your brown, a little thought brighter,  
Which grey hairs make every year whiter and whiter,  
His visage, which all the rest mainly disgraces,  
Is warp't, or by age, or cutting of faces.  
So that, whether 'twere made so, or whether 'twere marr'd,  
In good sooth, he's a very unpromising bard :  
His legs, which creep out of two old-fashioned knapsacks,  
Are neither two millposts, nor yet are they trap-sticks ;  
They bear him, when sober, bestir 'em and spare not,  
And who the Devil can stand when they are not ?

Thus much for his person, now for his condition,  
That's sick enough full to require a physician :



He always wants money, which makes him want ease,  
 And he's always besieged, though himself of the Peace,<sup>104</sup>  
 By an army of duns, who batter with scandals,  
 And are foemen more fierce than the Goths or the Vandals.  
 But when he does sally, as sometimes he does,  
 Then hey for *Bess Jackson*, and a fig for his foes :  
 He's good fellow enough to do every one right,  
 And never was first that ask't, what time of Night :  
 His delight is to toss the can merrily round,  
 And loves to be wet, but hates to be drown'd :  
 He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,  
 Which gives him the trouble that other men ha' not.  
 He honours his Friend, but he wants means to show it,  
 And loves to be Rhyming, but is the worst Poet,  
 Yet among all these vices, to give him his due,  
 He has the virtue to be a true lover of you.  
 But how much he loves you, he says you may guess it,  
 Since not Prose, nor yet Metre, he swears can express it.

### *A Journey into the Peak*

TO SIR ASTON COCKAIN<sup>105</sup>

SIR, coming home into this frozen clime,  
 Grown cold, and almost senseless, as my Rhyme,  
 I found that Winter's bold impetuous rage  
 Prevented Time, and antedated Age,  
 For in my veins, did nought but crystal dwell,  
 Each hair was frozen to an icicle.  
 My flesh was marble, so, that as I went,  
 I did appear a walking Monument :

<sup>104</sup> Cotton was a Justice of the Peace for Staffordshire.

<sup>105</sup> See Introduction.

'T might have been judg'd, rather than marble, flint,  
Had there been any spark of fire in 't.

My mistress looking back, to bid good night,  
Was metamorphos'd like the Sodomite.  
Like Sinon's horse, our horses were become,  
And since they could not go, they slid home;  
The hills were hard, to such a quality,  
So beyond reason in philosophy,  
If Pegasus had kick'd at one of those,  
Homer's Odysseus had been writ in prose.

These are strange stories, Sir, to you, who sweat  
Under the warm sun's comfortable heat;  
Whose happy seat of Pooley<sup>106</sup> far outvies  
The fabled pleasures of blest Paradise:  
Whose Canaan fills your house with wine and oil,  
Till 't crack with burdens of a fruitful soil:  
Which house, if it were plac'd above the sphere,  
Would be a palace fit for Jupiter.

The humble Chapel, for religious rites,  
The inner rooms, for honest, free delights;  
And Providence, that these miscarry loth,  
Has placed the tower a sentinel to both:  
So that there's nothing wanting to improve  
Either your piety, or peace, or love.

Without, you have the pleasure of the woods,  
Fair plains, rich meadows, and transparent floods;  
With all that's good and excellent, beside  
The tempting apples by Euphrates side;  
But that which does above all these aspire,  
Is Delphos brought from Greece to Warwickshire.

<sup>106</sup> Pooley, Sir Aston Cokayne's seat in Warwickshire.

But oh, ungodly Hodge! that valued not  
That saving juice o' th' enigmatic pot,  
Whose charming virtue made me to forget  
T' inquire of Fate; else I had staid there yet,  
Nor had I then once dar'd to venture on  
The cutting air of this our frozen zone.

But once again, dear Sir, I mean to come,  
And thankful be, as well as troublesome.

*Sir William Davenant*<sup>107</sup>

TO MR. COTTON

I

UNLUCKY fire, which though from Heaven deriv'd,  
Is brought too late, like cordials to the dead,  
When all are of their sovereign sense depriv'd,  
And honour, which my rage should warm, is fled.

II

Dead to heroic song this Isle appears,  
The ancient music of victorious verse,  
They taste no more than he his dirges hears,  
Whose useless mourners sing about his hearse.

III

Yet shall this sacred lamp in prison burn,  
And through the darksome ages hence invade  
The wondering world, like that in Tully's urn  
Which, though by Time conceal'd, was not decay'd.

IV

And *Charles*, in that more civil century,  
When this shall wholly fill the voice of Fame,

<sup>107</sup> See Note 33.

The busy Antiquaries then will try  
To find amongst their Monarch's coin, thy name.

V

Much they will bless thy virtue, by whose fire  
I'll keep my laurel warm, which else would fade,  
And, thus enclos'd, think me of Nature's choir  
Which still sings sweetest in the shade.

VI

To Fame, who rules the world, I lead thee now,  
Whose solid power the thoughtful understand,  
Whom, though too late, weak Princes to her bow,  
The people serve, and poets can command.

VII

And Fame, the only judge of Empire past,  
Shall to Verona<sup>108</sup> lead thy fancy's eyes,  
Where night so black a robe on Nature cast,  
As Nature seem'd afraid of her disguise.

*To Sir William Davenant*<sup>109</sup>

*In answer to the Seventh Canto, of the Third Book of  
his "Gondibert," directed to my Father*

*Written by Sir William, when Prisoner in the Tower, 1652*

I

OH happy Fire! whose heat can thus control  
The rust of age, and thaw the frost of Death,  
That renders Man immortal, as his soul,  
And swells his fame with everlasting breath.

<sup>108</sup> Verona, celebrated in Davenant's epic poem "Gondibert."

<sup>109</sup> See Note 33.

II

Happy's that hand, that unto honour's clime  
Can lift the subject of his living praise,  
That rescues frailty from the scythe of Time,  
And equals glory to the length of days.

III

Such, Sir, is yours, that, uncontroll'd as Fate,  
In the black bosom of o'er shading Night,  
Can sons of immortality create,  
To dazzle envy with prevailing Light.

IV

In vain they strive your glorious lamp to hide  
In that dark Lanthorn to all noble minds,  
Which, through the smallest cranny is descried,  
Whose force united no resistance finds.

V

Blest is my Father, that has found his name  
Amongst the Heroes, by your pen reviv'd,  
By running in Time's wheel his thriving fame  
Shall still more youthful grow, and longer liv'd.

VI

Had Alexander's trophies thus been rear'd,  
And in the circle of your story come,  
The spacious Orb, full well he might have spar'd,  
And reap'd his distant victories at home.

VII

Let men of greater wealth than merit cast  
Medals of gold for their succeeding part;  
That paper monument shall longer last,  
Than all the rubbish of decaying Art.

*To my Friend Mr. Lely, on his Picture of the Excellently Virtuous Lady, the Lady Isabella Thynn*<sup>110</sup>

NATURE, and Art are here at strife ;  
This Shadow comes so near the life,  
Sit still (Dear Lely) th' hast done that  
Thy self must love, and wonder at ;  
What other Ages e'er could boast,  
Either remaining yet, or lost,  
Are trivial toys, and must give place  
To this, that counterfeits her face :  
Yet I'll not say, but there have been,  
In every past Age, paintings seen  
Both good, and like from every hand,  
That once had maistry and command,  
But none like her ; surely she sat  
Thy pencil thus to celebrate  
Above all others that could claim  
An echo from the voice of Fame.  
For he, that most, or with most cause,  
Speaks, or may speak his own applause,  
Can't, when he shows his Masterpiece,  
Brag, he e'er did a face like this.  
Such is thy chance to be the man,  
None, but who shares thy honour, can ;  
If such another do arise,  
To steal more glory from her eyes ;  
But 'twould improvident bounty show  
To hazard such a Beauty so ;  
'Tis strange thy judgment did not err,  
Or want a hand, beholding her,  
Whose awing graces well might make  
Th' assured'st pencil to mistake.

<sup>110</sup> See Note 34.

To her, and Truth then, what a crime,  
 To us, to all the World, and Time  
 (Who most will want her copy) 'twere  
 To have it then unlike appear !  
 But she's preserved from that fate,  
 Thou know'st so well to imitate,  
 And in that imitation, show  
 What oil and colour mixed can do ;  
 So well, that had this piece the grace  
 Of motion, she and none else has,  
 Or, if it could the odour breathe  
 That her departing sighs bequeath,  
 And had her warmth, it then would be  
 Her glorious self, and none but she.  
 So well 'tis done ; but thou canst go  
 No farther than what Art can do :  
 And when all's done : this, thou hast made,  
 Is but a nobler kind of Shade ;  
 And thou, though thou hast played thy part,  
 A Painter, no Creator art.

*To Poet E. W.*<sup>111</sup>

*Occasion'd for his Writing a Panegyric on Oliver Cromwell*

FROM whence, vile Poet, did'st thou glean the wit,  
 And words for such a vicious poem fit ?  
 Where could'st thou paper find was not too white ;  
 Or ink, that could be black enough to write ?  
 What servile Devil tempted thee to be  
 A flatterer of thine own Slavery ?  
 To kiss thy bondage, and extol the deed,  
 At once that made thy Prince and Country bleed ?  
 I wonder much thy false heart did not dread,  
 And shame to write, what all men blush to read ;

<sup>111</sup> See Note 35.



Thus with a base ingratitude to rear  
Trophies unto thy Master's Murtherer ?

Who call'd thee Coward (—<sup>112</sup>) much mistook  
The characters of thy pedantic look ;  
Thou hast at once abus'd thyself, and us ;  
He's stout that dares flatter a Tyrant thus.

Put up thy pen, and ink, muzzle thy Muse  
Adulterate Hag fit for a common stews,  
No good man's library ; writ thou hast  
Treason in rhyme has all thy works defac't :  
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find  
A punishment of the severest kind  
For thy offence, my malice cannot name  
A greater ; than, once to commit the same.

Where was thy reason then, when thou began  
To write against the sense of God, and man ?  
Within thy guilty breast despair took place,  
Thou would'st despairing die in spite of Grace.  
At once th' art Judge, and Malefactor shown,  
Each sentence in thy poem is thine own.

Then, what thou hast pronounc'd go execute,  
Hang up thy self, and say, I bid thee do 't :  
Fear not thy memory, that cannot die,  
This Panegyric is thy Elegy,  
Which shall be when, or wheresoever read,  
A living poem to upbraid thee dead.

*To Sir Aston Cockayne, on his Tragedy of Ovid*<sup>113</sup>

LONG live the Poet, and his lovely Muse,  
The Stage with Wit, and Learning to infuse,  
Embalm him in immortal Elegy,  
My gentle Naso, for if he should die,

<sup>112</sup> "Coward (—)" presumably = Edmund Waller.

<sup>113</sup> Dedicated by Cockayne to Cotton. See also Introduction.



Who makes thee live, thou'lt be again pursu'd,  
 And banisht Heaven for ingratitude.  
 Transform again thy Metamorphosis  
 In one, and turn thy various shapes to his,  
 A twin-born Muse in such embraces curl'd,  
 As shall subject the scribblers of the world,  
 And spite of Time, and envy, henceforth sit,  
 The ruling Gemini of Love and Wit.

So two pure streams in one smooth channel glide  
 In even motion, without ebb, or tide :  
 As in your pens Tybur, and Anchor<sup>114</sup> meet,  
 And run Meanders with their silver feet.

Both soft, both gentle, both transcending high,  
 Both skill'd alike in charming Elegy ;  
 So equally admir'd the laurels due,  
 Without distinction both to him and you :  
 Naso was Rome's fam'd Ovid, you alone  
 Must be the Ovid to our Albion :  
 In all things equal, saving in this case,  
 Our modern Ovid has the better grace.

*Philodramatos.*

*An Epitaph on my Dear Aunt, Mrs. Ann Stanhope*<sup>115</sup>

FORBEAR, bold Passenger, forbear  
 The verge of this sad Sepulchre :  
 Put off thy shoes, nor dare to tread  
 The hallowed earth where she lies dead :

<sup>114</sup> Anchor = a river in Warwickshire where Sir Aston Cockayne lived, at Pooley.

<sup>115</sup> See Introduction.

For in this vault the magazine  
Of female virtue's stor'd, and in  
This marble casket is confin'd  
The jewel of all Woman-kind.

For here she lies, whose Spring was crown'd  
With every grace in Beauty found;  
Whose Summer to that Spring did suit,  
Whose Autumn cracked with happy fruit.  
Whose Fall was like her Life, so spent,  
Exemplary, and excellent.

For here the fairest, chastest Maid,  
That this Age ever knew, is laid:  
The best of Kindred, best of Friends,  
Of most faith, and of fewest ends;  
Whose fame the tracks of Time survives;  
The best of Mothers, best of Wives.

Lastly, which the whole sum of praise implies,  
Here she, who was the best of Women, lies.

*On the Lamented Death of my Dear Uncle,  
Mr. Radcliff Stanhope*<sup>116</sup>

SUCH is the unsteady state of human things,  
And Death so certain, that their period brings,  
So frail is Youth, and strength, so sure this sleep,  
That much we cannot wonder, though we weep.  
Yet, since 'tis so, it will not misbecome  
Either perhaps our sorrows, or his tomb

<sup>116</sup> See Introduction.

To breathe a sigh, and drop a mourning tear  
Upon the cold face of his sepulchre.

Well did his life deserve it, if to be  
A great example of Integrity,  
Honour, and Truth, Fidelity and Love,  
In such perfection, as if each had strove  
T' out-do posterity, may deserve our care,  
Or to his funeral command a tear;  
Faithful he was, and just, and sweetly good  
To whom allied in virtue, or in blood:  
His breast (from other conversation chaste)  
Above the reach of giddy Vice was plac't:  
Then, had not Death (that crops in 's savage speed  
The fairest flower with the rankest weed)  
Thus made a beastly conquest of his prime,  
And cut him off before grown ripe for Time,  
How bright an Evening must this Morn pursue,  
Is to his life a contemplation due.

Proud Death, t' arrest his thriving Virtue thus!  
Unhappy Fate! not to himself, but us,  
That so have lost him; for, no doubt, but he  
Was fit for Heav'n, as years could make him be:  
Age does but muster sin, and heap up woes  
Against the last, and general Rendezvous;  
Whereas he died full of obedient Truth,  
Wrap't in his spotless Innocence of Youth.

Farewell, Dear Uncle, may thy hop'd for bliss  
To thee be real, as my sorrow is;  
May they be nam'd together, since I do  
Nothing more perfect than my sorrow know;  
And, if thy soul into men's minds have eyes,  
It knows I truly weep these obsequies.

*An Epitaph on Robert Port, Esq., designed for a  
Monument*

*And now set up in Elum [Ilam] Church, in the County  
of Stafford*<sup>117</sup>

VIRTUE in those good times that bred good men  
No testimony crav'd of tongue ; or pen ;  
No marble columns ; nor engraven brass,  
To tell the World that such a person was :  
For then each pious act, to fair descent,  
Stood for the worthy owner's Monument :  
But in this change of Manners, and of States,  
Good names, though writ in marble, have their fates.  
Such is the barb'rous and irrev'rent rage  
That arms the rabble of this impious Age.

Yet may this happy stone that bears a name,  
(Such as no bold survivor dares to claim)  
To Ages yet unborn unblemish't stand,  
Safe from the stroke of an inhuman hand.

Here, Reader, here a Port's sad relics lie  
To teach the careless World mortality ;  
Who while he mortal was unrivall'd stood  
The crown, and glory of his ancient blood :  
Fit for his Prince's, and his Country's trust,  
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just.  
A loyal Husband to his latest end,  
A gracious father, and a faithful Friend.  
Belov'd he liv'd, and died o'er charg'd with years,  
Fuller of Honour than of silver hairs.  
And, to sum up his Virtues, this was he  
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

<sup>117</sup> Ilam is in the Dove valley about four miles from Beresford Dale. On his mother's side Cotton was related to the Ports.

## *Epitaph*

### *On Mr. Robert Port*<sup>118</sup>

HERE lies he, whom the Tyrant's rage  
Snatch't in a venerable age ;  
And here, with him, entomb'd do lie  
Honour, and Hospitality.

## *Epitaph*

### *On Mrs. Mary Draper*

#### I

READER, if thou cast thine eye,  
On this weeping stone below :  
Know, that under it doth lie  
One, that never man did know.

#### II

Yet of all men full well known  
By those beauties of her breast :  
For, of all she wanted none,  
When Death call'd her to her rest.

#### III

Then, the Ladies, if they would  
Die like her, kind Reader tell,  
They must strive to be as good  
Alive, or 'tis impossible.

<sup>118</sup> See footnote to preceding poem.

## *An Epitaph on M. H.*

In this cold Monument lies one,  
That I knew who has lain upon,  
The happier He : her sight would charm,  
And touch have kept King David warm.  
Lovely, as is the dawning East,  
Was this marble's frozen guest ;  
As soft, and snowy, as that down  
Adorns the Blow-ball's frizzled crown ;  
As straight and slender as the crest,  
Or antlet of the one-beam'd beast ;  
Pleasant as th' odorous month of May :  
As glorious, and as light as Day.

Whom I admir'd, as soon as knew,  
And now her memory pursue  
With such a superstitious lust,  
That I could fumble with her dust.

She all perfections had, and more,  
Tempting, as if design'd a whore,  
For so she was ; and since there are  
Such, I could wish them all as fair.

Pretty she was, and young, and wise,  
And in her calling so precise,  
That industry had made her prove  
The sucking school-mistress of love :  
And Death, ambitious to become  
Her pupil, left his ghastly home,  
And, seeing how we us'd her here,  
The raw-boned rascal ravisht her.

Who, pretty Soul, resign'd her breath,  
To seek new lechery in Death.

*Writ in Calista's Prayer-Book*  
*An Epigram of Monsieur de Malherbe* <sup>119</sup>

WHILST you are deaf to love, you may,  
    Fairest Calista, weep, and pray,  
    And yet, alas ! no mercy find ;  
Not but God's merciful, 'tis true,  
But can you think he'll grant to you  
    What you deny to all Mankind ?

*On Rutt, the Judge*

RUTT, to the Suburb Beauties full well known,  
Was from the bag <sup>120</sup> scarce crept into a gown,  
When he, by telling of himself fine tales,  
Was made a Judge, and sent away to Wales :  
'Twas proper and most fit it should be so,  
Whither should goats but to the mountains go ?

*On Sim and Simon*

THOUGH Sim, whilst Sim, in ill repute did live,  
He yet was but a knave diminutive ;  
But now his name being swell'd two letters bigger,  
Simon's a knave at length, and not in figure.

*De Lupo*

*Epigram*

WHEN Lupus has wrought hard all day,  
    And the declining Sun,  
By stooping to embrace the sea,

<sup>119</sup> See Note 36.

<sup>120</sup> Bag = a barrister's brief-bag.

Tells him the Day's nigh done ;  
Then to his young wife home he hies  
With his sore labour sped,  
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,  
Pray, Husband, come to bed.  
Thanks, Wife, quoth he, but I were blest,  
Would'st thou once call me to my rest.

*Scribere Jussit Amor*<sup>121</sup>

*Ad Candidum Scriptorem*

UT versiculos recito, tu, Candide, scribis :  
Carmina si mea sunt, sunt tua scripta tamen.

*In Mendacem*

*Epigram*

MENDAX, 'tis said th' art such a liar grown,  
That th' hast renounc't all Truth, and 'tis well done ;  
Lying best fits our Manners and our Times ;  
But, pray thee, Mendax, do not praise my Rhymes.

*In Amorem Medicum*

*Epigram*

FOR cares whilst Love prepares the remedies,  
The main disease in the physician lies.

<sup>121</sup> See Note 37.



## *On Upstart*

UPSTART last term went up to town,  
There purchas'd Arms and brought them down.  
With Welborne's then he his compares,  
And with a horrid loudness swears  
That his are best ; for look, quoth he,  
How gloriously mine gilded be :  
Thine's but a threadbare Coat, he cried,  
Compar'd to this, who then replied :  
If my Coat be threadbare, or rent, or torn,  
There's cause ; than thine it has been longer worn.

## *To Some Great Ones*

### *Epigram*

POETS are great men's trumpets, Poets fain,  
Create them virtues, but dare hint no stain :  
This makes the fiction constant, and does show  
You make the Poets, not the Poets you.

## *De Die Martis, et Die Veneris*

### *Epigram*

SATURN and Sol, and Luna chaste,  
'Twixt Mars and Venus still are plac't,  
Whilst Mercury and Jove divide,  
The lovers on the other side.

What may the hidden mystery  
Of this unriddled order be ?

The Gods themselves do justly fear,  
That should they trust these two too near ;  
Mars would be drown'd in Venus, and so they  
Should lose a Planet, and the week a day.

*Alivd.*

Should Mars and Venus have their will,  
Venus would keep her Friday ill.

*On One, who said, He drank to Clear His Eyes*

As Phœbus, crawling to his Western seat,  
His shining face bedew'd with beamy sweat,  
His flaming eyes at last grown blood-shot red,  
By atoms sprung from his hot horses' speed,  
Drives to that sea-green bosom of his Love's,  
And in her lap his fainting light improves ;

So Thyrsis, when at th' unresisted flame  
Of thy fair Mistress's eye, thine dull became,  
In sovereign sack thou did'st an eye-salve seek,  
And stol'st a blest dew from her rosy cheek :  
When straight thy lids a cheerful vigour wore,  
More quick and penetrating than before.

I saw the sprightly grape in glory rise,  
And with her day thy drooping night surprise,  
So that, where now a giddy darkness dwells,  
Brightness now breaks through liquid spectacles.

Had Adam known this cure in Paradise,  
He'd scap'd the Tree, and drunk to clear his eyes.

*On Annel-Seed Robin, the Hermophrodite*

*Epitaph*<sup>122</sup>

HERE, Reader, lies bereft of life,  
The emblem strange of man and wife,  
Who, if they pay their vows aright,  
Make up a true Hermophrodite ;  
And in this chest entombed are,  
The wonder of a single pair ;  
So that here thou may'st bewail,  
Either the female, or the male.  
Though the distracted grief of friends,  
Ever in single Robin ends.  
No rib was taken from his side,  
Robin bridegroom was, and bride,  
And, of his marriage tie so tender,  
He only did, with she engender ;  
Robin, with Robin so far won,  
That the male half begot a son,  
The female half, a few years after,  
Happily brought forth a daughter,  
So like, you from their looks might gather,  
That Robin mother was, and father ;  
From Robin only diff'ring thus,  
That neither was amphibious,  
Heav'n did so happily combine  
This doubtful gender masculine,  
That they were married at their birth,  
And both together laid in earth,  
Where let them lie, and no man thwart 'em ;  
If they must part, the Devil part 'em.

<sup>122</sup> See Note 38.

## *Epigram*

FIE, Delia, talk no more of love,  
It galls me to the heart,  
You threescore are, I doubt above,  
For all your plast'ring art.  
And therefore spare your pains you may ;  
For though you press me night and day,  
I can't do that my soul abhors :  
Or by your art's assistance, though I might  
Prevail upon my appetite,  
I durst not couple, though, I swear  
With you, of all the world, for fear  
Of cuckolding my ancestors.

*To Sir Aston Cockayne on Captain Hanniball*<sup>123</sup>

## *Epigram*

YOUR Captain Hanniball does snort and puff,  
Arm'd in his brazen-face, and greazy buff  
'Mongst Puncks and Pandars, and can rant, and roar,  
With Cacala the Turd, and his poor whore.  
But I would wish his valour not mistake us,  
All Captains are not like his Brother Dacus ;  
Advise him then be quiet ; or I shall  
Bring Captain Hough to bait your Hanniball.

<sup>123</sup> Captain Hanniball was one of the characters in Cokayne's play "Ovid."



BURLESQUES, SATIRICAL AND OTHER  
POEMS



## *A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque*

THE lives of frail men are compar'd by the Sages,  
Or unto short journeys, or pilgrimages,  
As men to their Inns do come sooner or later,  
That is, to their ends: (to be plain in my matter);  
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,  
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;  
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folk so a madding,  
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;  
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people  
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high steeple,  
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th' Peak,  
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my neck,  
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,  
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave;  
But at forty years old <sup>124</sup> you may (if you please)  
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;  
Or, had the same humour still ran in my toes,  
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose:  
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither  
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;  
I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?  
Why faith, it was that makes the Old Woman trot;  
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd  
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd.

Oh Couriate! <sup>125</sup> thou traveller fam'd as Ulysses,  
In such a stupendious labour as this is  
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,  
Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet,  
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,  
They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation.

<sup>124</sup> i.e. in 1670.

<sup>125</sup> Tom Coriate (see Note 31).



'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,  
 The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,  
 And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,  
 Had dress'd herself fine, in her flowr'd tabby<sup>126</sup> gown,  
 When about some two hours and an half after noon,  
 When it grew something late, though I thought it too soon,  
 With a pitiful voice and a most heavy heart,  
 I tun'd up my pipes<sup>127</sup> to sing "loth to depart."  
 The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,  
 And with a good pack did the Jument<sup>128</sup> endorse,  
 Till he groan'd and he farted under the burthen,  
 For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden:<sup>129</sup>  
 And now farewell Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes  
 Of overgrown, golden, and silver scal'd fishes;  
 Thy Trout and thy Grayling may now feed securely,  
 I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;  
 Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,  
 But if I return I expect my arrear.

By pacing and trotting, betimes in the even,  
 E'er the sun had forsaken one half of the Heaven,  
 We all at fair Congerton took up our Inn,  
 Where the sign of a King kept a King and his Queen:  
 But who do you think came to welcome me there?  
 No worse a man, marry, than good master Mayor,  
 With his Staff of command, yet the man was not lame,  
 But he needed it more when he went, than he came;  
 After three or four hours of friendly potation  
 We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,  
 When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,  
 Put on a good nightcap, and straightway to bed.

<sup>126</sup> Tabby = silken.

<sup>127</sup> Pipes = bagpipes (see Note 27).

<sup>128</sup> Jument = beast of burden.

<sup>129</sup> Lurden = a heavy fellow.

Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and bacon,  
 And of sovereign Hostess our leaves kindly taken,  
 (For her King (as 'twas rumor'd) by late pouring down,  
 This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)  
 We mounted again, and full soberly riding,  
 Three miles we had rid e'er we met with a biding;  
 But there (having over night plied the tap well)  
 We now must needs water at place call'd Holmes Chapel;  
 A Hay! quoth the foremost, Ho! who keeps the House?  
 Which said, out an Host comes as brisk as a louse,  
 His hair comb'd as slick, as a barber he'd bin,  
 A cravat with black ribbon ti'd under his chin,  
 Though by what I saw in him I straight 'gan to fear  
 That knot would be one day slip'd under his ear:  
 Quoth he, (with low congy) what lack you my Lord?  
 The best liquor, quoth I, that the house will afford:  
 You shall straight, quoth he, and then calls out, Mary,  
 Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary:  
 Hold, hold, my spruce Host, for i' th' morning so early  
 I never drank liquor but what's made of barley;  
 Which words were scarce out, but, which made me admire,  
 My Lordship was presently turn'd into Squire;  
 Ale, Squire, you mean, quoth he, nimbly again,  
 What, must it be purl'd? No, I love it best plain:  
 Why, if you'll drink ale, Sir, pray take my advice,  
 Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to the price,  
 Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple,  
 But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle:  
 Why, Faith, quoth I, Friend, if your liquor be such,  
 For the best ale in England, it is not too much;  
 Let's have it, and quickly; O Sir! you may stay,  
 A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:  
 Come, bring out a bottle here presently, Wife,  
 Of the best Cheshire Hum <sup>130</sup> he e'er drank in his life.

<sup>130</sup> Cheshire Hum = strong or double ale.

Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,  
 As clear as a milkmaid, and white as her milk,  
 With visage as oval and slick as an egg,  
 As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg;  
 A court'sy she made, as demure as a Sister,  
 I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her,  
 Then ducking another with most modest mien,  
 The first word she said, was, wilt please you walk in?  
 I thank'd her, but told her, I then could not stay,  
 For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away;  
 She said she was sorry it fell out so odd,  
 But if, when again I should travel that road,  
 I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the Nation  
 Should nowhere afford better accommodation:  
 Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,  
 And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;  
 But I shew'd him a screw, which I told my brisk gull  
 A trepan<sup>131</sup> was for bottles had broken their skull;  
 Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,  
 But 'twas I that appli'd it, and pull'd the cork out:  
 Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,  
 It roar'd, and it smoked, like a new fir'd gun:  
 But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,  
 Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it;  
 Mine Host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no fuller,  
 Look here, Sir, quoth he, both for nap and for colour,  
*Sans* bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do 't,  
 I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich to boot:  
 By my troth he said true, for I speak it with tears,  
 Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years,  
 And have drank so much liquor has made me a debtor,  
 In my days, that I know of, I never drank better;  
 We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,  
 That four good round shillings were whipt away roundly;

<sup>131</sup> Trepan = a trap.

And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,  
For our work had been done, had we staid t'other noggin.

From thence we set forth with more mettle and sprite,  
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light,  
O'er Dellamore Forest we, tantivy, posted,  
Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted;  
In truth, we pursu'd might have been by our haste,  
And I think Sir George Booth<sup>132</sup> did not gallop so fast,  
Till about two a clock after noon, God be bless'd,  
We came safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' West.

And now in high time 'twas to call for some meat,  
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must eat;  
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good,  
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:  
Go thy ways, Mistress Anderton, for a good woman,  
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a Common,  
And whoever of thy entertainment complains,  
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his pains.

And here I must stop the career of my Muse,  
The poor jade is weary, 'lass! how should she choose,  
And if I should farther here spur on my course,  
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my horse;  
To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even,  
To-morrow to Church, and ask pardon of Heaven.  
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have pen'd it,  
An odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend it;  
But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have t'other bout,  
And better or worse be 't, for murther will out,  
Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,  
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the story.

<sup>132</sup> See Note 39.

## *Canto 2*

AFTER seven hours sleep, to commute for pains taken,  
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken,  
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,  
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,  
Which, ringing to Matins all over the town,  
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,  
With intent (so God mend me) t' have gone to the choir,  
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire ;  
For the two fore-nam'd things had so heated my blood,  
That a little phlebotomy would do me good :  
I sent for Chirurghion, who came in a trice,  
And swift to shed blood, needed not be call'd twice,  
But tilted stiletto quite thorough the vein,  
From whence issued out the ill humours amain ;  
When having twelve ounces he bound up my arm,  
And I gave him two Georges,<sup>133</sup> which did him no harm ;  
But after my bleeding I soon understood  
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood,  
For I had no more mind to look on my Psalter  
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter ;  
But like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,  
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner :  
I din'd with good stomach, and very good cheer,  
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer ;  
When myself having stuff'd than a bag-pipe more full,  
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull ;  
And therefore to take a fine nap thought it best,  
For when belly full is bones would be at rest ;  
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,<sup>134</sup>  
Where O the delicious dream that I had !

<sup>133</sup> Two Georges = two half-crowns (bearing the image of St. George).

<sup>134</sup> Swad = a clodhopper.



Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,  
Now wak'd me again, chiming all in to Vespers ;  
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,  
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizzle,  
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my sword  
Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.

Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,  
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within ;  
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been  
A most humble obedient servant to sin ;  
And now in devotion was even so proud,  
I scorned (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd,  
For though courted by all the bells as I went,  
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,  
But to the Cathedral still held on my pace,  
As 'twere, scorning to kneel but in the best place ;  
I there made myself sure of good Music at least,  
But was something deceiv'd, for 'twas none of the best :  
But however I stayed at the Church's commanding  
Till we came to the peace passes all understanding,  
Which no sooner was ended, but whirl and away,  
Like boys in a school when they've leave got to play,  
All save Master Mayor, who still gravely stays  
Till the rest had left room for his Worship and 's mace ;  
Then he and his brethren in order appear,  
I out of my stall and fell into his rear ;  
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,  
In Authority's tail, than the head of a rout.

In this rev'rend order we marched from Pray'r ;  
The mace before me borne as well as the May'r ;  
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain  
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,

Made such a low congey, forgetting his place,  
 I was never so honour'd before in my days ;  
 But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my fist,  
 Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiss'd,  
 By which, though thick-scall'd, he must understand this,  
 That I was a most humble servant of his ;  
 Which also so wonderful kindly he took,  
 (As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look,)

That to have me dogg'd home, he straightway appointed,  
 Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted ;  
 I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,  
 But his man was there too, to invite me to supper ;  
 I start up, and after most respective fashion  
 Gave his Worship much thanks for his kind invitation,  
 But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,  
 And I never did eat any supper at all ;  
 But that after supper I would kiss his hands,  
 And would come to receive his Worship's commands :  
 Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,  
 That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander ;  
 And since on such reasons to sup I refus'd,  
 I nothing did doubt to be holden excus'd ;  
 But my quaint repartee had his Worship possess'd  
 With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,  
 That with mere impatience he hop'd in his breeches  
 To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches :  
 Go, Sirrah, quoth he, get you to him again,  
 And will and require in his Majesty's name,  
 That he come : and tell him, obey he were best, or  
 I'll teach him to know that he's now in West Chester :  
 The man, upon this, comes me running again,  
 But yet minc'd his message, and was not so plain ;  
 Saying to me only, good Sir, I am sorry  
 To tell you my master has sent again for you ;  
 And has such a longing to have you his guest,

That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest,  
 He would neither say Grace, nor sit down on his bum,  
 Nor open his napkin, until you do come.  
 With that I perceiv'd no excuse would avail,  
 And, seeing there was no defence for a flail,<sup>135</sup>  
 I said I was ready master May'r to obey,  
 And therefore desir'd him to lead me the way :  
 We went, and e'er Malkin could well lick her ear,  
 For it but the next door was, forsooth, we were there ;  
 Where lights being brought me, I mounted the stairs,  
 The worst I e'er saw in my life at a Mayor's,  
 But everything else must be highly commended ;  
 I there found his Worship most nobly attended,  
 Besides such a supper as well did convince,  
 A May'r in his province to be a great Prince :  
 As he \* sat in his chair, he did not much vary,  
 In state, nor in face, from our eighth English Harry ;  
 But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,  
 Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that :  
 Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,  
 And cutting of faces exceedingly like  
 One of those little gentlemen brought from the Indies,  
 And screwing myself into congeys and cringes,  
 By then I was half way advanc'd in the room  
 His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,  
 And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,  
 Advanc'd a whole step and an half for to meet me ;  
 Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,<sup>136</sup>  
 He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester ;  
 I thank'd him in language the best I was able,  
 And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.

<sup>135</sup> Flail = being threshed with his own flail—polite speeches.

\* By which you may note, that either the man was mistaken, or the Mayor was not so good as his word, when he said he would not sit down till I came.

<sup>136</sup> Tester = a sixpence.



Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,  
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station,  
So sweet Mistress May'ress, in just such another,  
Like the fair Queen of Hearts, sat in state at the other ;  
By which I perceiv'd, though it seemed a riddle,  
The lower end of this must be just in the middle ;  
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it  
Amongst the town statutes 'tis likely might find it.  
But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,  
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,  
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,  
Mistress May'ress complain'd that the pottage was cold,  
And all long of your fiddle-faddle, quoth she ;  
Why, what then, Goody two-shoes, what if it be ?  
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle, quoth he.  
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th' discourse,  
The May'r, not the grey mare, was the better horse ;  
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,  
She submitted but out of respect to his year ;  
However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,  
Though not to the man, to submit to his place ;  
For had she proceeded, I verily thought  
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault ;  
But this brush being past we fell to our diet,  
And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.

Supper being ended, and things away taken,  
Master Mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken ;  
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his chair,  
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare  
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,  
And whether I was not a Master of Arts ;  
And eke what the business was had brought me thither,  
With what I was going about now, and whither :

Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,  
 For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me.  
 I answer'd, my country was fam'd Staffordshire ;  
 That in deeds, bills and bonds, I was ever writ Squire ;  
 That of land, I had both sorts, some good and some evil,  
 But that a great part on 't was pawn'd to the Devil ;  
 That as for my parts, they were such as he saw ;  
 That indeed I had a small smatt'ring of Law,  
 Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,  
 By sitting o' th' Bench,<sup>137</sup> whilst others were pleading ;  
 But that Arms I had ever more studi'd than Arts,  
 And was now to a Captain<sup>137</sup> rais'd by my deserts ;  
 That the bus'ness which led me through Palatine ground  
 Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound ;  
 Where his Worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,  
 And in all other places where ever I came.  
 He said, as to that, I might do what I list,  
 But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist ;  
 When having my fingers made crack with his gripes,  
 He call'd to his man for some bottles and pipes.

To trouble you here with a longer narration  
 Of the several parts of our confabulation,  
 Perhaps would be tedious, I'll therefore remit ye  
 Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,  
 Where doubtless the acts of the May'rs are recorded,  
 And if not more truly, yet much better worded.

In short, then we pip'd, and we tippled Canary,  
 Till my watch pointed on in the circle horary ;  
 When thinking it now was high time to depart,  
 His Worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart ;  
 And because to great men presents are acceptable,  
 I presented the May'r, e'er I rose from the table,

<sup>137</sup> Cotton was a J.P. for Staffordshire. He was appointed a Captain in Lord Chesterfield's regiment June 13, 1667. S.P. Dom. Ch. II.

With a certain fantastical box and a stopper ;  
And he having kindly accepted my offer,  
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,  
And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning.

### *Canto 3*

THE sun in the morning disclosed his light,  
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night ;  
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up 's head,  
The casement being open, espi'd me in bed ;  
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I wak'd,  
And was half asham'd, for I found myself nak'd ;  
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,  
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice ;  
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,  
And packing my nawls,<sup>138</sup> whip'd to horse and away ;  
A guide I had got, who demanded great vails,<sup>139</sup>  
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales ;  
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is ;  
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges ;  
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,  
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest ;  
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,  
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades ;  
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal ;  
His neck was a helve,<sup>140</sup> and his head was a mall ;<sup>141</sup>  
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,  
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair,  
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,  
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail ;

<sup>138</sup> Nawls = tackle.

<sup>139</sup> Vails = tips.

<sup>140</sup> Helve = a handle.

<sup>141</sup> Mall = a mallet (used in the game of pall-mall).

And by these the true colour one can no more know,  
 Than by mouse-skins above stairs the merkin below ;  
 Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,  
 With a head like a nutmeg and legs like a spider ;  
 A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,  
 The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat ;  
 Even such was my guide, and his beast, let them pass,  
 The one for a horse, and the other an ass.  
 But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,  
 Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten ;  
 And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,  
 Unless we did mean to encounter the tide ;  
 And then my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,  
 With two up and one down, hopp'd over the sands,  
 Till his horse, finding th' labour for three legs too sore,  
 Foal'd out a new leg, and then he had four :  
 And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,  
 Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take shipping ;  
 And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,  
 Came roaring, t' have hinder'd our journey to Flint ;  
 But were, by good luck, before him got thither,  
 He else would have carried us no man knows whither.

And now her in Wales is, Saint Taph be her speed,  
 Gotts plutter her taste, some Welch-Ale her had need ;  
 For her ride in great haste, and was like shit her breeches,  
 For fear of her being catched up by the fishes ;  
 But the Lord of Flint Castle's no Lord worth a louse,  
 For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his house ;  
 But in a small house near unto 't there was store  
 Of such ale, as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before ;  
 And surely the Welsh are not wise of their fuddle,  
 For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.  
 From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we came ;  
 My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,

O'er hills, and o'er valleys uncouth and uneven,  
Until 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,  
More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,  
We happily came to St. Winifred's Well ;  
I thought it the Pool of Bethesda had been  
By the cripples lay there, but I went to my Inn  
To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,  
Before I did farther proceed in devotion ;  
I went into th' kitchen, where vict'als I saw,  
Both beef, veal and mutton, but all on 't was raw ;  
And some on 't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,  
For four chickens were slain by my Dame and her daughter ;  
Of which to Saint Win e'er my vows I had paid,  
They said I should find a rare Fricassée made ;  
I thank'd them, and straight to the Well did repair,  
Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r ;  
Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in,  
Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen ;  
Of which some were fevers of Venus I'm sure,  
And therefore unfit for the Virgin to cure ;  
But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,  
The beautiful Virgin's own tears not more bright ;  
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,  
Her conscience, her name, nor her self were more clear :  
In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,  
But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with light,  
Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,  
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.  
Over the fountain a Chapel there stands,  
Which I wonder has scap'd Master Oliver's hands ;  
The floor's not ill pav'd, and the margent o' th' spring  
Is enclos'd with a certain octagonal ring ;  
From each angle of which a pillar does rise,  
Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice  
To support and uphold from falling to ground



A cupola wherewith the Virgin is crown'd.  
Now 'twixt the two angles, that fork to the North,  
And where the cold Nymph does her basin pour forth,  
Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis said,  
And 'tis true, for I heard folks teeth hack in their head;  
For you are to know, that the rogues and the whores  
Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.  
But one thing I chiefly admir'd in the place,  
That a Saint, and a Virgin, endu'd with such Grace,  
Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer,  
To that whoring and filching trade of a Miller,  
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels  
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills;  
I've studi'd that point much, you cannot guess why,  
But the Virgin was, doubtless, more righteous than I:  
And now for my welcome, four, five, or six lasses,  
With as many crystalline liberal glasses,  
Did all importune me to drink of the water  
Of Saint Winnefreda, good Thewith's fair daughter:  
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,  
Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to choose,  
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,  
From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite;  
I took the glass from her, and, whip, off it went,  
I half doubt I fanci'd a health to the Saint;  
But he was a great villain committed the slaughter,  
For St. Winifred made most delicate water.  
I slip'd a hard shilling into her soft hand,  
Which had like to have made me the place have profan'd,  
And giving two more to the poor that were there,  
Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.

My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,  
I never ate better meat that I can tell;  
When having half din'd there comes in my host,

A Catholic good, and a rare drunken toast ;  
This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,  
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot ;  
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own life,  
And one thing, that he had converted his wife.

But now my guide told me, it time was to go,  
For that to our beds we must both ride and row ;  
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,  
I soon was downstairs, and as suddenly mounted ;  
On then we travell'd, our guide still before,  
Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,  
Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,  
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in ;  
For underneath Neptune lay stalking to watch us,  
And, had we but slip'd once, was ready to catch us :  
Thus, in places of danger taking more heed,  
And in safer travelling mending our speed,  
Redland Castle and Abergoney we pass'd,  
And o'er against Connaway came at the last.  
Just over against a Castle there stood,  
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a wood ;  
'Twixt the wood and the Castle they see at high water  
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter ;  
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,  
As would break a man's neck, should be scape being drowned :  
Perhaps though in time one may make them to yield,  
But 'tis pretti'st Cob-Castle e'er I beheld.

The sun now was going t'unharness his steeds,  
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the weeds,  
Came in as good time, as good time could be,  
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea ;  
And bestowing our horses before and abaft,  
O'er god Neptune's wide cod piece gave us a waft ;

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Where scurvily landing at foot of the Fort,  
Within very few paces we enter'd the Port,  
Where another King's head invited me down,  
For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown.

### *Burlesque*

UPON THE GREAT FROST <sup>142</sup>

To JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

You now, Sir, may, and justly, wonder  
That I, who did of late so thunder  
Your frontier garrison by th' ferry,  
Should on a sudden grow so weary ;  
And thence may raise a wrong conclusion,  
That you have bob'd <sup>143</sup> my resolution ;  
Or else that my poetic battery,  
With which so smartly I did patter ye,  
(Though I am not in that condition)  
Has shot away her ammunition ;  
Or (if in kindness peradventure  
You are more gentle in your censure)  
That I my writing left pursuing,  
'Cause I was weary of ill doing.  
Now of these three surmises any,  
Except the last, might pass with many ;  
But such as know me of the Nation,  
Know I so hate all Reformation,  
Since so much harm to do I've seen it,  
That in myself I'll ne'er begin it ;  
And should you under your hand give it,  
Not one of twenty would believe it.

<sup>142</sup> See Note 40, also Notes 4 and 29.

<sup>143</sup> Bob'd = cheated.



But I must tell you in brief clauses,  
If you to any of these causes  
Impute the six weeks truce I've given,  
That you are wide, Sir, the whole Heaven :  
For know, though I appear less eager,  
I never mean to raise my Leaguer,  
Till or by storm, or else by famine,  
I force you to the place I am in ;  
Yourself *sans* article to tender,  
Unto discretion to surrender ;  
Where see what comes of your vain glory,  
To make me lie so long before ye.  
To show you next I want no powder  
I thus begin to batter louder ;  
And for the last vain hope that fed ye,  
I think I've answer'd it already.

Now, to be plain, although your spirit  
Will ill, I know, endure to hear it,  
You must of force at least miscarry,  
For reasons supernumerary :  
And though I know you will be striving  
To do what lies in mortal living,  
And may, it may be, a month double  
To lie before you give me trouble,  
(Though with the stronger men but vapour ill)  
And hold out stiff till th' end of April,  
Or possibly a few days longer,  
Yet then you needs must yield for hunger,  
When, having eaten all provisions  
Y' are like to make most brave conditions.

Now having friendship been so just to,  
To tell you what y' are like to trust to,  
I'll next acquaint you with one reason  
I've let you rest so long a season,

And that my Muse has been so idle ;  
Know Pegasus has got a bridle,  
A bit and curb of crusted water,  
Or if I call 't plain ice no matter,  
With which he now is so commanded,  
His days of galloping are ended,  
Unless I with the spur do prick him,  
Nay, rather though I whip and kick him ;  
He who unbidden us'd to gambol,  
Can now nor prance, nor trot, nor amble,  
Nor stir a foot to take his airing,  
But stands stiff froze, like that at Charing,<sup>144</sup>  
With two feet up, two down, 'tis pity  
He's not erected in the city.

But, to leave fooling, I assure ye  
There never was so cold a fury  
Of nipping frost, and pinching weather  
Since Eve and Adam met together.  
Our Peak, that always has been famous  
For cold wherewith to cramp and lame us,  
Worse than itself, did now resemble a  
Certain damn'd place call'd Nova Zembla,  
And we who boast us human creatures,  
Had happy been had we chang'd features,  
Garments at least, though theirs be shabbed,  
With those who that cold place inhabit,  
The Bears and Foxes, who *sans* question  
Than we by odds have warmer vests on.  
How cold that country is, he knows most  
Has there his fingers and his toes lost ;  
But here I know that every member  
Alike was handled by December ;

<sup>144</sup> The equestrian statue of Charles I at Charing Cross.

Who blew his nose had clout or fist all  
 Instead of snivel fill'd with crystal,  
 Who drew for urinal ejection,  
 Was bewitched into an odd erection,  
 And these, Priapus like, stood strutting,  
 Fitter for pedestal than rutting :  
 As men were fierce, or gentle handed,  
 Their fists were clutch'd, or palms expanded ;  
 Limbs were extended, or contracted,  
 As use or humour most affected ;  
 For, as men did to th' air expose 'em,  
 It catch'd and in that figure froze 'em ;  
 Of which think me not over ample :  
 If I produce you here example.  
 Where, though I am believ'd by scarce one,  
 None will, I hope, suspect the Person,<sup>145</sup>  
 Who, from lies he far remote is,  
 Will give *in verbo sacerdotis* :

One going to discharge at will-Duck<sup>146</sup>  
 Had for his recompense the ill luck,  
 (Or my informer's an imposter)  
 To be in that presenting posture,  
 Surpriz'd with his left eye fast winking,  
 Till by good fires, and hot things drinking,  
 He thaw'd, to the beholders laughter,  
 Unto itself a few hours after.  
 Two towns, that long that war had waged,  
 Being at football now engaged  
 For honour, as both sides pretended,  
 Left the brave trial to be ended  
 'Till the next thaw, for they were frozen  
 On either part at least a dozen ;

<sup>145</sup> Person, i.e. Parson.

<sup>146</sup> Will-Duck = wild Duck.

With a good handsome space between 'em  
 Like Rollerich stones, if you've seen 'em,  
 And could no more run, kick, or trip ye  
 Than I can quaff off Aganippe ;  
 Till ale, which crowns all such pretences,  
 Mull'd them again into their senses.<sup>147</sup>  
 A maid compell'd to be a gadder,  
 T' abate th' extension of her bladder,  
 Which is an importuning matter,  
 Was so supported by her water,  
 To ease her knees with a third pillar,  
 That as she sate the poor distiller  
 Look'd on the tripod, like the famous  
 Astrologer hight Nostradamus.<sup>148</sup>  
 These stories sound so very oddly,  
 That though men may be pretty godly,  
 One should though store of mustard give 'em,  
 E'er they expect they should believe 'em.  
 But, to allure your faith a little,  
 What follows true is to a tittle :  
 Our country air was, in plain dealing,  
 Some weeks together so congealing,  
 That if, as men are rude in this age,  
 One spit had in another's visage,  
 The Constable by th' back had got him,  
 For he infallibly had shot him.  
 Nay, Friend with Friend, Brother with Brother,  
 Must needs have wounded one another  
 With kindest words, were they not wary  
 To make their greetings sideways carry ;  
 For all the words that came from gullets,  
 If long were slugs, if short ones bullets.

<sup>147</sup> See Note 41.

<sup>148</sup> Nostradamus, Michel de Nostredame, b. 1503, d. 1566. His "Prophéties" appeared in 1555.

You might have read from mouths (*sans* fable),  
 "Your humble servant, Sir," in label;  
 Like those (yet theirs were warmer quarters),  
 We see in Foxe's Book of Martyrs.<sup>149</sup>  
 Eyes that were weak, and apt to water,  
 Wore spectacles of their own matter;  
 And noses that to drop were ceased,  
 To such a longitude increased,  
 That who e'er wrung for ease or losses,  
 Snap'd off two handfulls of proboscis.  
 Beards were the strangest things, God save us,  
 Such as Dame Nature never gave us!  
 So wild, so pointed, and so staring,  
 That I should wrong them by comparing  
 Hedgehogs, or Porcupine's small taggers  
 To their more dang'rous swords and daggers.  
 Mustachio's look'd like hero's trophies  
 Behind their Arms i' th' Herald's Office;  
 The perpendicular beard appear'd  
 Like hop-poles in a Hop-yard rear'd:  
 'Twixt these the underwoody acres  
 Look'd just like bavins<sup>150</sup> at a Baker's,  
 To heat the oven mouth most ready,  
 Which seem'd to gape for heat already.  
 In mouths with salivation flowing,  
 The horrid hairs about 'em growing,  
 Like reeds, look'd in confused order,  
 Growing about a fish-pond's border.  
 But stay myself I caught have tripping,  
 ('This frost is perilous for slipping)

<sup>149</sup> John Foxe, 1517-1587. His "History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church," or Foxe's Book of Martyrs, as it came to be called, was published first in Latin in 1554 and translated into English in 1563. In the illustrations to the 1610 edition the Martyrs are depicted speaking "in label."

<sup>150</sup> Bavins = bundles of brushwood.

I've brought this stupifying weather,  
 These elements, too near together ;  
 The bearded therefore look'd as Nature,  
 Instead of forming human creature,  
 So many garrisons had made us,  
 Our beards t' our sconces pallisadoes.  
 Perukes now stuck so firm and stedfast,  
 They all were riveted to headfast ;  
 Men that bought wigs to go a-wooing,  
 Had them made natural now and growing ;  
 But let them have a care, for truly  
 The hair will fall 'twixt this and July.  
 The tender ladies, and the lasses,  
 Were vitrifi'd to drinking glasses,  
 Contriv'd to such an admiration,  
 After so odd fantastic fashion,  
 One scarce knew at which end to guzzle,  
 The upper or the lower muzzle.  
 The earth to that degree was crusted  
 That, let me never more be trusted  
 (I speak without poetic figure)  
 If I don't think a lump no bigger  
 Than a good walnut, had it hit one,  
 Would as infallibly have split one,  
 As cannon-shot, that killing's sure at,  
 Had not both been alike obdurate.  
 The very rocks, which in all reason  
 Should stoutli'st have withstood the season,  
 Repetrifi'd with harder matter  
 Had no more privilege than water :  
 Had Pegasus struck such a mountain,  
 It would have fail'd him for a fountain ;  
 'Twas well Parnassus, when he started,  
 Prov'd to his hoof more tender-hearted,  
 Or else of Greece the sullen bully,



And Trojan Hector, had been dully  
 In threadbare prose, alas ! related,  
 Which now in song are celebrated ;  
 For steed poetic ne'er had whinny'd  
 Greek Iliad, or Latin Æneid ;  
 Nor Naso <sup>151</sup> writ his ribble rabbles,  
 Of sad complaints, love, and strange fables;  
 Then too Anacreon and Flaccus  
 Had ne'er made Odes in praise of Bacchus,  
 And taught blind harpers for their bread sneak  
 From feast to feast to make cats dead squeak.  
 Nor Martial giv'n so great offences,  
 With Epigrams of double senses.  
 Rhyme then had ne'er been scan'd on fingers,  
 No ballad-makers then, or singers,  
 Had e'er been heard to twang out metre,  
 Music than which backdrones make sweeter :  
 Of Poetry, that writing mystic,  
 There had not extant been one distich ;  
 And, which is worst, the noblest sort on 't,  
 And to the world the most important  
 Of th' whole poetical creation,  
 Burlesque <sup>152</sup> had never been in fashion.  
 But now have I this while forgot so  
 My Mistress Dove, who went to pot too,  
 My white Dove that was smoking ever,  
 In spite of Winter's worst endeavour,  
 And still could so evade or fly him,  
 As never to be pinion'd by him,  
 Now numb'd with bitterness of weather,  
 Had not the pow'r to stir a feather,  
 Wherein the Nymph was to be piti'd,

<sup>151</sup> Nor Nero writ his ribble-rabble (1689 ed.).

<sup>152</sup> Burlesque came into fashion (from France) in the seventeenth century.

But flag'd her wings and so submitted.  
 The ruffian bound though, knowing 's betters,  
 Her silver feet in crystal fetters,  
 In which estate we saw poor Dove lie,  
 Even in captivity more lovely :  
 But in the fate of this bright Princess  
 Reason itself you know convinces,  
 That her pinniferous fry must die all,  
 Imprison'd in the crystal vial ;  
 And doubtless there was great mortality  
 Of Trout and Grayling of great quality,  
 Whom love and honour did importune  
 To stick to her in her misfortune,  
 Though we shall find, no doubt, good dishes  
 Next summer of Plebeian fishes,  
 Or, if with greater art and trouble  
 An old Patrician Trout we bubble,  
 In better liquor swim we'll make him  
 By odds than that from whence we take him.

Now though I have in stuff confounded,  
 Of small truths and great lies compounded,  
 Giv'n an account, that we in England  
 May, for cold weather, vie with Greenland,  
 I han't yet the main reason given,  
 Why I so very long have driven  
 My answer to the last you sent me,  
 Which did so highly compliment me :  
 Know therefore that both ink and Cotten  
 So desperately hard were gotten,  
 It was impossible by squeezing  
 To get out either truth or leasing :  
 My fingers too, no more being jointed,  
 My love and manners disappointed ;  
 Nay, I was numb'd on that strange fashion,



I could not sign an obligation,  
 (Though Heaven such a friend ne'er sent me)  
 Would one a thousand pounds have lent me  
 On my own bond; and who is 't buckles  
 To writing, pray, that has no knuckles?  
 But now I'm thaw'd beyond all conscience  
 Into a torrent of damn'd nonsense:  
 Yet still in this our climate frigid  
 I'm one day limber, next day rigid;  
 Nay, all things yet remain so crusty,  
 That were I now but half so lusty  
 As when we kiss'd four months agoe,  
 And had but Dutch goloshes on,  
 At one run I would slide to Lon . . .  
 But surely this transforming weather  
 Will soon take leave for altogether,  
 Then what now Lapland seems, in May  
 You'll swear is sweet Arcadia.

### *The Joys of Marriage*

How uneasy is his life  
 Who is troubled with a Wife!  
 Be she ne'er so fair or comely,  
 Be she ne'er so foul or homely,  
 Be she ne'er so young and toward,  
 Be she ne'er so old and froward,  
 Be she kind with arms enfolding,  
 Be she cross and always scolding,  
 Be she blithe, or melancholy,  
 Have she wit or have she folly,  
 Be she wary, be she squand'ring,  
 Be she staid, or be she wand'ring,  
 Be she constant, be she fickle,

Be she fire, or be she ickle,<sup>153</sup>  
Be she pious or ungodly,  
Be she chaste or what sounds oddly :  
Lastly, be she good or evil,  
Be she Saint, or be she Devil :  
Yet uneasy is his life  
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

If fair she's subject to temptation,  
If foul her self's solicitation,  
If young and sweet she is too tender,  
If old and cross no man can mend her,  
If too too kind she's over clinging,  
If a true scold she's ever ringing,  
If blithe find fiddles, or y' undo her,  
If sad then call a casuist to her,  
If a Wit she'll still be jeering,  
If a fool she's ever fleeing,  
If too wary then she'll shrew thee,  
If too lavish she'll undo thee.  
If staid she'll mope a year together,  
If gadding then to London with her,  
If true she'll think you don't deserve her,  
If false a thousand will not serve her,  
If lustful send her to a Spittle,  
If cold she is for one too little,  
If she be of th' Reformation,  
Thy house will be a Convocation,  
If a libertine then watch it,  
At the window thou may'st catch it,  
If chaste her pride will still importune,  
If a whore thou know'st thy fortune :  
So uneasy is his life  
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

ickle = icicle.

These are all extremes I know,  
But all Womankind is so,  
And the golden mean to none  
Of that cloven race is known;  
Or to one if known it be,  
Yet that one 's unknown to me.  
Some Ulyssean traveller  
May perhaps have gone so far,  
As t' have found (in spite of Nature)  
Such an admirable creature.  
If a voyager there be  
Has made that discovery,  
He the fam'd *Odcombian* gravels,<sup>154</sup>  
And may rest to write his travels.

But alas! there's no such woman;  
The calamity is common,  
The first rib did bring in ruin,  
And the rest have since been doing,  
Some by one way, some another,  
Woman still is mischief's mother,  
And yet cannot Man forbear,  
Though it cost him ne'er so dear.

Yet with me 'tis out of season  
To complain thus without reason,  
Since the best and sweetest Fair  
Is allotted to my share;  
But alas! I love her so  
That my love creates my woe;  
For if she be out of humour,  
Straight displeas'd I do presume her,  
And would give the world to know  
What it is offends her so:

<sup>154</sup> *Odcombian* = Tom Coriate (see Note 31) who came from Odcombe in Somerset.

Or if she be discontented,  
Lord, how am I then tormented !  
And am ready to persuade her  
That I have unhappy made her :  
But if sick I then am dying,  
Meat and med'cine both defying :  
So uneasy is his life  
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

What are then the Marriage Joys  
That make such a mighty noise ?  
All 's enclos'd in one short sentence,  
Little pleasure, great repentance ;  
Yet it is so sweet a pleasure,  
To repent we scarce have leisure,  
Till the pleasure wholly fails,  
Save sometimes by intervals :  
But those intervals again,  
Are so full of deadly pain,  
That the pleasure we have got  
Is in conscience too dear bought.

Pox on 't, would Womankind be free,  
What needed this Solemnity,  
This foolish way of coup'ling so,  
That all the World (forsooth) must know ?  
And yet the naked truth to say,  
They are so perfect grown that way,  
That if 't only be for pleasure  
You would marry, take good leisure,  
Since none can ever want supplies  
For natural necessities ;  
Without exposing of his life  
To the great trouble of a Wife.

Why then all the great pains taking ?  
Why the sighing ? why the waking ?  
Why the riding ? why the running ?  
Why the artifice and cunning ?  
Why the whining ? why the crying ?  
Why pretending to be dying ?  
Why all this clutter to get Wives,  
To make us weary of our lives ?

If fruition we profess  
To be the only happiness,  
How much happier then is he,  
Who with the industrious bee,  
Preys upon the several sweets  
Of the various flow'rs he meets,  
Than he who with less delight  
Dulls on one his appetite ?

Oh, 'tis pleasant to be free !  
The sweetest Miss is Liberty ;  
And though who with one sweet is bless'd  
May reap the sweets of all the rest  
In her alone, who fair and true,  
As Love is all for which we sue,  
Whose several graces may supply  
The place of full variety,  
And whose true kindness or address  
Sums up the All of happiness ;

Yet 'tis better live alone,  
Free to all than ti'd to one,  
Since uneasy is his life  
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

*Tempus edax rerum*

THANKS for this rescue Time ; for thou hast won  
In this more glory than the States have done  
In all their conquests ; they have conquer'd men,  
But thou hast conquer'd that would conquer them,  
Famine ; and in this parricide hast shown  
A greater courage than their acts dare own ;  
Thou 'st slain thy eating brother, 'tis a fame  
Greater than all past heroes e'er could claim :  
Nor do I think thou could'st have conquer'd him  
By force, it surely was by stratagem.  
There was a dearth when he gave up the ghost :  
For, (on my life) his stomach he ne'er lost,  
That never fail'd him, and without all doubt  
Had he been victual'd he had still held out :  
Howe'er, it happen'd for the Nation well,  
All fear of famine now 's impossible,  
Since we have scap't his reign ; blest were my rhymes,  
Could they but prove that for the People's crimes  
He an atonement fell ; for in him dy'd  
More bulls, and rams, than in all times beside,  
Though we the numbers of them all ingrost,  
Offer'd with antique piety, and cost :  
And 't might have well become the People's care  
To have embowel'd him, if such there were,  
Who, in respect of their forefathers' peace,  
Would have attempted such a task as this,  
For 'tis discreetly doubted he'll go hard  
To eat up all his fellows i' th' Churchyard :  
Then, as from several parts each mangled limb  
Meet at the last, they all will rise in him ;

<sup>155</sup> See Note 42.

And he, (as once a Pleader) may arise  
A general Advocate at the last Assize.

I wonder Death durst venture on this prize,  
His jaws more greedy were, and wide than his,  
'Twas well he only was compos'd of bone,  
Had he been flesh, this eater had not gone ;  
Or had they not been empty skeletons,  
As sure as Death he'd crush't his marrow-bones ;  
And knockt 'em too, his stomach was so rife,  
The rogue lov'd marrow, as he lov'd his life.

Behold ! behold, O Brethren ! you may see  
By this late object of mortality,  
'Tis not the lining of the inward man,  
(Though ne'er so soundly stuff't, and cramb'd) that can  
Keep life and soul together ; for if that  
Could have preserv'd him, he had kick't at Fate  
With his high shoes, and liv'd to make a prey  
Of butchers' stinking offal to this day.

But he is gone, and 't had been excellent sport  
When first he stalked into Pluto's Court,  
Had one but seen with what an angry gust  
The greedy rascal worried Cerberus ;  
I know he'd do 't before he would retreat,  
And he and 's stomach are not parted yet ;  
But, that digested, how he'll do for meat  
I can't imagine : for the Devil a bit  
He'll purchase there, unless this tedious time  
The tree of Tantalus was sav'd for him ;  
Should it prove so, no doubt he would rejoice,  
Spite of the Devil, and Hell's horrid noise.  
But then, could 't not be touch't, 'twould prove a curse  
Worse than the others, or he'd bear it worse :



Oh ! would his fortitude in suffering rise  
So much in glory 'bove his gluttonies,  
That, rather than confess them to his Sire,  
He would, like Portia,<sup>156</sup> swallow coals of fire,  
He might extinguish Hell, and, to prevent  
Eternal pains, void ashes, and repent ;  
For, without that, his torments still would last,  
It were damnation for him to fast.

But how had I been like to have forgot  
Myself, with raving of a thing is not,  
Of his Eternity ; I should condole  
His death and ruin, had he had a soul :  
But he had none : or 't was mere sensitive ;  
Nor could the gourmandising beast outlive ;  
So that 't may properly of him be said,  
Marriot the Eater of Grays Inn is dead,  
And is no more : dear Jove, I thee intreat  
Send us no more such eaters, or more meat.

*On the Great Eater of Grays-Inn*<sup>157</sup>

OH ! for a lasting wind ! that I may rail  
At this vile Cormorant, this Harpey-male :  
That can, with such an hungry haste, devour  
A year's provision in one short liv'd hour.  
Prodigious calf of Pharaoh's lean-rib'd kine,  
That swallowest beef, at every bit a chine !  
Yet art thyself so meagre, men may see  
Approaching famine in thy phys'nomny.

The World may yet rejoice, thou wer't not one  
That shar'd Jove's mercy with Deucalion ;

<sup>156</sup> See Note 43.

<sup>157</sup> See Note 42.



Had he thy grinders trusted in that boat,  
Where the whole world's epitome did float,  
Clean, and unclean had died, th' Earth found a want  
Of her irrational inhabitant :  
'Tis doubted, there thy<sup>158</sup> fury had not ceast,  
But of the human part too made a feast ;

How fruitless then had been Heaven's charity ?  
No man on earth had liv'd, nor beast, but thee.  
Had'st thou been one to feed upon the fare  
Stor'd by old Priam for the Grecian war ;  
He, and his sons had soon been made a prey,  
Troy's ten years siege had lasted but one day ;  
Or thou might'st have preserv'd them, and at once  
Chop'd up Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Had'st thou been Bael, sure thou had'st sav'd the lives  
O' th' cheating priests, their children, and their wives,  
But at this rate, 'twould be a heavy tax  
For Hercules himself to cleanse thy jakes.

Oh ! that kind Heav'n to give to thee would please  
An Estridge-maw for then we should have peace.  
Swords then, or shining engines would be none,  
No guns, to thunder out destruction :  
No rugged shackles would be extant then,  
Nor tedious grates, that limit free-born men.  
But thy gut-pregnant womb thy paws do fill  
With spoils of Nature's good, and not her ill.

'Twas th' Inns of Courts improvidence to own  
Thy wolfish carcase for a son o' th' gown ;  
The danger of thy jaws, they ne'er foresaw ;  
For, faith ! I think thou hast devour'd the Law.

<sup>158</sup> Their (1869 ed.).

No wonder th' art complain'd of by the rout,  
When very curs begin to smell thee out.  
The reasons Southwark rings with howlings are,  
Because thou rob'st the bulldogs of their share.

Beastly Consumer ! not content to eat  
The wholesome quarters destin'd for men's meat,  
But excrement and all : nor wilt thou bate  
One entrail, to inform us of thy Fate :  
Which will, I hope, be such an ugly Death,  
As hungry beggars, can in cursings breath.

But I have done, my Muse can scold no more,  
She to the Bearward's sentence turns thee o'er,  
And, since so great 's thy stomach's tyranny,  
For writing this, pray God, thou eat not me.

### *The Sleeper*

WHAT a strange lump of laziness here lies,  
That from the light of day bolts up his eyes !  
Thou look'st, when God created thee, as if  
He had forgot t' impart His breath of life.  
That th' art with seven sleepy Fiends possest,  
A man would judge, or that bewitcht at least.  
It is a curse upon thee, without doubt,  
And Heav'n for sin has put thy candles out.

I could excuse thee, if this sloth could be  
Bred by the venom of infirmity ;  
But 'tis in Nature's force impossible,  
Her whole corruption makes not such a spell,  
Though thou an abstract had'st ingrost of all  
Ills, and diseases apoplectical.

Wer't thou not male, I should guess thee the bride  
Cut out of sleeping Adam's senseless side ;  
But that I do this doubtful query find,  
Whether such sloth can spring from human kind ?  
If so, thy Mother in conception,  
With wine, and dormice fed her embryo ;  
Or, when he did the penitential deed,  
Thy drowsy Father voided Poppy-seed.

I should believe th' had'st drunk in Lethe's deep,  
But that I see, th'ast not forgot to sleep.  
Sleep without end, which justifies the theme  
That thus informs, *Man's life is but a Dream*,  
Just such is thine ; and since 'tis so profound,  
'Tis well if thou wak'st at the Trumpet's sound.

### *New Prison*

You Squires o' th' shade, that love to tread  
In gloomy night, when day's in bed ;  
That court the Moon, supposing she  
Likes such a watchful industry ;  
Read here a story, it will make  
Your eyelids droop, when she's awake.  
'Tis not the horrid noise of wars,  
Consequent chances, wounds and scars,  
The dangers of the foaming Deep,  
Nor all the bugbear Fates, that keep  
Fond men in awe, Hobgoblins, Sprites,  
Dire dreams in dark and tedious nights,  
A troubled conscience, nor the sense  
Of man's despairing diffidence,  
That can present so sad a face  
Of black affliction, as this place.

The sneaking rascals, lowsy whores,  
The creaking of the dismal doors,  
That stink of stinks that fumes within,  
(Symptoms of beasts that dwell therein)  
So rot the air, cameleons could  
Not live unpoison'd with such food ;  
There's reason for 't, no Mortal can  
Step from the excrement of Man ;  
And that which should howe'er be sweet,  
Is like the rest ; I mean, their meat ;  
The locusts of the wilderness  
Are sweetmeats to their nasty mess.  
I could say more ; the place provokes me,  
But that the vile tobacco chokes me.

### *A Rogue*

READER, read this man, than whom  
Is none more vile in Christendom :  
Thou may'st know him, wheresoe'er  
Thou meet'st him, by his character,  
And, to begin first with his face,  
It is the worst that ever was,  
So crab-like, wrinkled, and so foul,  
His mother shit him sure at stool.  
To that, his limbs are such, thou'dst swear  
No two of them could make a pair :  
His hands ! Man never saw such clutches,  
Nor such feet walk without crutches ;  
The bulk to these fair branches is  
A chaos of confounded vice ;  
A trunk of tumours and diseases,  
Which a thousand ulcers eases,

With a stink that would infect us,  
Did not kinder Heaven protect us.

Now how this hide of his is lin'd!  
To this shape he has a mind  
Of so damn'd a leprous taint  
As the Devil himself would Saint.  
Bloody, revengeful, treacherous :  
A hellish liar, covetous ;  
A cursed sycophanting slave,  
A fool, a coward, and a knave :  
Lewdly debauched (the Devil take him !)  
As drabs, and dice, and drink can make him :  
Loudly profane 'bove blasphemy,  
The abstract of all villainy ;  
Ignorant of all things, but evil :  
And now y'ave warning of a Devil.

### *An Old Man's Gift to a Fair Lady*

Pox o' your doting Coxcomb ! was there ever  
So old a Lover, and so young a Giver ?  
A pair of Spectacles ! who the Devil, but thee,  
Could have found out such a disparity ?  
There were, t' oblige thy Love, far better ways,  
A lump of sugar, or her name in bays,  
A row of pins, a baby, or a purse,  
Or what as fit had been, a hobby-horse,  
A Valentine, had'st thou not wanted blood  
To paint it with, would have been full as good.  
Thy old seal-ring, thy Grandam's pleated gown,  
A boon-grace<sup>159</sup> to preserve her from the sun.  
Or any thing, rather than a dull pair  
Of second eyes, these must deform thy Fair.

<sup>159</sup> Boon-grace = a sunshade in the shape of a wide-brimmed hat.

I see, thou fain would'st blast her in her prime  
To parallel thy age before her time.

What do'st thou think thy Mistress cannot see  
Without such helps, thy full deformity ;  
Thy shaking noddle, and thy dropping nose,  
Whence the moist philtre is salt rhume that flows ?  
Thy stooping shoulders, and thy trembling hands,  
Thy bursten belly, and thy crinkling hams,  
Thy spider's legs, and thy club'd corny feet,  
That stink, though grown so dry they cannot sweat ?  
Or would'st thou have thy Love a bugbear be,  
To fright the boys in snavelling like thee ?  
Or is 't to stop her sense she may not smell,  
The tainted winds, that in thy bowels swell,  
Until they burst in cracks ; nor snuff the scent  
Thy nasty, suppurated issues vent ?

I am content to think this gift was bought.  
In mirth, and given her for a merry-thought.  
Are they to mend her sight, or dim her eyes,  
So to eclipse her sight from seeing these ?  
'Twas thy good nature made thee give such ware,  
And so, in troth, the present was most rare.  
For the great kindness of this gift implies,  
Thou lov'st thy Mistress better than thine eyes.

If to find out, thou ever had'st design  
A present fit to offer at her shrine ;  
Thou should'st have bought the Sun, that Day of light,  
And all the twinkling Beauties of the Night,  
And yet, those glories of that arched Scene  
Had been for her an offering too mean.

Embroider'd waistcoats, Spanish gloves, or plate,  
Watches, or jewels might become her state.

But could'st thou find out no allurement else ?  
A pair of nasty horn-set Spectacles !,  
Where were thy wits, old Fool ? she might have borne  
With them, if set in Amalthea's horn ;  
And had those green-glass orbs been cut from some  
O' th' crystal sphere, they might her eyes become.  
The case might have passed too if made it were  
Of the embroider'd girdle o' th' next sphere :  
But such a wretched Rogue, with such an itch,  
Never made love to any wrinkled Witch.

Sure thou hast heard, that Love is blind, and thou  
By this device would'st be a Cupid too.  
A pleasant plot i' faith ! thou would'st be then  
A pretty boy of fourscore years, and ten.  
Or thou had'st laid 'em by, and wanting light  
Bestow'dst them for some gem, as well thou might.  
Or else amaz'd by th' lustre of her face  
Mistaking gav'st them for a looking glass.

Howe'er, whether thou didst, or didst not see,  
I wish instead of them th' hadst given her me.

*The Legend of the famous, furious, expert and  
valiant Guitar Masters, Caveliero Comer and  
Don Hill*

*Ballad*

You, that love to read the Tracts,  
Of tall fellows' fights, and facts,  
In this song will hear a wonder,  
How two Fiddlers fell asunder,  
Lampon, etc.



Comer had the first abuse,  
Which admitted no excuse ;  
But, since Hill so ill did treat him,  
Dick, in wrath, resolv'd to beat him.  
Lampon, etc.

Straight a broom-staff was prepar'd,  
Which Don Hill no little fear'd ;  
But he resolv'd if Dick did baste him,  
That his patience should outlast him.  
Lampon, etc.

Whilst, (good Christian) thus he meant,  
To despise his punishment,  
And first to appease his foe send,  
Lo ! in fight, was Dick's fierce nose-end  
Lampon, etc.

Whom, in terror, Hill did ask,  
If he durst perform his task,  
Dick, in wrath, reply'd, God damn me !  
To that purpose now come am I,  
Lampon, etc.

And withal, with main, and might,  
Up he trips this proper Knight,  
And with such fury he quell'd Hill,  
That to the ground he level'd Hill :  
Lampon, etc.

This shews Music discord has,  
Which the cause of this war was,  
And, that Hill's beaten, is a token,  
That their string of friendship's broken ;  
Lampon, etc.



Now behold ! this mortal cause,  
Is referr'd to Harry Laws,<sup>160</sup>  
And since he's beaten Hill does tell tho',  
Law shall give him salve for 's elbow.  
Lampon, etc.

### *The Litany*

#### I

FROM a Ruler that's a curse,  
And a Government that's worse ;  
From a Prince that rules by awe,  
Whose tyrannic will 's his Law ;  
From an armed Council board,  
And a sceptre that's a sword,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

#### II

From a Kingdom, that from health  
Sickens to a Commonwealth ;  
From such Peers as stain their blood,  
And are neither wise ; nor good ;  
From a Gentry steeped in pots,  
From unkennellers of plots,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

#### III

From a Church without Divines,  
And a Presbyter that whines ;  
From John Calvin, and his pupils,  
From a sentence without scruples,  
From a Clergy without letters,  
And a Free-State bound in fetters,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

<sup>160</sup> See Note 14.

IV

From the bustle of the Town,  
 And the knavish tribe o' th' Gown,<sup>161</sup>  
 From long bills where we are debtors,  
 From Bum-Bailiffs,<sup>162</sup> and their Setters,  
 From the tedious City lectures,  
 And Thanksgivings for Protectors,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

V

From ill victuals when we dine,  
 And a tavern with ill wine ;  
 From vile smoke in a short pipe,  
 And a Landlord that will gripe,  
 From long reck'nings, and a wench  
 That claps in English ; or in French,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

VI

From demesnes whose barren soil  
 Ne'er produc'd the barley oil ;  
 From a friend for nothing fit,  
 That nor courage has, nor wit ;  
 From all liars, and from those  
 Who write nonsense Verse ; or Prose,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

VII

From a virgin that's no maid,  
 From a kicking, stumbling jade,  
 From false servants, and a scold,  
 From all women that are old,

<sup>161</sup> Tribe o' th' Gown = the lawyers.

<sup>162</sup> Bum-Bailiffs, so called because they take you from behind.

From loud tongues that never lie,  
And from a domestic spy ;  
*Libera nos, etc.*

VIII

From a domineering Spouse,  
From a smoky, dirty house,  
From foul linen, and the noise  
Of young children, girls or boys,  
From ill beds, and full of fleas,  
From a wife with essences ;  
*Libera nos, etc.*

IX

From trepans<sup>163</sup> of wicked men,  
From the Interest of Ten,<sup>164</sup>  
From Rebellion, and the sense  
Of a wounded conscience ;  
Lastly, from the Poet's evil,  
From His highness,\* and the Devil,  
*Libera nos, etc.*

*Dialogue*

*Geron and Amarillis*

GR.

STAY, stay, fair Nymph ! oh ! whither flies  
The love, and wonder of all eyes ?  
Stay, and to see be now besought  
The miracle thy charms have wrought ;  
Age turn'd to youth at Love's command,  
And thine which nothing can withstand.

<sup>163</sup> Trepans = traps.

<sup>164</sup> Interest of Ten, probably a reference to the ten (afterwards increased to eleven) Major Generals who were each entrusted with command of a District in 1655.

\* O. Cromwell.

AM.

Begone, old Fool, why dost thou stay  
My better thoughts, and cross my way ?  
Fly, fly, and quit my shady walk,  
Nature will blush to see us talk,  
Who all conjunction must disclaim  
Betwixt her glory, and her shame.  
Prefer thy suit to some one fit,  
If not to grant, to pardon it.  
Thou wrong'st my youth, by thy pretence,  
And ev'ry pray'r is violence.  
Love has on thee no wonder wrought,  
Thou only art transform'd in thought,  
Nor art thou quick'ned by my eyes,  
But dream'st of metamorphoses.  
Thou art the same old thing thou wast,  
Without or sight, or touch, or taste,  
Hearing, or smell, or any sense,  
That beauty's grace should recompense.  
And only hast a tongue to move  
Contempt, and laughter, but no love.

GR.

Sweet, do not scorn me, though I seem  
Old, and unfit for thy esteem ;  
Though hoary grown, and shrunk I am,  
I feed within, perhaps, a flame ;  
As hot as can the youngest he,  
That hourly sighs, and sues to thee.  
As I am old, I should be wise,  
And better know the thing I prize,  
Than twenty younglings that do light  
Their torches only at the sight.

AM.

I shun thee not for any part  
Of what thou seem'st, but what thou art.  
And that, thou dost a flame believe,  
Is but enough to make thee live :  
For if thy heart a flame should turn,  
The bulk's so dry thy frame would burn.  
I know thee old, and wish thee wise,  
A younger man, and younger eyes ;  
On public faith thou courtest me,  
For troth, I think thou canst not see.

GR.

Would I were deaf ! I might not hear  
This confirmation of my fear.  
I doubted thou would'st scornful prove,  
But look'd for no reproach for love.  
I come perhaps with full delight  
T' outbid thy wary appetite ;  
I can distinguish beauty too,  
And taste the fruit for which I sue.  
Know all Love's ends, and all his ways,  
Women's reproaches, and delays,  
And furnish'd am with able arms  
To force the fortress of thy charms.  
Scorn then, Ingrate, my love, and me ;  
Thy Spring will one day Winter be.  
When ev'ry youthful shepherd swain,  
As thou dost me, will thee disdain.

AM.

Old man, why should'st thou think me nice <sup>165</sup>  
Because I cannot hug thy ice ?  
Or tell me I shall Winter grow,

<sup>165</sup> Nice = fastidious,

Because thy self art turn'd to snow ?  
No heats so wild in my blood play,  
As needs th' excess of thy allay :  
Nor can the judgment of thy dim,  
Erroneous sight, raise my esteem ;  
And that stiff blade of thine may in  
Attempts, but no performance, sin.  
Go Dotard, and impartial look  
Thy shadow in the frozen brook,  
In that congeal'd mirror behold,  
How shrunk thou art, wither'd, and old,  
Thy leaf dropt off from thy bald crown,  
And all an antic statue grown ;  
Then say if ought thou there canst see  
Fit to present my youth and me.

GR.

I have (fair Nymph !) consider'd all  
Thy youth may tax my age withal,  
And on my self some lectures read :  
But cannot find that I am dead :  
For furrow'd though my skin appears,  
Because old Time these threescore years,  
Has plough'd it up, I'm fruitful still,  
And want no power to my will.  
And though my leaf be fall'n, each vein  
Does a proportion'd heat retain.  
One yielding glance from thy fair eyes  
Would make my lusty sap to rise ;  
My wanton pulses strongly beat,  
And glow with germinating heat.  
Create me then, and call me thine,  
We then will in embraces twine,  
As sweet, and fruitful, as the pair  
That in their April coupled were.

AM.

Stay, shepherd, stay, you run too fast,  
This fury is too hot to last ;  
And by the crackling flame, I doubt,  
The fire will be soon burnt out.  
Leave me, and stumble to thy bed,  
Where dream thou hast me ; and thou'rt sped.

GR.

Fair, and inflexible, will Love,  
Pray'rs, tears and suff'rings nothing move ?  
Thus then I leave thee and am gone,  
To die for an ungrateful one.  
When I am dead if thou repent,  
And sigh over my monument,  
By that sweet breath I shall respire,  
And dead enjoy my life's desire.

AM.

Stay, stay, for now I better see  
Th' unblemished truth that shines in thee.  
Thou conquered hast, I am o'ercome,  
Then lead me, Shepherd, captive home.

*Chorus*

Jolly Shepherds, quit your flocks  
To the greedy wolf, or fox ;  
Though no shepherd them attend,  
Hecate will all defend,  
For another Cynthia's led  
To a lusty old man's bed.  
Tune your oaten pipes and play ;  
This is Hymen's Holy-day.  
To one night a year's mirth bring,  
Winter's marry'd to the Spring.  
Therefore it becomes each one  
To crown the revolution.

*On Tobacco*<sup>166</sup>

WHAT horrid sin condemn'd the teeming Earth,  
And curst her womb with such a monstrous birth?  
What crime America, that Heav'n would please  
To make thee Mother of the World's disease?  
In thy fair womb what accidents could breed,  
What plague give root to this pernicious weed?  
Tobacco! Oh, the very name doth kill,  
And has already fox't my reeling quill:  
I now could write libels against the King,  
Treason; or blasphemy; or any thing  
'Gainst piety, and reason; I could frame  
A Panegyric to the Protector's name:  
Such sly infection does the word infuse  
Into the soul of ev'ry modest Muse.

What politic Peregrine was 't first could boast  
He brought<sup>167</sup> a pest into his native coast?  
Th' abstract of poison in a stinking weed,  
The spurious issue of corrupted seed;  
Seed belch't in earthquakes from the dark abyss,  
Whose name a blot in Nature's Herbal is.  
What drunken Fiend taught Englishmen the crime,  
Thus to puff out, and spawl<sup>168</sup> away their time?

Pernicious Weed (should not my Muse offend,  
To say Heav'n made ought for a cruel end)  
I should proclaim that thou created wer't,  
To ruin man's high, and immortal part.  
The Stygian damp obscures our reason's eye,  
Debauches wit, and makes invention dry;  
Destroys the memory, confounds our care;

<sup>166</sup> See Note 44.

<sup>167</sup> Bought (1689 ed.).

<sup>168</sup> Spawl = spit.



We know not what we do, or what we are :  
Renders our faculties, and members lame  
To ev'ry office of our Country's claim.  
Our life's a drunken dream devoid of sense,  
And the best actions of our time offence.  
Our health, diseases, lethargies, and rhume,  
Our Friendship's fire, and all our vows are fume.  
Of late there's no such things as wit, or sense,  
Counsel, instruction or intelligence :  
Discourse that should distinguish man from beast,  
Is by the vapour of this weed supprest ;  
For what we talk is interrupted stuff,  
The one half English, and the other Puff ;  
Freedom and Truth are things we do not know,  
We know not what we say, or what we do :  
We want in all, the understanding's light,  
We talk in clouds, and walk in endless night.

We smoke, as if we meant concealed by spell,  
To spy abroad, yet be invisible :  
But no discovery shall the Statesman boast,  
We raise a mist wherein ourselves are lost,  
A stinking shade, and whilst we pipe it thus,  
Each one appears an *Ignis fatuus*.  
Courtier, and Peasant, nay the Madam nice  
Is likewise fall'n into the common vice,  
We all in dusky error groping lie,  
Robb'd of our reasons, and the day's bright eye,  
Whilst sailors from the main-top see our isle  
Wrapped up in smoke, like the Ætnean pile.

What nameless ill does its contagion shroud  
In the dark mantle of this noisome cloud ?  
Sure 'tis the Devil : Oh, I know that's it,  
Foh ! How the sulphur makes me cough and spit !  
'Tis he ; or else some fav'rite Fiend at least,  
In all the mischief of his malice drest ;

Each deadly sin that lurks t' entrap the soul,  
Does here conceal'd in curling vapours roll :  
And for the body such an unknown ill,  
As makes physicians' reading, and their skill :  
One undistinguish'd pest made up of all  
That men experienc'd do diseases call :  
Coughs, Asthmas, Apoplexies, Fevers, Rheum,  
All that kill dead : or lingeringly consume ;  
Folly, and Madness, nay the Plague, the Pox,  
And ev'ry fool wears a Pandora's box.  
From that rich mine, the stupid sot doth fill,  
Smokes up his liver, and his lungs, until  
His reeking nostrils monstr'ously proclaim,  
His brains, and bowels are consuming flame.  
What noble soul would be content to dwell  
In the dark Lanthorn of a smoky cell ?  
To prostitute his body, and his mind,  
To a debauch of such a stinking kind ?  
To sacrifice to Molech, and to fry,  
In such a base, dirty idolatry ;  
As if frail life, which of its self's too short,  
Were to be whift away in drunken sport.  
Thus, as if weary of our destin'd years,  
We burn the thread so to prevent the shears.

What noble end, can simple man propose  
For a reward to his all-smoking nose ?  
His purposes are levell'd sure amiss,  
Where neither ornament, nor pleasure is.  
What can he then design his worthy hire ?  
Sure 'tis t' inure him for eternal fire ;  
And thus his aim must admirably thrive,  
In hopes of Hell, he damns himself alive.

But my infected Muse begins to choke  
In the vile stink of the increasing smoke,  
And can no more in equal numbers chime,

Unless to sneeze, and cough, and spit in rhyme.  
Half stifled now in this new time's disease,  
She must *in fumo* vanish, and decease.  
This is her fault's excuse, and her pretence,  
This Satire, perhaps, else had looked like sense.

### *Amoret in Masquerade*

BLESS me ! wonder how I'm struck  
With that youth's victorious look !  
So much lustre, so much grace,  
Never broke from human face ;  
Fond Narcissus was an ass,  
Cynthia's love a moon-calf was,  
Ganymede, that bears Jove's bowl,  
Was a chit, Paris an owl,  
And Adonis, with th' fine Miss,  
Was a puppy-dog to this.  
Women, now lay by your charms,  
Here is one hath other arms,  
And of greater power too,  
Than your magazines can shew :  
All your beauties, all your arts,  
Conqu'ring or deceiving hearts,  
You may spare and let alone,  
We shall henceforth be by none  
Conquer'd, but this peerless one.  
Yet I have a lover been,  
Sev'ral beauties I have seen,  
Nor in love am yet so rude,  
But I've often been subdu'd ;  
Nor so old but that again,  
Once more struck I might have been,

By some glances, or some features  
Of those little female creatures,  
Had I but escap'd this night,  
Seeing of this charming sight :  
But now having seen those eyes,  
I all female force despise ;  
Yet my flame I can't approve,  
'Tis but a prodigious love,  
And there can be little joy  
In thus doting on a boy,  
Who, although he love again,  
Never can reward my pain :  
Yet methinks it cannot be,  
There is in 't some mystery,  
Nature sure would ne'er so use me,  
Nor instinct so much abuse me,  
As my reason thus to blind,  
But there's something in the wind.  
I have e'er a loather been  
Of the foul Italian sin,  
And yet know not where the bliss is  
In a little stripling's kisses.  
My heart tells me, to those eyes  
There belongs a pair of thighs,  
'Twixt whose iv'ry columns is  
Th' Ebor folding door to bliss :  
And this spring, all that we see  
Strut with such formality,  
Huff, and strive to look so big,  
Is but Pallas in a wig ;  
And though his count'nance he doth set  
To a good pitch of counterfeit,  
Yet he cannot hide the while,  
Venus' dimple in his smile ;  
Were the story not cold fled,

And the party long since dead,  
I should swear a thousand oaths,  
Helen 'twere in Paris' clothes ;  
But there I should wrong him yet,  
Helen was not half so sweet,  
For all Greeks and Trojans arming,  
Nor is Venus half so charming.

Pretty Monsieur, I must pry  
More into your symmetry ;  
Those fine fingers were not made  
To be put to th' fighting trade,  
And that pretty little arm,  
Methinks threatens no great harm ;  
Waists, which thimbles will environ,  
Are not to be shell'd with iron,  
And those little martin-nests,  
Which swell out upon your breasts,  
With steel are not to be press'd,  
But whereon for kings to rest ;  
Your soft belly, not unlike,  
May sometimes feel push of pike,  
But there will be balsam found  
In the spear to heal the wound ;  
Nor those thighs yet, by their leaves,  
Were, I take it, made for greaves ;  
Nor yet do you walk so wide,  
As you us'd to ride astride,  
But look your saddle, when you do,  
Be well stuff'd and pummell'd too.  
Next, those pretty legs and feet  
Ne'er were spurr'd and booted yet,  
I dare swear it. Come, tell truth,  
Are you not a cloven youth ?

See, he laughs, and has confess'd,  
 God-a-mercy for the jest :  
 Monsieur Amoret let me  
 Your Valet de Chambre be,  
 I will serve with humble duty  
 Both your valour and your beauty,  
 You shall all day Master hight,<sup>169</sup>  
 But my Mistress, Sir, at night :  
 Which if you will please to grant  
 To your humble suppliant,  
 Since you wear your wig so featly,  
 And become your clothes so neatly,  
 He has sworn, who thus beseeches,  
 You shall always wear the breeches.

*To Cupid, a foolish Poet, occasion'd by as Foolish  
 a Poem of His to a Bona Roba<sup>170</sup>*

I

GOOD Cupid, I must tell you truly,  
 Had it not been for Abram Cowley,  
 You, and your Ode, had come off bluely.

II

With other thefts, that shall be nameless,  
 Because their authors should be blameless ;  
 Although your Worship's somewhat shameless.

III

Could such a spacious Beauty want  
 Matter her native worth to paint,  
 That thy dull Muse was grown so scant ?

<sup>169</sup> Hight = be called.

<sup>170</sup> It seems that this poem is a hit at some poem of Cowley's, but I cannot identify it in Cowley's works.

## IV

As thus to steal from other Muses,  
When thine own wit, at need, refuses,  
Elegies for such pious uses ?

## V

Out of her shoulders, or her haunches,  
Thou surely might'st have collopt fancies,  
Enough for millions of romances.

## VI

From any part thou might'st find matter,  
Enough the brightest she to flatter ;  
But that she cannot hold her water,

## VII

Was such a saying of a Bard,  
As (doubtless) yet was never heard,  
By man that verses made ; or marr'd.

## VIII

Thou should'st have told her she was tight,  
Strong built, well tackled, new and light ;  
Fitted for stowage, and for fight.

## IX

But on what Mount was thy Muse nurst ?  
Of Block-heads thou art sure the worst,  
To say she sprang a leak at first !

## X

Cupid, I doubt me (not to flatter)  
By your ill handling of the matter,  
You're but a simple navigator.

XI

She's such a vessel that who'll swim her,  
Steer, and man out, careen,<sup>171</sup> and trim her,  
Must be no youth of your small timber.

XII

Then leave thy rhyming, and be quiet,  
I tell thee she's not for thy diet,  
Thou hast another hulk to ply out :

XIII

And hope (thou Dunce) for no rewarding,  
She's not so lean to need thy larding,  
And thou a Poet worth a farthing.

<sup>171</sup> Careen = to turn a ship over for cleaning.





VI

DRINKING SONGS



## *Chanson à Boire*

### I

COME, let's mind our drinking,  
Away with this thinking,  
It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good ;  
Prevents not disaster,  
But brings it on faster,  
Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover  
The day that is over,  
The present is with us and does threaten no ill ;  
He's a fool that will sorrow  
For the thing call'd to-morrow,  
But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we will.

### II

There's nothing but Bacchus  
Right merry can make us,  
That virtue particular is to the vine ;  
It fires ev'ry creature  
With wit and good nature,  
Whose thoughts can be dark when their noses do shine ?

A night of good drinking  
Is worth a year's thinking,  
There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow ;  
Then to drown our cares, Boys,  
Let's drink up the stars, Boys,  
Each face of the gang will a sun be to-morrow.

## *Anacreontic*

FILL a bowl of lusty wine,  
Briskest Daughter of the vine ;  
Fill 't until it sea-like flow,  
That my cheek may once more glow.  
I am fifty winters old,  
Blood then stagnates and grows cold,  
And when youthful heat decays,  
We must help it by these ways.  
Wine breeds mirth, and mirth imparts  
Heat and courage to our hearts,  
Which in old men else are lead,  
And not warm'd would soon be dead.

Now I'm sprightly, fill agen,  
Stop not though they mount to ten ;  
Though I stagger do not spare,  
'Tis to rock and still my ear ;  
Though I stammer 'tis no matter,  
I should do the same with water ;  
When I belch, I am but trying  
How much better 'tis than sighing ;  
If a tear spring in mine eye,  
'Tis for joy not grief I cry :  
This is living without thinking,  
These are the effects of drinking.

Fill a main, (Boy) fill a main,  
Whilst I drink I feel no pain ;  
Gout or palsy I have none,  
Hang the colic and the stone ;  
I methinks grow young again,  
New blood springs in ev'ry vein,  
And supply it (Sirrah) still,  
Whilst I drink you sure may fill :

If I nod, Boy, rouse me up  
With a bigger fuller cup ;  
But when that, Boy, will not do,  
Faith e'en let me then go to,  
For 'tis better far to lie  
Down to sleep than down to die.

*Clepsydra*<sup>172</sup>

I

WHY, let it run ! who bids it stay ?  
Let us the while be merry ;  
Time there in water creeps away,  
With us it posts in sherry.

II

Time not employd 's an empty sound,  
Nor did kind Heaven lend it,  
But that the glass should quick go round,  
And men in pleasure spend it.

III

Then set thy foot, brave Boy, to mine,  
Ply quick to cure our thinking ;  
An hour-glass in an hour of wine  
Would be but lazy drinking.

IV

The man that snores the hour-glass out  
Is truly a time-waster,  
But we, who troll this glass about,  
Make him to post it faster.

<sup>172</sup> Clepsydra = a water clock (from Greek κλεψύδρα).

## V

Yet though he flies so fast, some think,  
 'Tis well known to the Sages,  
 He'll not refuse to stay and drink,  
 And yet perform his stages.

## VI

Time waits us whilst we crown the hearth,  
 And dotes on ruby faces,  
 And knows that this career of mirth  
 Will help to mend our paces :

## VII

He stays with him that loves good time,  
 And never does refuse it,  
 And only runs away from him  
 That knows not how to use it :

## VIII

He only steals by without noise  
 From those in grief that waste it,  
 But lives with the mad roaring Boys  
 That husband it, and taste it.

## IX

The moralist perhaps may prate  
 Of virtue from his reading,  
 'Tis all but stale and foisted chat  
 To men of better breeding.

## X

Time, to define it, is the space  
 That men enjoy their being ;  
 'Tis not the hour, but drinking glass,  
 Makes time and life agreeing.

XI

He wisely does oblige his fate  
Does cheerfully obey it,  
And is of fops the greatest that  
By temp'rance thinks to stay it.

XII

Come, ply the glass then quick about,  
To titillate the gullet,  
Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,  
Against a cannon-bullet.

*Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πίνειν*

*Paraphras'd from Anacreon*

THE Earth with swallowing drunken showers  
Reels a perpetual round,  
And with their healths the trees and flowers  
Again drink up the ground.

The Sea, of liquor spewing full,  
The ambient Air doth sup,  
And thirsty Phœbus at a pull  
Quaffs off the Ocean's cup.

When stagg'ring to a resting place,  
His bus'ness being done,  
The Moon, with her pale platter face,  
Comes and drinks up the Sun.

Since Elements and Planets then  
Drink an eternal round,  
'Tis much more proper sure for men  
Have better liquor found.

Why may not I then, tell me pray,  
Drink and be drunk as well as they?



## *Ode*

### I

COME, let us drink away the time,  
A pox upon this pelting rhyme!  
When wine's run high, wit's in the prime.

### II

Drink, and stout drinkers are true joys,  
Odes, Sonnets, and such little toys,  
Are exercises fit for boys.

### III

Then to our liquor let us sit,  
Wine makes the soul for action fit,  
Who bears most drink, has the most wit.

### IV

The whining Lover, that does place  
His wonder in a painted face,  
And wastes his substance in the chase,

### V

Could not in melancholy pine,  
Had he affections so divine,  
As once to fall in love with wine.

### VI

The Gods themselves their revels keep,  
And in pure nectar tipple deep,  
When slothful Mortals are asleep.

### VII

They fuddled once, for recreation,  
In water, which by all relation,  
Did cause Deucalion's inundation.

## VIII

The spangled Globe, as it held most,  
 Their bowl, was with salt-water dos't,  
 The sun-burnt centre was the toast.

## IX

In drink, Apollo always chose  
 His darkest oracles to disclose,  
 'Twas wine gave him his ruby nose.

## X

The Gods then let us imitate,  
 Secure of Fortune, and of Fate,  
 Wine wit, and courage does create.

## XI

Who dares not drink 's a wretched wight ;  
 Nor can I think that man dares fight  
 All day, that dares not drink all night.

\*

## XII

Fill up the goblet, let it swim  
 In foam, that overlooks the brim,  
 He that drinks deepest, here's to him.

## XIII

Sobriety, and study breeds  
 Suspicion of our thoughts, and deeds ;  
 The downright drunkard no man heeds.

## XIV

Let me have sack, tobacco store,  
 A drunken friend, a little wh—re,  
*Protector*, I will ask no more.

## *Ode*

### I

THE Day is set did Earth adorn,  
To drink the brewing of the Main,  
And, hot with travel, will e'er morn  
Carouse it to an ebb again,

Then let us drink, Time to improve,  
Secure of Cromwell and his spies,  
Night will conceal our healths, and Love  
For all her thousand thousand eyes.

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies  
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

### II

Without the evening dew, and show'rs,  
The Earth would be a barren place,  
Of trees, and plants, of herbs, and flow'rs,  
To crown her now enamell'd face;

Nor can wit spring, or fancies grow,  
Unless we dew our heads in wine,  
Plump Autumn's wealthy overflow,  
And sprightly issue of the vine.

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies  
To Phoebus, and his second rise.

### III

Wine is the cure of cares, and sloth,  
That rust the metal of the mind,  
The juice, that man to man does both  
In Freedom, and in Friendship bind.

This clears the Monarch's cloudy brows,  
And cheers the hearts of sullen swains,  
To wearied souls repose allows,  
And makes slaves caper in their chains.

Cho : Then let us drink secure of spies  
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

IV

Wine, that distributes to each part  
Its heat and motion, is the spring,  
The Poet's head, the subject's heart,  
'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the night  
Serves but to hide such guilty souls,  
As fly the beauty of the light ;  
Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

Cho : Then let us revel, quaff and sing,  
Health, and his Sceptre to the King.

*To Mr. Alexander Brome*<sup>173</sup>

*Epode*

Now let us drink, and with our nimble feet,  
The floor in graceful measures beat ;  
Never so fit a time for harmless mirth  
Upon the sea-girt spot of earth.  
The King's returned ! Fill Nectar to the brim,  
And let Lyæus proudly swim :  
Our joys are full, and uncontrolled flow,  
Then let our cups (my Hearts) be so :

<sup>173</sup> See Note 45.

Begin the frolic, send the liquor round,  
 And as our King, our cups be crown'd.  
 Go, Boy, and pierce the old Falernian wine,  
 And make us chaplets from the vine.  
 Range through the drowsy vessels of the cave,  
 Till we an inundation have,  
 Spare none of all the store, but ply the task,  
 Till Bacchus' throne be empty cask;  
 But let the Must<sup>174</sup> alone, for that we find  
 Will leave a crapula<sup>175</sup> behind.  
 Our griefs once made us thirsty, and our joy,  
 If not allay'd, may now destroy.  
 Light up the silent tapers, let them shine,  
 To give complexion to our wine;  
 Fill each a pipe of the rich Indian fume,  
 To vapour incense in the room,  
 That we may in that artificial shade  
 Drink all a night our selves have made.  
 No cup shall be discharg'd, whilst round we sit,  
 Without a smart report of Wit,  
 Whilst our inventions quicken'd thus, and warm,  
 Hit all they fly at, but not harm;  
 For it Wit's mast'ry is, and chiefest art  
 To tickle all; but make none smart.  
 Thus shall our draughts, and conversation be,  
 Equally innocent, and free,  
 Our loyalty the centre, we the ring,  
 Drink round, and changes to the King;  
 Let none avoid, dispute, or dread his cups,  
 The strength, or quantity he sups:  
 Our brains of raptures full, and so divine,  
 Have left no room for fumes of wine;  
 And though we drink like freemen of the deep,

<sup>174</sup> Must = unfermented wine.

<sup>175</sup> Crapula = drunken headache.

We'll scorn the frail support of sleep ;  
For whilst with *Charles* his presence we are blest,  
Security shall be our rest.  
Anacreon come, and touch thy jolly lyre,  
And bring in Horace to the choir :  
Mould all our healths in your immortal rhyme,  
Who cannot sing, shall drink in time.  
We'll be one Harmony, one Mirth, one Voice,  
One Love, one Loyalty, one Noise,  
Of Wit, and Joy, one Mind, and that as free  
As if we all one Man could be.  
Drown'd be past sorrows, with our future care,  
For (if we know how blest we are)  
A knowing Prince at last is wafted home,  
That can prevent, as overcome.  
Make then our injuries, and harms to be  
The Chorus to our jollity,  
And from those iron times, past woes recall,  
Extract one Mirth to balance all.



VII

PHILOXIPES AND POLICRITE

AN ESSAY TO AN HEROIC POEM





*Philoxipes and Policrite*<sup>176</sup>

*An Essay to an Heroic Poem*

CANTO I

THE ARGUMENT

THIS Canto serves first to relate,  
Philoxipes, his birth, and parts,  
His Prince's friendship, wealth, and state,  
His youth, his manners, arms, and arts ;  
His strange contempt of Love's dread dart :  
Till a mere shadow takes his heart.

I

In 'Thetis' lap, and by her arms embrac't,  
Betwixt the Syrian, and Cilician coasts ;  
The poet's Cyprus fortunately plac't,  
Like Nature's casket, all her treasure boasts :  
An isle, that once for her renowned loves ;  
Stood consecrate to Venus, and her doves.

II

From whose fair womb, once sprung as fair a seed  
To shame the brood of the corrupted world,  
The graceful sexes of her happy breed,  
In one another's chaste embraces curled :  
Nor other difference knew, than did arise  
From em'lous virtue, for the virtue's prize.

III

And these were strifes, where envy had no place ;  
She was not known in such a virtuous war ;  
Nor had ambition, with her giant race,

<sup>176</sup> See Note 46.

In such contentions a malignant share :  
Love was the cause, and virtue was the claim,  
That could their honest, gentle hearts enflame.

IV

But none, amongst that never failing Race,  
Could match Philoxipes, that noble youth,  
In strength, and beauty, fortitude, and grace,  
In gentle manners, and unblemish'd truth,  
In all the virtues, and the arts that should  
Embellish manhood ; or ennoble blood.

V

A Prince descended from the royal lines  
Of Greece and Troy united in one bed,  
Where merit and reward did once combine  
The seeds of Æacus, and Leomed,  
And in a brave succession did agree  
Bold Felamon, and fair Hesione.

VI

From this illustrious pair fam'd Teucer sprung,  
Who, when return'd from Ilium's fun'ral fire,  
Without due vengeance for his brother's wrong ;  
Was banish'd home by his griev'd father's ire :  
And into Cyprus fortunately came  
To build a city to his country's name.

VII

Great Salamis, whose polish'd turrets stood  
For many ages in the course of time,  
T' o'erlook the surface of the swelling flood,  
The strength and glory of that fruitful clime,  
Was his great work, from whose brave issue, since,  
The world receiv'd this worthy, matchless Prince.

## VIII

Worthy his ancestors, and that great name,  
 His own true merits, with the public voice,  
 Had won throughout the isle, as his just claim,  
 Above whatever passed a general choice :

A man so perfect, none could disapprove,  
 Save that he could not ; or he did not love.

## IX

Books were his business, his diversion arms,  
 His practice, honour, his achievements fame,  
 He had no time to love ; nor could the charms  
 Of any Cyprian Nymph his blood enflame :

He thought the fairest print of womankind  
 Too small a volume to enrich his mind.

## X

He lov'd the tawny lion's dang'rous chase,  
 The spotted leopard ; or the tusked boar ;  
 Their bloody steps would the young hunter trace,  
 And having lodg'd them, their tough entrails gore :

Love was too soft to feed his gen'rous fire,  
 And maids too weak to conquer his desire.

## XI

In all his intervals of happy truce,  
 Knowledge, and arts which his high mind endow'd,  
 Were still his objects, and what they produce  
 Was the brave issue of his solitude :

He shunn'd dissembling courts, and thought less praise,  
 Adher'd to diadems, than wreaths of bays ;

## XII

Although betwixt him, and the youthful King,  
 Who, at this time, the Paphian sceptre sway'd ;

A likeness in their manners, and their spring  
Had such a true and lasting friendship made,  
That, without him, the King did still esteem  
His court a cottage, and her glories dim.

XIII

One was their country, one the happy earth,  
That (to its glory) these young heroes bred ;  
One year produc'd either's auspicious birth,  
One space matur'd them, and one counsel led :  
All things in fine, wherein their virtues shone,  
Youth, beauty, strength, studies, and arms were one.

XIV

This, so establish'd friendship, was the cause,  
That when this modest Prince would fain retire,  
From the fond world's importunate applause,  
Oft cross'd the workings of his own desire ;  
And made him, with a fav'rite's love, and skill,  
Devote his pleasures to his master's will.

XV

But once his presence, and assistance stood  
In balance with this hopeful Monarch's bliss,  
Love's golden shaft had fir'd his youthful blood ;  
Nor any ear must hear his sighs but his ;  
Artiphala his heart had overthrown,  
Maugre his sword, his sceptre, and his crown.

XVI

From her bright eyes the wounding lightning flew,  
Through the resistance of his manly breast,  
By none, but his Philoxipes that knew  
Each motion of his soul to be express :  
He must his secrets keep, and courtships bear,  
Conceal them from the world, but tell them her.

## XVII

This held him most to shine in the Court's sphere,  
 And practise passion in another's name,  
 To dally with those arms that levell'd were  
 His high, and yet victorious heart t' enflame :

He sigh'd,<sup>177</sup> and wept, expressing all the woe  
 Despairing lovers in their frenzy show.

## XVIII

And, with so good success, that in some space  
 The magic of his eloquence, and art,  
 Had wrought the King into this Princess' grace,  
 And laid the passage open to her heart :  
 Such royal suitors could not be denied,  
 The whole world's wonder, and one Asia's pride.

## XIX

The King thus fix'd a Monarch in his love,  
 And in his mistress's fair surrender crown'd,  
 Could sometimes now permit his Friend's remove,  
 As having other conversation found.

And now resign him to the peace he sought  
 To practise what the wise Athenian taught.

## XX

Solon, that Oracle of famous Greece,  
 Could in the course of his experience find,  
 None to bequeath his knowledge to but this,  
 This glorious youth blest with so rich a mind,  
 So brave a soul, and such a shining spirit ;  
 As virtue might, by lawful claim, inherit.

<sup>177</sup> Sight (1689 ed.).

## XXI

It was his precept, that did first distill  
 Virtue into this hopeful young man's breast ;  
 That gave him reason to conduct his will,  
 That first his soul in sacred knowledge drest ;  
     And taught him, that a wise man, when alone,  
     Is to himself the best companion.

## XXII

He taught him first into himself retire,  
 Shunning the greatness, and those gaudy beams,  
 That often scorch their plumes who high aspire,  
 And wear the splendour of the world's extremes,  
     To drink that nectar, and to taste that food,  
     That to their greatness, make men truly good.

## XXIII

And his unerring eye had aptly chose  
 A place so suited to his mind, and birth,  
 For the sweet scene of his belov'd repose :  
 As all the various beauties of the earth,  
     Contracted in one plot, could ne'er outvie  
     To nourish fancy ; or delight the eye.

## XXIV

From the far-fam'd Olympus' haughty crown,  
 Which, with curl'd cypress, periwigs his brows,  
 The crystal Lycus tumbles headlong down,  
 And thence unto a fruitful valley flows ;  
     Twining with am'rous crooks her verdant waste  
     That smiles to see her borders so embrac't.<sup>178</sup>

<sup>178</sup> 1689 edition misprints :

Twining with am'rous crooks her verdant  
 Was 't that smiles to see her borders so embrac't.

Upon whose flowery banks a stately pile,  
 Built from the marble quarry shining stood :  
 Like the proud Queen of that Elysian isle,  
 Viewing her front in that transparent flood :  
     Which, with a murm'ring sorrow, kissed her base,  
     As loth to leave so beautiful a place.

Lovely indeed ; if tall, and shady groves,  
 Enamell'd meads, and little purling springs,  
 Which from the grots, the temples of true Loves,  
 Creep out to trick the earth in wanton rings :  
     Can give the name of Lovely to that place,  
     Where Nature stands clad in her chiefest grace.

This noble structure, in her site <sup>179</sup> thus blest,  
 Was round adorn'd with many a curious piece ;  
 By ev'ry cunning master's hand exprest,  
 Of famous Italy : or antique Greece :  
     As Art, and Nature both together strove,  
     Which should attract, and which should fix his love.

There whilst the statue and the picture vie  
 Their shape, and colour, their design, and life ;  
 They value took from his judicious eye,  
 That could determine best the curious strife :  
     For naught, that should a Prince's virtues fill  
     Escap'd his knowledge, or amus'd his skill.

<sup>179</sup> Sight (1689 ed.).



## XXIX

But in that brave collection there was one,  
 That seem'd to lend her light unto the rest ;  
 Wherein the mast'ry of the pencil shone  
 Above, whatever painter's art exprest ;  
     A woman of so exquisite a frame ;  
     As made all life deform'd, and Nature lame.

## XXX

A piece so wrought, as might to ages stand  
 The work and likeness of some Deity ;  
 To mock the labours of a human hand :  
 So round, so soft, so airy, and so free,  
     That it had been no less than to profane,  
     To dedicate that face t' a mortal name.

## XXXI

For Venus therefore Goddess of that isle,  
 The cunning artist nam'd this brave design,  
 The critic eyes of wond'ers to beguile ;  
 As if, inspired, had drawn a shape divine :  
     *Venus Urania*, parent of their bliss,  
     Could be express'd in nothing more than this.

## XXXII

And such a power had the lovely shade,  
 Over this Prince's yet unconquer'd mind ;  
 That his indiff'rent eye full oft it stay'd,  
 And by degrees his noble heart inclin'd  
     To say, that could this frame a woman be,  
     She were his Mistress, and no Fair but she.

*Caetera desunt.*

VIII

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS NOT INCLUDED  
IN THE 1689 EDITION

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES



*Original Songs and Choruses*

*From "Horace"*

*A French Tragedy of Monsieur Corneille* <sup>180</sup>

SONG AND CHORUS AT THE END OF ACT I

I

So wretched are the sick of Love,  
No herb has virtue to remove  
    The growing ill :  
        But still,  
The more we remedies oppose  
The fever more malignant grows.  
Doubts do but add unto desire,  
Like oil that's thrown upon the fire,  
Which serves to make the flame aspire ;  
    And not t' extinguish it :  
Love has its trembling and its burning fit.

2

Fruition which the sick <sup>181</sup> propose  
To end, and recompense their woes,  
    But turns them o'er  
        To more.  
And curing one, does but prepare  
A new, perhaps a greater care.  
Enjoyment even in the chaste  
Pleases, not satisfies the taste,  
And licens'd Love the worst can fast.  
    Such is the Lovers' state,  
Pining and pleas'd, alike unfortunate.

<sup>180</sup> See Note 47.

<sup>181</sup> The sick, i.e. the sick of Love (see first line).

Sabina and Camilla share  
 An equal interest in care,  
     Fear hath each breast  
         Possest.

In different fortunes one pure flame  
 Makes their unhappiness the same.  
     Love begets fear, fear grief creates ;  
     Passion still passion animates,  
     Love will be Love in all estates :  
         His power still is one,  
     Whether in hope, or in possession.

### CHORUS

Too weak are human eyes to pry  
 Into the shades of Destiny :  
 Fate spreads a curtain to our sight,  
 Through which a faint imperfect light,  
 Serves only to perplex our way,  
 As blinking meteors make us stray :  
 And what the juggling Priest foretells,  
 In his ambiguous oracles,  
 Deludes our judgments whilst he shrouds  
 Vain riddles in mysterious clouds.

Wisely did Providence deny  
 To human curiosity,  
 That only privilege to look  
 In Destiny's eternal Book ;  
 For should we know our periods, then  
 We should do more or less than men.

Ah poor Camilla ! how art thou  
 Exalted in thy fortune now !

Whom Fate so soon will headlong throw  
Into a precipice of woe !  
Betray'd by riddles, and love's charms,  
Thou dream'st thyself in Curiace' arms,  
Wrapt in chaste pleasures, when alas !  
Thou only must cold Death embrace.  
To virtue sure, 'twas an offence,  
So to abuse thy innocence ;  
And to raise up thy hope so high,  
Was an inhuman cruelty.  
We to ourselves e'en in our fears  
Are flattering interpreters,  
And need no fraud when Death's so nigh,  
To rock us in security.

What could the angry Powers move  
In fair Camilla's virtuous Love ?  
Or what hath chaste Sabina done  
To draw so dire a ruin on ?  
Vain men misled by vicious wills,  
Commit those Heav'n-offending ills,  
Which pull down vengeance from the sky  
To punish proud mortality :  
But what, ye Gods, can women do,  
Soft women to provoke you so ?

It is for Rome that they must be  
Involv'd in Alba's destiny ;  
Proud Rome for prouder Empire tries,  
And laid in blood, by blood must rise,  
Alba must truckle, 'tis decreed,  
That Rome may triumph, she must bleed :  
Imperious Fate will bear the sway,  
Whose power all earthly powers obey.

END OF ACT II

SONG

I

To Arms, to Arms, the Heroes cry,  
A glorious Death, or Victory.  
Beauty and Love, although combin'd,  
And each so powerful alone,  
Cannot prevail against a mind  
Bound up in resolution.  
Tears their weak influence vainly prove,  
Nothing the daring breast can move,  
Honour is blind, and deaf, ev'n deaf to Love.

2

The Field ! the Field ! where Valour bleeds,  
Spurn'd into dust by barbed steeds,  
Instead of wanton beds of down  
Is now the scene where they must try,  
To overthrow, or be o'erthrown ;  
Bravely to overcome, or die.  
Honour in her interest sits above  
What Beauty, Prayers, or Tears can move :  
Were there no Honour, there would be no Love.

CHORUS

How prone are people tir'd with Peace,  
To nauseate their happiness,  
And headlong into mischief run,  
To feed their foul ambition !  
Leisure and luxury, when met  
In populous cities, do beget  
That monster War, which at the first,  
In little private discords nurst,

Grows higher by degrees, until  
Having got power to his will,  
He breaks into a general flame,  
Beyond what Polity can tame.  
No int'rest then escapeth free  
From insolence and cruelty :  
And facts that flow from brutish lust,  
The titles wear of great and just.  
Nay when War's ensigns are display'd,  
It is Religion to invade,  
No matter whom, nor what the cause ;  
Nor is there room for other Laws,  
Than what the Victor will on those,  
His riots have subdu'd, impose.  
Yet there have still pretences been  
The vilest practices to screen.  
There never wanted a pretence  
To violate suff'ring innocence ;  
Though whatsoever men pretend,  
Wealth, and Dominion are their end.

Imperious Rome ! must Alba feel  
The edge of thy invading steel ?  
Alba, thy Mother, from whose womb,  
Thy founder Romulus did come ?  
Or if thou tak'st an impious pride  
To be esteem'd a Parricide,  
Can nothing satiate thy will  
Unless that Brothers, Brothers kill ?

Deluded Heroes ! How they fly  
To meet a cruel Destiny,  
And sacrifice themselves to fame,  
A nothing, a mere airy name,  
When in th' unnatural contests  
Who conquer'd falls is happiest !  
'Tis tyrant Honour unto thee



We owe this bloody Tragedy,  
Whom, but the virtuous none obey,  
And being so, become thy prey.  
They see in thy deluding glass  
Trophies and Triumphs, when, alas,  
'Tis their own blood they haste to shed  
And live, but to lament the Dead.

Deaf unto Piety, and Love,  
The combatants are gone to prove  
Themselves true Patriots, when they are  
The instruments of Civil War,  
And hazard in a combat more,  
Than in a battle heretofore.

Fate holds the balance whilst they fight  
And finds both scales of equal weight;  
Valour with Valour even weighs,  
Honour with Honour, Praise with Praise;  
But when she lays upon the beam  
Her partial hand, and varies them,  
The one scale gets it, whilst on high  
The other kicks and knocks the sky.

### END OF ACT III

### SONG

#### I

BEAUTY that it self can kill  
Through the finest temper'd steel,  
Can those wounds she makes endure,  
And insult it o'er the brave,  
Since she knows a certain cure,  
When she is dispos'd to save:  
But when a Lover bleeding lies,

Wounded by other arms,  
And that she sees those harms,  
For which she knows no remedies ;  
Then Beauty sorrow's livery wears,  
And whilst she melts away in tears,  
Drooping in sorrow shews  
Like roses overcharg'd with morning dew.

2

Nor do women though they wear  
The most tender character,  
Suffer in this case alone :  
Hearts enclosed with iron walls,  
In humanity must groan  
When a noble Hero falls.  
Pitiless courage would not be  
An honour, but a shame ;  
Nor bear the noble name  
Of valour, but barbarity ;  
The generous even in success  
Lament their enemy's distress :  
And scorn it should appear  
Who are the Conquer'd, with the Conqueror.

CHORUS

THESE are th' effects of war, and these  
The Sacrifices are to peace ;  
Peace, that once broken in her right  
Nothing but blood can reunite :  
War's handmaid Fury prompts her on,  
To blood and devastation ;  
Nor ceases till whole Countries lie,  
O'erwhelmed in one calamity,

Or though the sacrifice for all  
Should in one single person fall ;  
Yet in whatever falls amiss,  
The public still a loser is.  
And as a radiant gem out-vies  
Masses of metal in her prize :  
One hero's loss, more loss includes,  
Than vile plebeian multitudes.

A bloody combat here we see  
Fought for an empty Sovereignty,  
When they lie weltring on the sand  
Who were the fittest to command.  
Thus man himself still undermines,  
And blind destroys his own designs,  
For the victorious here may boast  
An Empire when the ruler's lost.

Who now with better title may,  
Rome's battles, or her sceptre sway,  
Than they who her brave champions were ?  
Princes then truly Princes are,  
When with a parent's Love they stake  
Their persons for their People's sake.

Oh Rome ! Oh Alba ! what desire  
First set your noble breasts on fire !  
Or what offence engag'd your steel,  
The blood of your Allies to spill !

'Tis vicious envy that has made  
You thus each other's wounds invade ;  
Envy the soul's most foul disease,  
That pines at others' happiness,  
Has made you thus each other hate,  
Because you both were fortunate.

Thus human glories do procure  
The dangers which they should secure ;  
Bare reputation will suffice

To make a thousand enemies ;  
And virtue the more bright she shines,  
Serves but to light men's dark designs,  
To give their malice aim, and guide  
The poison'd dart into her side ;  
'Tis emulation animates  
The fury, and the spleen of States ;  
And till that emulation cease  
The world will never be at peace.

The combat now is overblown,  
But the event not truly known.  
The scene will soon unto your eye  
Open the tragic history.  
When they who may the conquest boast,  
When they consider what it cost,  
Shall find the triumph they have got,  
So empty and so dearly bought,  
That though success have serv'd their will,  
Their woes have made them equal still.

#### END OF ACT IV

#### SONG

##### I

THE young, the fair, the chaste, the good,  
The sweet Camilla, in a flood  
Of her own crimson lies  
A bloody, bloody sacrifice  
To Death and man's inhuman cruelties.  
Weep Virgins till your sorrow swells  
In tears above the ivory cells  
That guard those globes of light ;  
Drown, drown those beauties of your eyes,

Beauty should mourn, when beauty dies ;  
And make a general night,  
To pay her innocence its funeral rite.

2

Death since his Empire first begun,  
So foul a conquest never won,  
Nor yet so fair a prize ;  
And had he had a heart, or eyes,  
Her beauties would have charm'd his cruelties.  
Even savage beasts will Beauty spare,  
Chafed lions fawn upon the fair ;  
Nor dare offend the chaste.  
But vicious man, that sees and knows  
The mischief his wild fury does,  
Humours his passions' haste,  
To prove ungovern'd man the greatest beast.

CHORUS

ROME, thou hast bought the Triumph dear,  
And like a greedy purchaser,  
Hast laid a greater treasure forth,  
Than Alba's fealty is worth.

What hast thou won, that can make good  
The two Horatii's lavish'd blood ?  
Or who are left fit to supply  
The noble Curiatii ?  
You now may with confederate arms  
Invade your borderers in swarms,  
And think like two united seas,  
T' o'erflow your neighb'ring provinces ;  
And for new conquests may prepare,  
When you are weaker than you were.

Too brave Horatio, thou hadst won

Glory to have out-dar'd the Sun,  
And live a president in Rome  
To virtue ages yet to come.  
But this last act of thine has thrown  
So black a cloud o'er thy renown,  
That future times at once must see  
Thy Valour and thy Cruelty.

Thus as the sun does climb the skies,  
He still in brighter beams doth rise,  
Till in his full-meridian plac't,  
His glories thence decline as fast ;  
So men by dangerous degrees,  
Arriv'd at Honour's precipice,  
Striving ambitiously to get  
To brighter stations higher yet :  
There wanting footing for their pride,  
They topple on the other side ;  
And in one act do forfeit more  
Than all they had achiev'd before.

Were Love, and Piety such crimes,  
In these so celebrated times,  
That Fury must in Justice stead  
Level the mourners with the dead ?  
Must charming Beauty, at whose feet  
Valour its conquests should submit,  
That sex that privileg'd should be  
Even from inhumanity,  
Th' effects of brutish fury feel ?

Thy virtues sweet Camilla still,  
Do in thy ev'ning brighter rise  
To baffle human cruelties.  
And bravest heroes when they shall  
This great example of thy fall  
In the world's brightest annals see,  
Even they themselves shall envy thee.

END OF ACT V

SONG

I

How frailty makes us to our wrong  
Fear, and be loth to die,  
When Life is only dying long  
And Death the remedy !  
We shun Eternity,  
And still would grovel here beneath,  
Though still in woe and strife,  
When Life's the path that leads to Death,  
And Death the door to Life.

2

The fear of Death is the disease  
Makes the poor patient smart ;  
Vain apprehensions often freeze  
The vitals in the heart,  
Without the dreaded dart.  
When fury rides on pointed steel  
Death's fear the heart doth seize,  
Whilst in that very fear we feel  
A greater sting than his.

3

But chaste Camilla's virtuous fear  
Was of a nobler kind,  
Not of her end approaching near  
But to be left behind  
From her dear Love disjoin'd ;  
When Death in courtesy decreed  
To make the Fair his prize,  
And by one cruelty her freed  
From human cruelties.

## CHORUS

THUS Heav'n doth his will disguise,  
To scourge our curiosities,  
When too inquisitive we grow  
Of what we are forbid to know.

Fond human nature that will try  
To sound the abyss of Destiny !  
Alas ! what profit can arise  
From those forbidden scrutinies,  
When oracles what they foretell  
In such enigmas still conceal,  
That self-indulging man still makes  
Of deepest truths most sad mistakes !  
Or could our frailty comprehend  
The reach those riddles do intend :  
What boots it us when we have done  
To foresee ills we cannot shun ?  
But 'tis in man a vain pretence  
To know or prophesy events,  
Which only execute, and move,  
By a dependence from above.  
'Tis all imposture to deceive  
The foolish and inquisitive,  
Since none foresee what shall befall  
But Providence that governs all.  
Reason wherewith kind Heav'n has blest  
His creature man above the rest,  
Will teach humanity to know  
All that it should aspire unto ;  
And whatsoever fool relies  
On false deceiving prophecies,  
Striving by conduct to evade  
The harms they threaten, or persuade,  
Too frequently himself does run



Into the danger he would shun,  
And pulls upon himself the woe  
Fate meant he should much later know.  
By such delusions virtue strays  
Out of those honourable ways  
That lead unto that glorious end,  
To which the noble ever bend.  
Whereas if virtue were the guide,  
Men's minds would then be justified  
With constancy, that would declare  
Against supineness, and despair.  
We should events with patience wait,  
And not despise, nor fear our Fate.

THE END OF THE FIFTH AND LAST ACT.

*On the Brave Maréchal de Montluc, and his  
Commentaries writ by his own hand*<sup>182</sup>

MONTLUC how far I am unfit  
To praise thy valour, or thy wit,  
Or give my suffrage to thy fame,  
Who have myself so little name,  
And can so ill thy worth express  
I blushing modestly confess ;  
Yet when I read their better lines,  
Who to commend thy brave designs,  
Their panegyrics have set forth,  
And do consider thy great worth ;  
Though what they write may be more high,  
They yet fall short as well as I.

Whose is that pen so well can write  
As thou couldst both command, and fight ?

<sup>182</sup> See Note 48.

Or whilst thou foughtst who durst look on,  
To make a true description ?  
None but thyself had heart to view  
Those acts thou hadst the heart to do,  
Thyself must thy own deeds commend,  
By thy own hand they must be penn'd,  
Which skill'd alike in pen and sword,  
At once must act, and must record.

Thus Cæsar in his tent at night,  
The actions of the day did write,  
And viewing what h'ad done before,  
Emulous of himself, yet more,  
And greater things perform'd, until  
His arm had overdone his will,  
So as to make him almost fit  
To doubt the truth of what he writ.  
Yet what he did, and writ, though more,  
Than ere was done, or writ before ;  
Montluc by thee, and thee alone,  
Are parallel'd, if not outdone,  
And France in ages yet to come,  
Shall show as great a man as Rome.

Hadst thou been living, and a man,  
When that great Cæsar overran  
The ancient Gauls, though in a time,  
When soldiery was in its prime ;  
When the whole world in plumes were curl'd,  
And he the soldier of the world,  
His conqu'ring Legions doubtless had  
By thy as conqu'ring arms been stayed :  
And his proud Eagle that did soar  
To dare the trembling world before,  
Whose quarry Crown and Kingdom were,  
Had met another Eagle here,  
As much as she disdain'd the lure,

Could fly as high, and stoop as sure.  
Then to dispute the world's command,  
You two had fought it hand to hand,  
And there the Aquitanic Gaul  
Maintained one glorious day for all.  
But for one Age 't had been too much  
'T' have two leaders and two such,  
Two for one world are sure enow  
And those at distant ages too.  
If to a Macedonian boy  
One world too little seemed t' enjoy ;  
One world for certain could not brook  
At once a Cæsar, and Montluc,  
But must give time for either's birth ;  
Nature had suffer'd else, and th' earth  
That truckled under each alone,  
Under them both had sunk and gone.

Yet though their noble names alike  
With wonder and with terror strike ;  
Cæsar's, though greater in command,  
Must give Montluc's the better hand ;  
Who though a younger son of fame,  
A greater has, and better name.  
With equal courage and worse cause  
That <sup>183</sup> trampled on his Country's laws,  
And like a bold but treacherous friend,  
Enslaved those he should defend :  
Whilst this by no ambition swayed  
But what the love of glory made,  
With equal bravery, and more true  
Maintain'd the right that overthrew ;  
His Vict'ries <sup>184</sup> as th' encreased his power  
Laid those for whom he fought still lower ;

<sup>183</sup> That = Cæsar in contradistinction to "this," who is Montluc.

<sup>184</sup> His vict'ries, i.e. Cæsar's.

Abroad with their victorious bands,  
He conquer'd provinces and lands,  
Whilst the world's conqu'ring Princess Rome  
Was her own servant's slave at home.

Thy courage brave Montluc we find  
To be of a more generous kind,  
Thy spirit, loyal as 't was brave,  
Was evermore employed to save,  
Or to enlarge thy Country's bounds,  
Thine were the sweat, the blood, the wounds,  
The toil, the danger, and the pain ;  
But hers and only hers the gain.  
His wars were to oppress and grieve,  
Thine to defend, or to relieve !  
Yet each to glory had pretence,  
Though such as shew'd the difference,  
By their advantages and harms  
Twixt Infidel and Christian Arms.

France, Piedmont, Tuscany and Rome,  
Have each a trophy for thy tomb ;  
Siena too, that Nature strain'd  
Only to honour thy command,  
Proud of thy name will be content,  
Itself to be thy monument :  
But thine own Guienne will deny  
Those noble relics elsewhere lie :  
But there enshrin'd now thou art dead,  
Where (to its glory) thou wert bred.

Oh fruitful Gascony ! whose fields  
Produce whatever Nature yields.  
Fertile in valour as in fruit,  
And more than fruitful in repute,  
How do I honour thy great name,  
For 'all those glorious sons of fame,  
Which from thy fair womb taking birth,

Have overspread the spacious earth.  
Yet stands the world oblig'd for none,  
Nor all thy heroes more than one;  
One brave Montluc had crown'd thee Queen,  
Though all the rest had never been.

Past times admir'd this General,  
The present do, and future shall;  
Nay whilst there shall be men to read  
The glorious actions of the dead,  
Thy book in ages yet unborn  
The noblest Archives shall adorn,  
And with his Annals<sup>185</sup> equal be,  
Who fought and writ the best but thee.

### *The Answer*<sup>186</sup>

WHEN in this dirty corner of the world,  
Where all the rubbish of the rest is hurl'd,  
Both men and manners; this abandon'd place,  
Where scarce the sun dares show his radiant face,  
I met thy lines, they made me wond'ring stand,  
At thy unknown, and yet the friendly hand.  
Straight through the air m' imagination flew  
To ev'ry region I had seen, or knew;  
And kindly bless'd (at her returning home)  
My greedy ear, with the glad name of Brome.  
Then I reproach'd myself for my suspense  
And mourned my own want of intelligence  
That could not know thy celebrated muse,  
(Though mask'd with all the art that art can use)

<sup>185</sup> His Annals = Cæsar's.

<sup>186</sup> This poem, which appears in Brome's "Songs and Poems," 1661 (see Note 45), is Charles Cotton's answer to a poetical epistle therein from Brome.

At the first sight, which to the dullest eyes,  
 No names conceal'd, nor habit can disguise.  
 For who (ingenious Friend) but only thee,  
 (Who art the soul of wit and courtesy)  
 Writes in so pure, an unaffected strain,  
 As shows, wit's ornament is to be plain ;  
 Or would caress a man condemn'd to lie  
 Buried from all human society,  
 'Mongst brutes and bandogs<sup>187</sup> in a Lernean fen,  
 Whose natives have nor souls, nor shape of men ?  
 How could the Muse, that in her noble flight,  
 The boding raven cuff'd,<sup>188</sup> and, in his height  
 Of untam'd power, and unbounded place,  
 Durst mate the haughty tyrant to his face,  
 Deign an inglorious stoop, and from the sky  
 Fall down to prey on such a worm as I ?  
 Her seeing (sure) my state made her relent,  
 And try to charm me from my banishment ;  
 Nor has her charitable purpose fail'd,  
 For when I first beheld her face unveil'd,  
 I kiss'd the paper, as an act of grace  
 Sent to retrieve me from this wretched place,  
 And doubted not to go abroad again  
 To see the world, and to converse with men :  
 But when I taste the dainties of the flood  
 (Ravish'd from Neptune's table for my food)  
 The Lucrine lake's plump oysters I despise,  
 With all the other Roman luxuries,  
 And, wanton grow, condemn the famous breed  
 Of sheep and oxen, which these mountains feed.  
 Then as a snake, benumb'd and fit t' expire,  
 If laid before the comfortable fire  
 Begins to stir, and feels her vitals beat

<sup>187</sup> Bandogs = chained dogs, hence mastiffs or bloodhounds.

<sup>188</sup> Cuff'd = buffeted with its wings.



Their healthful motion, at the quick'ning heat,  
 So my poor muse, that was half starv'd before  
 On these bleak cliffs, no thought of writing more,  
 Warm'd by thy bounty, now can hiss and spring  
 And ('tis believ'd by some) will shortly sting,  
 So warm she's grown, and without things like these  
 Minerva, must, as well as Venus, freeze.  
 Thus from a Highlander I straight commence  
 Poet, by virtue of thy influence,  
 That with one ray can clods and stones inspire,  
 And make them pant and breathe poetic fire.  
 And thus I am thy creature prov'd, who name  
 And fashion take from thy indulgent flame.  
 What should I send thee then, that may befit  
 A grateful heart, for such a benefit ;  
 Or how proclaim, with a poetic grace,  
 What thou hast made me from the thing I was,  
 When all I write is artless, forc'd and dull,  
 And mine as empty as thy fancy full ?  
 All our conceits, alas ! are flat and stale,  
 And our inventions muddy, as our ale :  
 No friends, no visitors, no company,  
 But such, as I still pray I may not see ;  
 Such craggy, rough-hewn rogues as do not fit,  
 Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit,  
 Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)  
 If through a perspective I chance to spy  
 Though a mile off, I take th' alarm and run  
 As if I saw a devil, or a dun ;  
 And in the neighbouring rocks take sanctuary,  
 Praying the hills to fall and cover me.  
 So that my solace lies amongst my grounds,  
 And my best company's my horse and hounds.  
 Judge then (my Friend) how far I am unfit  
 To traffic with thee in the trade of wit :

How bankrupt I am grown of all commerce,  
Who have all number lost, and air of verse,  
But if I could in luring song set forth,  
Thy muse's glory and thine own true worth,  
I then would sing an ode, that should not shame,  
The writer's purpose nor the subject's name.  
Yet, what a grateful heart and such a one,  
As (by thy virtues) thou hast made thine own,  
Can poorly pay, accept for what is due,  
Which if it be not rhyme, I'll swear 'tis true.

*On my Friend, Mr. Alexander Brome*<sup>189</sup>

WHEN a Republic loses in the field  
A Captain, who, whilst living was their shield ;  
Or when, cut off by age, within their walls  
Some prudent Senator, some good patriot falls ;  
The widow'd State her mourning then puts on,  
As all her counsels, and defence were gone,  
And weeps and mourns, as she foresaw she must  
Be subject to the first invader's lust,  
Despising all her offspring that remain,  
That citizen dead and that old soldier slain.  
But to advance their names, no cost is spar'd,  
Medals are cast and obelisks are rear'd,  
The Marble quarry is torn up, the mine  
Is search'd, and robb'd to make their triumphs shine.  
But the neglected Poet when he dies,  
Or with obscure, or with no obsequies  
Is lay'd aside ; and though by living verse,  
Strew'd on this Hero's and that Statesman's hearse  
His pen graves characters by which they live  
A longer life, than brass or marble give ;

<sup>189</sup> See Note 45



Yet has this generous Poet no return,  
None to weep o'er his urn, nay scarce an urn.  
O undiscerning World! the soldier's brave  
Either for what he wants, or thirsts to have,  
His breast opposing against fire, and flame  
Either for riches, or a glorious name.  
Reward and honour make the soldier's trade,  
And if he win, the man's well paid.  
The Statesman, on the other side, takes pains,  
To smooth the War to Peace, and works his brains  
Or to appease an enemy, or make  
Such friends, as may at need make good the stake,  
Nor is his reverend care, when all is done,  
More for his country's safety, than his own,  
And that which makes his city's freedom dear  
Is that himself, and his inhabit there.  
Whereas the Poet by more generous ways,  
Distributes boughs of oak, and shoots of bays,  
According to due merit, nor does take  
Thought of reward, but all for virtue's sake.  
It were in vain to write on other score,  
The Poet knows his lot is to be poor:  
For whatsoever's well done, well writ, well said,  
The bard is ever the last man that's paid;  
The wary world has wisely taken time,  
Till the Greek Kalends to account for rhyme.  
Nor do I here intend the gold that's hurl'd  
Like flaming brands thorough the peaceful world,  
To make whole Kingdoms into faction split,  
Should be suppos'd the recompense of wit:  
The Poet scorns that sordid seed of earth,  
The world's alluring, but unhappy birth.  
All he desires, all that he would demand,  
Is only that some amicable hand,  
Would but irriguate his fading bays

With due, and only with deserved praise.  
Yet even this so modest a request  
The age denies. Alas ! what interest,  
Has virtue upon earth, when Brome could be,  
And be lamented with no elegy ?  
No friendly hand t' inform the passenger  
That gentle Brome, the Muses' joy, lies here.  
More had not needed to have been expressed,  
Himself had made provision for the rest.  
Whilst Pindar's bays grow green amongst the dead,  
Whilst Horace or Anacreon are read,  
My Brome shall live, and travellers that come  
From distant shores, transport his verses home,  
Nor needs he other, than his own great name,  
To recommend him to immortal fame ;  
His merit's lustre of itself will do 't,  
Shine to the pole's, and put those sparklets out.  
And yet we had our gratitude express'd,  
T' have given our testimonies, at the least,  
Of his great worth, and publish'd our esteem  
That we all lov'd, and all lamented him :  
But men were struck at his untimely Fate,  
Which makes us pay our fun'ral tears thus late.  
And as a tender Mother when she hears,  
Her only child is lost, lets fall no tears,  
But at the horror of the first sad sound,  
Falls, as if struck with thunder in a swoond,  
Till by the help of unkind remedies,  
To ease her soul, she opes her weeping eyes :  
So wit o'ercome, and cast into a trance,  
At this so unexpected a mischance,  
Must through that night of grief and horror break,  
Before it could get article to speak ;  
And this deferr'd these honours to his tomb,  
They're little griefs that speak, deep sorrow's dumb.

*On the Excellent Poems of My Most Worthy Friend,  
Mr. Thomas Flatman*<sup>190</sup>

You happy issue of a happy wit,  
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,  
Welcome into the light, and may we be  
Worthy so happy a posterity.  
We long have wish'd for something excellent ;  
But ne'er till now knew rightly what it meant :  
For though we have been gratified, 'tis true,  
From several hands with things both fine and new,  
The wits must pardon me, if I profess,  
That till this time the over-teeming press  
Ne'er set out Poesy in so true a dress :  
Nor is it all, to have a share of wit,  
There must be judgement too to manage it ;  
For Fancy's like a rough, but ready horse,  
Whose mouth is govern'd more by skill than force ;  
Wherein (my friend) you do a maistry own,  
If not particular to you alone ;  
Yet such at least as to all eyes declares  
Your Pegasus the best performs his airs.  
Your Muse can humour all her subjects so,  
That as we read we do both feel and know ;  
And the most firm impenetrable breast  
With the same passion that you write's possess.  
Your lines are rules, which who shall well observe  
Shall even in their errors praise deserve :  
The boiling youth, whose blood is all on fire,  
Push'd on by vanity, and hot desire,  
May learn such conduct here, men may approve  
And not excuse, but even applaud his love.  
Ovid, who made an art of what to all

<sup>190</sup> Thomas Flatman, 1635-1688. Flatman's Poems have been recently re-published in Professor Saintsbury's "Caroline Poets," Vol. III, 1921. For particulars of his life, see Professor Saintsbury's introduction to his poems therein.

Is in itself but too too natural,  
 Had he but read your verse, might then have seen  
 The style of which his precepts should have been,  
 And (which it seems he knew not) learnt from thence  
 To reconcile frailty with innocence.  
 The love *you* write virgins and boys may read,  
 And never be debauch'd but better bred;  
 For without love, beauty would bear no price,  
 And dullness, than desire's a greater vice:  
 Your greater subjects with such force are writ  
 So full of sinewy strength, as well as wit,  
 That when you are *religious*, our divines  
 May emulate, but not reprove your lines:  
 And when you reason, there the learned crew  
 May learn to speculate, and speak from you.  
 You no profane, no obscene language use  
 To smut your paper, or defile your Muse.  
 Your gayest things, as well express'd as meant,  
 Are equally both quaint and innocent.  
 But your Pindaric Odes indeed are such  
 That Pindar's lyre from his own skilful touch  
 Ne'er yielded such an harmony, nor yet  
 Verse keep such time on so unequal feet.  
 So by his own generous confession  
 Great Tasso by Guarini was outdone:  
 And (which in copying seldom does befall)  
 The ectype's better than th' original.  
 But whilst your fame I labour to send forth,  
 By the ill-doing it I cloud your worth,  
 In something all mankind unhappy are,  
 And you as mortal too must have your share;  
 'Tis your misfortune to have found a friend,  
 Who hurts and injures where he would commend.  
 But let this be your comfort, that your bays  
 Shall flourish green, maugre an ill-couch'd praise.

*To My Worthy Friend, Mr. Edmund Prestwich,  
on His Translation of Hippolitus, 1651*

HARD is thy fate (great Wit) thus to advance  
Thy poem in this age of ignorance,  
To send it forth in such a time as this,  
Where none must judge, but such as judge amiss;  
Coarse, sordid censurers, that think their eyes  
Abus'd if fix'd, on aught but Mercuries,  
Where honest judgements will not doubt to swear  
Thy work deserves an amphitheatre.

Nor is this piece such as of late hath been  
The tedious stuff of poetaster seen,  
Wit to a nobler height, doth thine intend;  
No common labour to no common end.  
For by thy version we are taught anew,  
T' interpret what we vainly thought we knew  
But still mistook; so that in this we find  
Thou canst do miracles and cure the blind.

The orac'lous mist from Seneca is fled,  
Which with fresh laurel crowns his verdant head,  
And the black curtain of his clouded sense  
Is drawn by thy exact intelligence.  
Hippolitus that erst was set upon  
By all, mangled by misconstruction,  
Dis-member'd by misprision, now by thee  
And thy ingenious chirurgerie  
Is re-united to his limbs, and grown  
Stronger as thine, than when great Theseus' son.

Go on then Wit's example, and revive,  
What none but such as thee, can keep alive;  
Slack not the work for want of industry,  
For not a line of those thou writ'st can die.

*To Mæcenās*<sup>191</sup>

To thee, Oh Knight of Sol's round table,  
By who's command my Muse is able  
Thus to ye wond'ring world to chatter  
In Dovrel<sup>192</sup> rhymes this pithy matter,  
To thee this work has most relation,  
Then kindly take this Dedication.  
Oh may it live unto thy glory,  
And thou nor it be transitory,  
But flourish still whilst pens are writing  
And witty head-pieces inditing.

Thou know'st it was at thy commanding  
That this great work I took in handing,  
Which with mature deliberations,  
Great pains and many lucubrations,  
I've here begun and made ye best on't,  
And let who will finish ye rest on't.

<sup>191</sup> I am indebted to Mr. John Drinkwater for this poem which appears in Cotton's autograph in a copy of the 1664 edition of "Scarronides" (the "Virgil Travestie") in Mr. Drinkwater's possession.

<sup>192</sup> Dovrel, a play on Dove, Cotton's fishing river, and doggrel.





## NOTES

NOTE 1.—This poem was first published in 1676 at the instance of Izaak Walton, as a suitable accompaniment to Part II of “The Compleat Angler,” contributed by Cotton to the fifth edition of that celebrated work. Owing to the fact of its incorporation with “The Compleat Angler” this poem is better known than almost any other of Cotton’s poems, though not nearly as well known as its unique beauty entitles it to be. Charles Lamb delighted in it, and the late Mr. A. H. Bullen in the Memoir of Cotton which he contributed to the Dictionary of National Biography refers to these “stanzas . . . of rare beauty.” The part of the river Dove which it celebrates is Beresford Dale where stood Beresford Hall, Cotton’s beloved home, and where his Fishing House, built in 1674, still stands. See also Introduction.

The text of this poem as given in the 1676 edition of “The Compleat Angler” differs slightly from the text of 1689 as follows:

Last	line, stanza	I: Vanity and Vice appears.
”	”	II: Recreation.
First	”	III: Dear Solitude.
Last	”	VI: I ever learnt, industriously to try.
Second	”	IX: And all anxieties, my safe retreat.
Fifth	”	X: (Which most men in discourse disgrace).

NOTE 2.—Purlieus. The N.E.D. says of this word which is here used in its technical sense: “A piece or tract of land on the fringe or border of a forest; originally, one that, after having been (wrongly as was thought) included within the bounds of the forest, was disafforested by a new perambulation, but still remained in some respects, especially as to the hunting or killing of game, subject to provisions of the Forest Laws.” Cotton was himself by “His Majesty’s gracious favour . . . Lieutenant of Needwood Forest and his High Steward of the honour of Tutbury.” (*Vide* MS. letter of Charles Cotton, quoted in “Notes and Queries,” vol. viii, 9th Series, 1901, p. 41.)

NOTE 3.—Relief. This word when used of the hare or hart means the act of seeking food or pasturing. The N.E.D. quotes 1575 Turberv. Venerie 171. “Houndes will have better sente of an hare when shee goeth towards reliefe, than when she goeth towards her Forme.”

NOTE 4.—This poem, and the shorter one with the same title, addressed to Sir Robert Coke, together with the “Burlesque on the great frost,” are vivid witnesses of the bitter cold of winter in Cotton’s country. The



Parish Registers of the neighbouring villages contain contemporary references to the intensity of the cold. Thus the Alstonefield Parish Register (Alstonefield was Cotton's Parish Church) has this entry dated January 20th, 1614: "The great Snow began to fall, and so continued increasing the most dayes, until the 12 of March." The Sheen Registers commemorate a number of deaths by snowstorms. In 1689 the curate enters the funeral, "Jacobi Wall de Raikes, qui in nive periit cum sue manui ligata," "who perished in the snow with a sow fastened to his hand." (Notes illustrative of the Parish of Sheen, Staffordshire, by the Rev. Benjamin Webb, 1859.)

The following misprints or errors in the 1689 text of Winter have been corrected:

Third line,	Quatrain	I :	And with expanded wings out stretch.
"	"	III :	Which seem surprised, and have not yet.
"	"	VII :	And lobsters spued from the brine.
Fourth	"	"	With Cancer constellations shine.
Second	"	VIII :	Since first their corral graves were wet.
"	"	IX :	Made up of innumerable tides.
Fourth	"	X :	With all her pregnant sailors a-trip.
First	"	XVI :	Under the black cliff, spumy base.
"	"	XVIII :	Hark, hark, the noise their echo make.
Third	"	XXI :	The Cyclope, to these blades are still.
First	"	XXII :	Were all the Stars enlight'ned skies.
Third	"	"	This rattle on the Chrystal Hall.
First	"	XXIV :	Oh ! now I know them let us home.
"	"	XXV :	Vanisht the countries of the sun.
Second	"	XXX :	Above the Earthy Precipice.
Third	"	XXXI :	Their shields are chrystals as their swords.
Fourth	"	"	The steel the rusted rock affords.
Second	"	XXXII :	And hark the Aeolian Trupetters.
First	"	XXXIV :	Their caps are fur'd with hoary frost.
"	"	XXXIX :	Of sovereign juice is collard in.
First	"	XL :	Till that, that gives the Poet rage.
Fourth	"	XLIV :	We rather shall want Health than wine.

NOTE 5.—This poem addressed to Sir Robert Coke, a neighbour of Cotton's, Justice of the Peace for Derbyshire and one of the famous Derbyshire Coke family, is presumably a translation, but I have not succeeded in tracking down the original. The only contemporary Marigny who would seem at all probable as the writer of such a poem is the Abbé Carpentier de Marigny, the author of "Le Pain Bénit" and other Satirical Poems. But the British

Museum possesses no collected edition of his poetical works. The latter part of the poem is purely local in reference, the Dove being Cotton's beloved fishing river.

NOTE 6.—Oldys in his essay on Cotton in Sir John Hawkins's 1760 edition of "The Compleat Angler" quotes James Saunders, author of "The Complete Fisherman" (1724), assaying that: "Mr. Cotton was, without doubt, the most laborious trout-catcher, if not the most experienced angler, both for trout and grayling, that England ever had." The reference to James II in the last stanza dates this poem between February 6th, 1685 (the date of James's accession to the throne) and February, 1687 (the date of Cotton's death). Mr. R. B. Marston in his 1915 edition of "The Compleat Angler" emphasizes Cotton's place as an angling authority.

NOTE 7.—This poem is clearly a personal dialogue between Cotton and some faithful friend, probably Izaak Walton: it was doubtless written during one of the recurrent financial crises which vexed Cotton's life. See Introduction.

NOTE 8.—This is an invitation to Izaak Walton to stay with Cotton at his house at Beresford Hall on the banks of the Dove. Readers of the many illustrated editions of "The Compleat Angler," e.g. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's edition illustrated by Mr. E. H. New, will recall the charming drawing of Izaak Walton's bedroom at Beresford. See also Appendix I.

NOTE 9.—This poem is sometimes found in editions of "The Compleat Angler," as an example of Cotton at his best. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne quotes from it in the Introduction to his 1897 edition of "The Compleat Angler." He there refers to the "charming inevitability" and "a rare excellence of simplicity" as characteristics of the best of Cotton's poetry.

NOTE 10.—The refrain of this poem is taken from Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," to which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote "Her reply." But apart from its Elizabethan suggestion, this poem seems to me to be a work of great original beauty, as also the poem that follows it.

NOTE 11.—The Marten was much hunted in mediæval England. The N.E.D. quotes Harrison's England, ii. xix. (1877), I, 310. "The beasts of the Chase were commonlie the bucke, the roe, the foxe, and the marterne." In shape it appears to have been like a weasel, and of the size of a cat. The species is *Mustela*.

NOTE 12.—A Corant is a quick, running dance, and a Brawl a French dance like a Cotillon. I take "Tom Thump" and "Cicelay" to be the names of country dances or tunes, but they may be nicknames for country neighbours.

NOTE 13.—This poem is dated January 17, 1672-3, and first appeared in the 1675 edition of Walton's famous "Lives." It was not reprinted in the 1689 edition of Cotton's Poems. Sir Harris Nicolas reprinted it in his 1836 edition of "The Compleat Angler" (Memoir of Walton's Life); and I have adopted his text. James Russell Lowell in his 1889 edition of "The Compleat Angler" specially commends this poem, and speaks of Cotton as "a man of genius" and "an excellent poet."

NOTE 14.—Henry Lawes, 1596-1662, the distinguished musician, was employed in the earlier part of his life in the household of the Earl of Bridgewater. He composed the music for the songs in "Comus" and took the part of the Attendant Spirit at its first performance in 1634. Throughout his life he was the familiar friend of literary men: to him Milton dedicated the beautiful sonnet, "to Mr. H. Lawes on his *Airs*." During the Civil War he lost the Court appointment which he had received, but recovered it on the Restoration. It was for Charles II's coronation that he composed the celebrated anthem "Zadok the Priest." He died on October 21st, 1662, and was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey (see D.N.B.). This song of Cotton's is not included in John Playford's "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues," 1653, or his "Treasury of Music, etc.," 1669.

NOTE 15.—Mrs. Anne King, according to Sir Harris Nicolas, was married first to John King, son of the Poet, Henry King (1592-1669), Bishop of Chichester, and secondly to Sir Thomas Millington, M.D. In the Cotton pedigree given by Sir Harris Nicolas (which is based on the Heralds' Visitation of Staffordshire and Derbyshire and upon other sources) she is not, however, shown at all. That she was, somehow, Cotton's relative, there would seem to be little doubt. It is, of course, quite possible that she was a step-sister through some alliance or *mésalliance* of the elder Cotton. Sir Aston Cokayne's epitaph on Mrs. Olive Cotton, quoted in the Introduction, refers to "one only son," and it is most unlikely that if Cotton had a real sister the fact should not be known.

NOTE 16.—Of the three songs "Set by Mr. Coleman" I can only find two in John Playford's "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues in three Bookes" (1653), the first Book (in which the two songs in question appear) containing "Ayres for a voyce alone to the Theorbo or Basse Viol." These two songs are again reprinted in Playford's "The Treasury of Musick, etc.," published in 1669. In the latter edition the song "Bring back my comfort and return" is entitled "On His Love's Absence," while the title given to "Why, Dearest, shouldst thou weep when I relate" is "Beauty clouded with grief." The "Mr. Coleman" who set these songs is Edward Coleman,

son of the distinguished Dr. Charles Coleman who was a member of Charles I's private band, and appointed composer to Charles II on the death of Henry Lawes in 1662. Edward was himself a celebrated teacher of the viol, lute and singing. At the Restoration he became a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and on January 2nd, 1662, took his place in the Royal Band as "a musician for the lute and voice" with a salary of £40 a year. Both Edward and his wife, who was the first woman to appear on the stage in England, are mentioned several times by Pepys in his Diary. Edward Coleman died in 1669 (see D.N.B.).

NOTE 17.—In the 1689 edition something has gone very wrong with this verse, and my version is an attempt to make sense of it: in 1689 form it runs:

"And sitting so I nothing fear  
A noble she of living fame;  
And who shall then be by, nay hear,  
In my last groans, Clorinda's name?"

NOTE 18.—I do not know if this is a song set to an air called "Montross," or whether, which seems more probable, it was written to mourn the death of the Marquis of Montrose, the celebrated soldier, who during the Civil War at first supported the Parliamentary Party and subsequently (1642) the King. He was captured in 1650 and executed at Edinburgh.

NOTE 19.—I suspect that Keats was familiar with this beautiful poem: Stanzas 4 and 5 may have suggested stanza 33 of "St. Agnes Eve." As Professor Saintsbury points out in his *Caroline Poets* (vol. i, p. xiv), Keats was almost certainly familiar with a number of the lesser known Caroline Poets.

NOTE 20.—"The Tragedy of Rollo, Duke of Normandy," John Fletcher's (1579-1625) Play, was published under this title in 1640. In the previous year it had been published under the title of "The Bloody Brother." It contains the famous song, copied, as regards the first stanza, from Mariana's song in "Measure for Measure" (the opening of Act IV). The second stanza is not in Shakespeare and is presumably Fletcher's own. The Play is assigned by Mr. Fleay to the year 1616-17. John Fletcher was, according to the testimony of Sir Aston Cokayne, "the chief bosome-friend" of Charles Cotton the elder (see D.N.B., also Note 43).

NOTE 21.—Cowley's Ode on Beauty appears in "The Mistress, or several copies of Love Verses," published in 1647. The Ode is an extravagant diatribe against Beauty. One of the stanzas runs thus:—



"Beauty! thou active passive ill!  
 Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!  
 Thou tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waste,  
 Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste,  
 Beauty! whose flames but meteors are  
 Short liv'd and low, though thou would'st seem a star;  
 Who dar'st not thine own home descry,  
 Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,  
 When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie."

With this should be compared Stanza III of Cotton's Ode. Cotton's poem seems to me much the better of the two.

NOTE 22.—In the grounds of Beresford Hall there is a cave extraordinarily concealed in the wild part of the precipitous terrace which looks down upon the Dove. It is said that Cotton used to hide there from importunate creditors. No more still or solitary place could be imagined.

NOTE 23.—Berenice's hair was placed as a constellation in the heavens. This lady's hair outshone Berenice's for beauty.

NOTE 24.—Readers of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" will remember the famous character therein, the Countess of Derby and her frequent references to her deceased husband, celebrated in this poem. James Stanley, 7th Earl of Derby, 1607–1651, was one of the most powerful supporters of Charles I and Charles II. From 1643–1651 he retired to his hereditary fastness, the Isle of Man, from whence he defied Cromwell. In 1651 he joined Charles II in Lancashire and subsequently proceeded to Worcester (Sept. 2, 1651). It was while fleeing northward alone after the Worcester débâcle that he was captured by the Cromwellians. He was condemned to death as a traitor, after vainly appealing to Parliament, and was executed on October 15th, 1651 (see D.N.B.).

NOTE 25.—The Earl of Ossory, Thomas Butler (1634–1680), was the son of James, 1st Duke of Ormonde. During the Protectorate he was for some time imprisoned in the Tower, as being a Catholic and ardent Royalist. Released he went abroad till the Restoration. As a soldier and sailor his courage was extraordinary and he was beloved by his men. On his death in 1680, Evelyn, his great friend, wrote: "He deserved all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and a good Christian, could deserve of his prince and country" (see D.N.B.).

NOTE 26.—Henry, Lord Hastings, only son of Ferdinand, Earl of Hunting-

don, died in June, 1649. This poem was printed in 1650 in Richard Brome's "Lachrymæ Musarum, the tears of the Muses, expressed in elegies written by divers persons of nobility and worth," upon Lord Hastings' death.

NOTE 27.—According to the N.E.D. the Bag-pipe was formerly a favourite rural English musical instrument. They quote 1596 Shakespeare, I. Henry IV, 1. ii, 86. "As melancholy as . . . a lover's lute . . . or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagge-pipe." Also 1638 Heywood's *Witches Lanc.* "No witchcraft can take hold of a Lancashire Bag pipe."

NOTE 28.—To cheek a pike means to hold it by the cheeks. The N.E.D. quotes, 1625, Markham *Soldiers Accid.* 23: "The sixe which are to be done marching are—Advance your Pike, Shoulder your Pike, Levell your Pike, Sloape your Pike, Cheeke your Pike, Trayle your Pike."

NOTE 29.—I am not certain who this John Bradshaw is. Clearly he is not the regicide. It is most improbable that he is the John Bradshaw (born 1659, son of a Kentish attorney) who was an Atheist, a Quaker, and a Papist in succession and who flourished during the later Restoration period. Possibly he is one John Bradshaw, born 1656, of an ancient family seated at Bradshaw in Derbyshire, who owned estates in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, married in 1680 Dorothy, daughter of Anthony Eyre of Rampton, Nottingham, and who ultimately became Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1717. (Glover's "History of Derbyshire," vol. ii, Pt. 1, pp. 218-19; also "Alumni Cantabrigienses.")

NOTE 30.—The Rev. Thomas Weaver, Poet, entered of Christ's College, Oxford, in 1633 at 17 years of age, was made Canon of Worcester in 1640. He was a friend of Izaak Walton. Ejected from his living during the Protectorate, he was made an Exciseman at Liverpool and was commonly called "Captain Weaver." He died on January 3rd, 1662-63, at Liverpool. His works are "Songs and Poems of Love," 1654; "Choice Drollery, with Songs and Sonnets," 1656. (Note, p. 20, vol. i, Sir Harris Nicolas's 1836 edition of "The Compleat Angler.")

NOTE 31.—Tom Coriate was an extraordinary being who flourished in the reign of King James I. He was a ubiquitous traveller, both in Europe and Asia, where he visited the Great Mogul's Court. He died of drinking Sack at Surat in 1617. He published his European travels in a quarto volume, called "Crudities." (See note on pp. 345-47, vol. ii, Sir Harris Nicolas's 1836 edition of "The Compleat Angler.")

NOTE 32.—Sir Clifford Clifton was M.P. for East Retford Borough from 1661 to his death in 1669. He was the son of Sir Gervase Clifton, an eminent Nottinghamshire worthy who had seven wives, and whose genial

qualities are described by his contemporary Thoroton, in his "History of Nottinghamshire" (q.v.).

NOTE 33.—Sir William Davenant's epic poem "Gondibert" ends with the Sixth Canto of the Third Book. In a postscript he explains that he has arrived at the middle of the third Book "which makes an equal half of the poem. . . . But it is high time to strike sail and cast anchor (though I have run but halfe my course) when at the helme I am threatened with death." This postscript is dated from "Cowes Castle in the Isle of Wight, October 22nd, 1650." To this Castle Davenant had been taken as a prisoner after his capture while attempting a voyage to Virginia on a mission on behalf of Queen Henrietta Maria. From Cowes he was taken to the Tower. He was released after two years' imprisonment. It appears he got no further with his seventh Canto of Book III of *Gondibert* than this charming dedication to the elder Cotton, unless there are still in MS. further portions of that immensely lengthy poem.

NOTE 34.—Mr., afterwards Sir Peter, Lely (1618–80) was evidently the familiar friend of Cotton, whose portrait he painted. According to Sir Henry Ellis's MS. diary in the British Museum (see Appendix I), the Lely portrait of Cotton was given to Mr. Francis Beresford (my great-great-Uncle), of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, presumably some time in the latter part of the eighteenth century, by Sir Brooke Boothby of Ashbourne Hall (cousin of Francis Beresford), and this picture is now in the possession of my kinsman, Mr. Stapleton Martin.\* William Oldys (*Memoir of Cotton* in the 1760 edition of "The Compleat Angler") says that this picture "as I have heard" was "sometime in the possession of Sir Aston Cokayne," Cotton's cousin. Ashbourne Hall was sold by the Cokaynes to the Boothbys.

The Marquis of Bath has, at Longleat, a portrait of Lady Isabella Thynne (d. of Henry, Earl of Holland: she married Sir James Thynne who died in 1670), but he was not aware it was by Lely, though he tells me it looks Lely-ish.

NOTE 35.—Edmund Waller (1605–1687) wrote his "Panegyric to my Lord Protector" circa 1654. Six years later [he was addressing verses "To the King upon his most happy return." Waller's poems first appeared in 1645 and have been frequently reprinted. He was a native of Hertfordshire and was educated at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge (see D.N.B.).

NOTE 36.—François de Malherbe (1555–1628) was a distinguished lyrical poet who enjoyed the patronage of Henry IV of France and Mary de Medici. This epigram was published in 1615 in "*Les Delices de la poesie Française*." Cotton's rendering compares with the original as follows:

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\* Since deceased, but the picture is an heirloom in his family.

## A CALISTE

Pour mettre devant ses heures.

Epigramme.

Tant que vous serez sans amour,  
Caliste, priez nuit et jour ;  
Vous n'aurez point miséricorde.  
Ce n'est pas que Dieu ne soit doux,  
Mais pensez-vous qu'il vous accorde  
Ce qu'on ne peut avoir de vous ?

NOTE 37.—According to Sir Harris Nicolas, the MS. collection of Cotton's poems (to which reference is made in the Note on the Text) contains this epigram, but with the following additions and differences :

"EPTA "APTA

Otiantis Opera.

—Scribere jussit Amor.

Ad amicum Scriptorem

Ut tibi versiculos recito, tu Posthume, scribis ;

Carmina si mea sunt, sunt tua scripta tamen.

NOTE 38.—William Oldys, the Antiquary, in the biographical essay on Cotton which he contributed to Sir John Hawkins's 1760 edition of "The Compleat Angler," gives a brief account of this extraordinary being whom he calls "Annis Robin." After stating that he "got himself with child, first of a son, and then of a daughter," Oldys proceeds : "He was called by that nick-name, as I have read in other poems and pamphlets of those times from his selling drams of annis-seed water, about the streets."

NOTE 39.—Sir George Booth (1622–1684) was originally an ardent Parliamentarian, but in the last years of the Commonwealth he became disgusted with the Cromwellian régime and in 1659 headed the Royalist forces in the North-West of England in the revolt which was planned throughout the country. Only in Booth's district was the rising temporarily successful. Then Lambert marched against him and defeated him at Nantwich. Booth fled for his life and tried to make his way to London (en route for the Continent) dressed up as a woman. He was discovered, and put in the Tower. Shortly after, he was released on bail and was one of the principal Members of the Convention Parliament of 1660 who welcomed Charles II back. He was rewarded by Charles with a Peerage, becoming the first Lord



Delamere. His precipitous flight before Lambert and his capture dressed as a woman rendered him the subject of much contemporary satire (see D.N.B.).

NOTE 40.—According to Glover's "History of Derbyshire" (vol. ii, Pt. 1, p. 608), "a severe frost began in the early part of September 1682, and lasted till the 5th February 1683, when the ice broke down the bridge at Nottingham."

NOTE 41.—The reference here is evidently to a curious game of football played at Ashbourne (Derbyshire), on Shrove Tuesday. It is the occasion of a sort of annual carnival. Ashbourne is about five or six miles from Beresford Dale.

NOTE 42.—John Marriott (d. 1653) appears to have owed his extraordinary reputation mainly to the libellous pamphlet of one "G. F., Gent." who in 1652 defamed him therein as "The Great Eater of Grayes Inn, or the Life of Mr. Marriott the Cormorant." In Grainger's "Portraits illustrating his biographical History of England," there is a print of Marriot, the Great Eater, depicted with a famished look and great belly, with these lines written beneath :

"Here to your view's presented the great Eater  
Marriot the Lawyer, Grayes Inne's Cormorant ;  
Who for his Girth is become a meer cheater :  
Those that will feed him Councell shall not want."

NOTE 43.—This reference to Portia, the wife of Brutus, suggests that Cotton may have had in mind Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," Act IV, Sc. iii, ls. 141-156, in which Brutus describes to Cassius the death of Portia who "swallow'd fire."

That Cotton was familiar with Shakespeare's Plays is certain : there is a reference to Falstaff and Mistress Quickly in the "Virgile Travestie." Shakespeare died fourteen years before Cotton was born, but his (Cotton's) father was familiar with most of the poets and wits of his time, in particular he was the intimate friend of John Fletcher, and thus he supplies a sort of link with Shakespeare.

NOTE 44.—Readers of "The Compleat Angler," Part II (Cotton's part), will recall the charming, peaceful references to tobacco, and realize that this poem is intended to be but a mere fantastical diatribe against smoking : other references in the poems confirm Cotton's fondness for it.

In "Confessions of a Drunkard" Lamb, speaking of the effort to give up smoking explains, "How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adam takes his whiff in the chimney corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews,

or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room 'Piscatoribus sacrum,' has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks."

NOTE 45.—Alexander Brome (1620–1666) was an Attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. His "Songs and Poems" was published in 1661. A third edition appeared in 1668 with an elegy reproduced in the present volume,—by Charles Cotton. Brome was an ardent Royalist and wrote some good Cavalier drinking songs. He was a friend of Izaak Walton and of the Poet, Thomas Stanley. He was, apparently, no relation to Richard Brome the dramatist, but is presumed to have been the brother of Henry Brome, Cotton's Publisher (see D.N.B.).

NOTE 46.—For a most interesting commentary on the place of the "Heroic Poem" in English Literature (its fashion in the late sixteenth and through most of the seventeenth centuries) see Professor Saintsbury's vol. i. of *Caroline Poets*, pp. xi–xiii. Cotton never completed this poem, which contains some excellent verses. It is worth noting that Stanzas XXIII to XXVI might be taken as giving a "heroic" description of Cotton's own home, and its beautiful surroundings.

NOTE 47.—Cotton dedicated his translation of Corneille's "Horace" to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Stanhope Hutchinson on November 7th, 1665, from Beresford. The translation was originally intended to remain in MSS., but pressure being put upon Cotton to have it published he complied five years later. In the course of his preface to the reader, written from Beresford on October 8, 1670, he says, "Only I think it fit to acquaint my Reader that the Songs and Chorus to the Acts are wholly my own, which whether the best, or worst part of the Book, he has free liberty to judge."

The text of these songs and choruses is that of the edition of 1671. They have never been reprinted since that date.

NOTE 48.—"The Commentaries of Messire Blaize de Montluc, Mareschal of France," were translated by Cotton (so he says in his preface), "chiefly to pass away my own time . . . being by a perpetual confinement to the solitude of my own House, put eternally upon reading." The translation of the Commentaries was published in 1674, and contained the dedicatory poem to Montluc here reproduced again for the first time.

Montluc (1501–1577) was a great braggart but, despite this weakness, he was a great soldier. Henry IV described his Commentaries as the Soldier's "Breviary," and Napoleon himself adopted some of his dicta. He was made a Marshal after the Siege of Rochelle in 1573. He was a bitter perse-

cutor of the Huguenots. Cotton in his preface to the translated Commentaries excuses his cruelty "by the necessity of the time . . . neither do I think (I know not how discreet I am in declaring so much) that Sacrilege and Rebellion can be too roughly handled ; and severity must needs appear a virtue, where clemency would evidently have been a vice."

#### ADDENDUM

In revising the proofs I have corrected the following (apparent) errors in the 1689 text, which had previously escaped me :

- p. 109, l. 17, "Now" for "Nor."
- p. 298, l. 7, "I have" for "t' have."
- p. 338, l. 21, "furnish'd 'em" for "furnish'd am."
- p. 341, l. 13, "world" for "word."

## APPENDIX I

### “Journey to Beresford Hall in Staffordshire.”

From Sir Henry Ellis's \* MS. Diary in the British Museum. Additional MS. 36,653 (1) 19b-22b.

“Sept. 5th, 1814. Went, on horseback, to Beresford Hall. About two miles on the road, toward Buxton, stands the village of Bentley. Bentley brook is rather on this side. Just beyond the five mile stone, between the second toll-gate from Ashbourne and a little farm-house immediately beyond it, I went through a gate to my left, through a bridle road leading down between two hills, to what is called the New Mill, where I crossed the Dove. Proceeding onward was the village of Alstonfield, and by a circuitous road, to the left of certain stone hedges, I made two miles instead of one (by a countryman's direction) to Beresford Hall. I had, however, the best distant view which I could possibly have had of the place, and I was afterwards pleased that I had seen it in the point of view which the countryman chose for me.

“Beresford Hall I at last found, seated on the upper part of a Mount of very fertile appearance, round the base of which flowed the Dove. Very little of the timber-work, wainscoting, or windows, appear to have been altered since Cotton's time. In the parlour, to the right of the entrance, the room was wainscoted in small squares or panels; in the window were two coats of Arms, in ovals, of stained glass. One had, on a field Argent a chevron Az. between three Cotton twists. The other, on a white field a Bear rampant Sa. with a gold collar, waistband, and chain [Beresford]. Two other coats, but worn and defaced, are in the window of the Hall on the left of the entrance. The Hall occupies the centre of the House in the lower story. The fireplace in it is ornamented above with wainscoting, supported in the ornamental part by Corinthian pillars, and those again below by Ionic pillars, in the taste of the reign of Charles the First, or before. The Hall is paved with stone. On each side of the Chimney-piece a pair of stags' horns. An old stair-case, more than a yard and a half in width, leads to the upper rooms: they are all large, and the greater part wainscoted in square panels like the parlour. All dreadfully out of repair. One has a richly carved chimney piece. The interior and exterior of the Building, Barn, Stable, Gateway, etc., all dilapidated.

“About two or three hundred yards from the House stands the Fishing

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\* Sir Henry Ellis was Principal Librarian of the British Museum from 1827-1856.

House which Cotton erected ; all wainscoating from the interior of which is gone. The skeleton of a fireplace remains, but I suspect more modern in date than Cotton's time. It has the twisted C's and Iz. WA. in the ornamental spandrils. The room was formerly paved with squares of stone, each about a foot in diameter. Over the door of the entrance is a stone with an injured Inscription : but

Piscatoribus

Sacrum

1674

is discernible. Having visited Pike Pool, I scrambled up the hill described in Cotton's Dialogue ["Compleat Angler," Pt. II] to the House. In the hill itself, at a short distance from the House, and to the right as you scramble up from Pike Pool, is the old cellar of the Mansion.

"After making a sketch of the House, and correcting Mr. Samuel's view of the Fishing House and Pike Pool, I returned to Ashbourn : visiting Dove Dale in my way.

"I found the Portrait of Cotton (formerly Sir Brooke Boothby's) in the possession of Mr. John Beresford, a solicitor of Ashbourn. It was given by Sir Brooke to Mr. Beresford's father."

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Cotton was compelled to sell Beresford Hall in 1681. It was bought by one Joseph Woodhouse and immediately repurchased from him by my ancestor, Captain John Beresford, Cotton's cousin, and neighbour at Ashbourne and Newton Grange, Derbyshire. In 1722 he and his son sold it. For about 100 years it remained out of the family but in 1825 was bought back by Viscount Beresford (Wellington's distinguished Peninsula General). From him it passed to his step-son, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope who pulled it down in 1856 intending to rebuild it : this was never done, and only a small house stands near the spot, built, probably, out of the stones. Finally the latter's son sold the property early in the present century to Mr. F. Green. The Fishing House still stands, and the Beacon Tower has been rebuilt. The whole place still seems to be haunted by the shades of Charles Cotton and Izaak Walton. The old house was drawn a number of times, notably by John Linnell, R.A., Thomas Stothard, R.A., C. Stanfield, R.A., and others, numerous views of it appearing in different editions of "The Compleat Angler."

## APPENDIX II

Letter from Mrs. Olive Cotton. Printed (with footnotes) in "A History of the Manor of Beresford," by the Rev. W. Beresford, and S. B. Beresford.



"Honest Will. I wonder I heard not from you the last week upon the account of my rents. Pray get so much money and brew the half hogshead of strong beer and set it in the little house and one hogshead of small which will hold 4 strikes of malt 2 for the Strong and 2 for the Small and I desire your wife to do me the favour as to brew it herself; remember to do it speedily before hot weather comes for I shall be very speedily in the country. Send me Jack's height that I may buy his coats fit and the height of my own Chamber that I may fit my bed. Desire your wife to look in the trunk where my work lies and send me one that is fully finished, and one that is not, of the Cushions in Irish work; and the broad piece of cushion canvas 2 yards broad that is unwrought; let me know how my gardens prosper; and tell John gardener that if I do not find my gardens in ample manner when I come, that he and I shall not be friends. Bid him send word if he would have anything sent down for them. Mr. Upton<sup>1</sup> remembers him to you and your wife and desires to know whether his mare has been brought in bed or no; and I desire to know how my black damsel doth. Pray get your own horses in good case in case I send for you or you are to meet me; remember me to all my friends but especially to Hayes, John Basset,<sup>2</sup> Dick Ball and tell him I will bring his Cognizance with me. Let us get the blue coat where we can. Desire your nephew to look in my trunk of books, and there you shall find a large book in writing with a parchment cover blotched on one side with ink towards the nook of it; it's of preserving and conserving and send it up by this bearer; by whom I think I shall send you further news of my coming down; if Mr. Parker be not the cause; but however do what I have desired. Send me word what's become of that gracious elfe Pue. So I rest, my blessing to the two, and

"Your loving Mris,  
"OLIVE COTTON."

Comrades that keep  
the rabbits Jack and bill bird.  
May the 10th, 1650."

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<sup>1</sup> "1665. Buried W. Upton, serving man at Barsett Hall." Alstonfield Register.

<sup>2</sup> The miller at Beresford. The mill was in the Dale just below Pike Pool. The sound of the wheel would often be heard at the Hall. John the miller was buried September 4, 1667. His son Robert said he was ninety-five years old.

### APPENDIX III

The Works of Charles Cotton, including his Translations.

1. Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie, 1664, reprinted with the travesty of the Fourth Book, 1670.
2. The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics translated from the French of Du Vaix, 1667.
3. Translation of Gerard's History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon, 1670.
4. Translation of Corneille's "Horace," 1671.
5. Translation of the Commentaries of Messire Blaize de Montluc, Marechal of France, 1674.
6. The Fair One of Tunis; or the Generous Mistress; a new piece of gallantry out of French, 1674.
7. The Compleat Gamester, 1674.
8. Burlesque upon Burlesque; or the Scoffer Scoft, being some of Lucian's Dialogues, newly put into English Fustian, 1675.
9. The Planter's Manual, being instructions for the raising, planting and cultivating all sorts of fruit trees, etc., 1675.
10. The Second Part of the Compleat Angler, being instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear stream, 1676.
11. The Wonders of the Peak, 1681.
12. Translation of Montaigne's Essays in three books, 1685.
13. Poems on Several Occasions, 1689.
14. Translation of the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis. Published in 1694 by Beresford Cotton.

*Attributed to Cotton.*

15. The Valiant Knight or the Legend of Sir Peregrine, 1663.
16. The Confinement. A Poem, with Annotations, 1679.

*Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner, Frome and London*













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